

# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



December  
1931

10¢

RALPH CONNOR

REPLIES TO—  
Lady Hay Drummond-Hay



# Christmas During "The Smallest Boom on Record"

**I** SOMETIMES hear people sigh for the good old days of two or three years ago, when Christmas giving was not hedged about by financial inhibitions as is the case today. In those days an automobile or two—a half dozen fur coats—a few certified cheques—and the Christmas problem was solved!

But after all it isn't the monetary value of a gift that counts—thank goodness. So I have worked out my plan. Where I used to give an auto—I am giving a box of cigars: instead of fur coats—cigarettes: in place of certified cheques—tobacco in a swanky glass jar.

As I heard some joker remark over the radio recently. "We are now enjoying the smallest boom on record"—and in consequence my "Economy budget" this Christmas, calls largely for "smokes" to wish my friends happiness and health.

*E. G. Bayne*



In addition to an interesting career of letters Miss E. G. Bayne has both written and produced plays successfully on the English stage. At present she is doing scenario work in Hollywood, and from that exotic spot emanates each month the chatty and informative articles appearing currently in the Western Home Monthly under her signature.

## CIGARETTES Famous Brands in Christmas Wrappings



Buckingham—Sun-treated—Christmas wrapped boxes of 50—60c. Four 20's in container—\$1.00. Tins of 100—\$1.20.

Herbert Tareyton — Christmas wrapped. Three packages of twenties (plain tips)—\$1.00. Four packages of fifteens (cork tips)—\$1.00. Tins of 50 (plain or cork tips)—85c. Tins of 100 (plain tips)—\$1.70.

Melachrino (plain or cork tips)—Christmas wrapped. Four packages of tens—\$1.00. Tins of 50—\$1.25. Tins of 100—\$2.50.

Philip Morris & Co. VIRGINIA OVAL CIGARETTES (plain or cork tips)—in tins of 50—85c. Three packages of 20 in container—\$1.00. In tins of 100—\$1.70.

## CIGARS Individually Wrapped in Handsome Christmas Containers

Tucketts Preferred Palmas—20c each—3 for 50c. In gold boxes of 25 cigars.

Tucketts Preferred Invincible—15c each. Glass Humidor Jar containing 25 cigars. Also Christmas wrapped boxes of 25.

Tucketts Preferred Perfecto—15c each. In Christmas wrapped boxes of 10 and 25.

Tucketts Preferred Panetela—2 for 25c. Christmas wrapped boxes of 10 and 25.

Tucketts Marguerite—10c each. In Christmas wrapped boxes of 10 and 25.

Tucketts Montreal—5c each. Christmas wrapped in boxes of 10 and 25.



## TOBACCOS

Popular Brands in Handsome Christmas Containers

Herbert Tareyton London Mixture—in Humidor Glass Jars. Christmas wrapped (ready for mailing), ½-lb jar—\$1.50. 1-lb. jar—\$3.00.

Wakefield English Mixture—½-lb. tin in Christmas wrapping—\$1.00

Buckingham Tobacco—Fine cut for cigarettes—coarse for pipe, ½-lb. tin—80c. Christmas wrapping.

**This Christmas give TUCKETTS CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND TOBACCOS**



**In Christmas Wrappings of 10 and 25 Cigars**



# STILL THE MOST POPULAR GIFT

## CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM



Enclosed find \$.....in payment  
for The Western Home Monthly to be sent  
for one year to the following:

Name.....

Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

Also please send gift cards bearing my  
name.

(Please Sign Here)

### Special Rates

The regular yearly sub-  
scription price is \$1.00;  
orders for single sub-  
scriptions must be  
placed at this rate.

Three Subscriptions - \$2.00

Six Subscriptions - \$4.00

Ten Subscriptions - \$5.00

No extra charge for  
Old Country or United  
States postage.

### Gift Cards

An original and un-  
usual gift announce-  
ment card—with your  
name inscribed—will  
be sent to each friend  
to whom you give a  
subscription.

Mail This Form to the Gift Order Department  
The Western Home Monthly  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

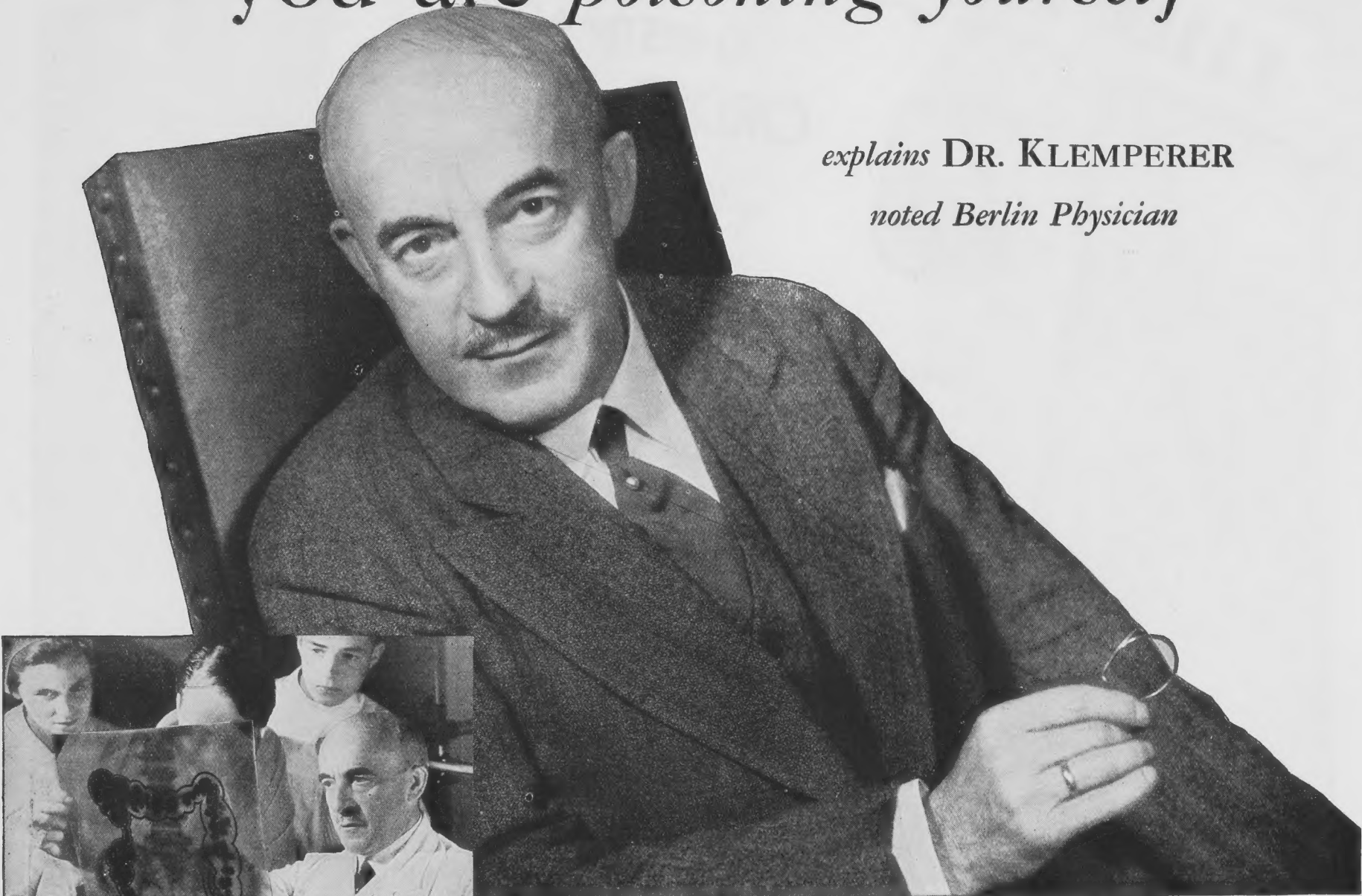




# Those HEADACHES may mean you are *poisoning yourself*

*explains* DR. KLEMPERER

*noted Berlin Physician*



X-RAY Shows typical clogged condition of the intestines. Resulting poisons spread throughout the system . . . cause headaches, indigestion, skin troubles, etc. Fresh yeast corrects this condition, says Dr. Klemperer.

*He tells you how to correct that Sluggish Condition  
of the Intestinal Tract that causes so many cases of ill health*

**YOU KNOW IT WELL ENOUGH . . .** that hot, splitting head means a badly deranged condition somewhere in your system. It demands serious attention.

Generally, doctors tell us, the trouble is a very common one. *Poisons are circulating through your body from an unclean intestinal tract!*

Here is the way Geheimrat Professor Dr. Felix Klemperer, head of the famous City Hospital, in Berlin, explains it:—

"When the system is not properly nourished, a state of auto-intoxication develops, which manifests itself in intestinal disorders, headaches . . . skin troubles, etc.

"Fresh yeast combats intestinal disorders," Dr. Klemperer states, ". . . by stimulating peristalsis (muscular action) of the intestines. It is perfectly harmless.

It is a food-remedy of the highest order."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast literally "tones up" your whole intestinal tract . . . softens the clogging wastes . . . keeps your system internally *clean*.

Thus, depressing poisons are cleared away, without the use of drugs. The cause of most headaches is removed. Appetite revives. You feel more energetic and alert!

Why not start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today? Write for booklet. Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Quebec.

**DR. ADOLF BICKEL**, authority of the University of Berlin, declares: "Fresh yeast is the ideal corrective for constipation. It combats the self-poisoning that leads to headaches, nervousness, skin eruptions, etc."



## Suffered from Sick Headaches for years

Mrs. Edna DuVall (left) *writes from Toronto*: "From my early days I suffered from bilious headaches. Felt tired and was forever taking laxatives . . . Later I decided to try yeast because I knew doctors advised it. It corrected my intestinal troubles and I am minus my headaches now. My complexion is clearer, too."



**EAT THREE CAKES** of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water or any way you like. Each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. At drug stores, grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

*Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!*





VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 12

## The Christmas Spirit

**B**ECAUSE there is greater hardship than usual, because there are more sore hearts and more empty purses, because in communities and nations there is unrest and suspicion, born of envy and injustice, it is necessary that at Christmas there should be manifested the spirit of good-will and that the custom of giving should be continued. The giving that grows out of good-will recognizes neither class nor creed. It is the giving which is described in Sir Launfal:

*Not what we give but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,  
Himself, his hungry neighbour, and Me.*

The following story from the *New Outlook* illustrates the spirit and the opportunity in Canadian life:

"It was a small Canadian town. A new family had moved in. They were Flemish, and their knowledge of English was very scanty. They were presumably Roman Catholic, but the children attended the United Church, and as there was no church of their own faith at all near, the United Church pastor thought that he had better show his good will by calling upon the newcomers. It was true that he knew very little French, and the strangers knew just as little English, but the minister decided at least to make an attempt to be friendly.

"At the door he was met by the lady of the house, a big woman who apparently did not care very much for strangers, as the door opened but a very small crack. The preacher essayed to speak, but it was evident that his speech did not clear up the situation very much, as the woman still looked hostile and forbidding, but suddenly her eye caught sight of the ministerial collar, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole situation changed. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and her welcome was very manifest as she cried out 'Meenister. My cheeldren.' She did not know the man, but she recognized him as the minister of the Church which had opened its doors to her children; that was enough to make him a welcome visitor to her home.

"There is much meaning in this simple story. Always and ever the human heart responds to the touch of kindness, and the home or the heart which would otherwise be totally inaccessible, may be opened by friendliness to little children, and the Church or the worker in any cause of human helpfulness who would forget this is standing very much in its own light and missing opportunities past all reckoning. And it isn't only the children of the foreigner among us that are able thus to open doors of mutual understanding and kindness and good-will; you and I are just as susceptible as any Flemish mother would be, and the one who is kind to our children has found a sure way to our good-will and gratitude."

## The Folly of War

**T**HE most glaring inconsistency in the world is the practice of nations in building armaments while they are proclaiming their desire to end war. There is more being spent now in precautionary preparation for possible trouble than was spent on arms before the Great War when the preparation for the impending conflict was at its height. Apart from the obvious contradiction between profession and practice, the financial conditions in the various countries of the world will not justify the present huge expenditure. The following from a Boston paper is quite to the point.

"If an ordinary household, faced by poverty, and menaced by beggary, were to engage a staff of private policemen to preserve it from the depredations of neighbours who have no hostile intentions and who would, at any rate, be prevented from executing them by the ordinary processes of law,

such medieval folly would appear to be ludicrous. It is no less ludicrous when it is practised on a national scale.

"It is generally accepted that there is a need for the reduction of governmental expenditures. Surely if any nation is to choose between a reduction of armaments and a reduction of fees, salaries, wages and social benefits, no sensible man would insist on retaining armaments. Shall there be smaller battle-ships or greater income taxes? More guns or more homes? Shall soldiers or teachers be discharged? It seems incredible that these questions can be answered in any other way than they would be answered by the advocate of disarmament.

"There is, therefore, a call for a reduction of at least twenty-five per cent in the expenditure on armaments. Does that seem too much? It seems, on the contrary, too little. If there is need for drastic economy, it is on armaments that we should begin. For, as Viscount Cecil has pointed out, the reduction of expenditure on armaments will not only save money, but, by increasing confidence and co-operation among nations, will tend to restore the prosperity which is now sadly lacking. There are economies which may prove unprofitable, but here is an economy that is doubly profitable."

It is a realization of the folly of war which has led another magazine, *The Los Angeles Record*, to print the following, which is not merely a bit of humor:

"A new world war will kill off surplus labor. This obviously is the easiest way of solving a difficult problem; it is so much easier to start a war than to apply common sense to world ills.

"Well, if we are going to have another war, we might as well have some rules for it. We therefore offer for public approval this model set:

"1. That all members of Parliament voting for war be given the choice of enlisting in the shock troops or being shot on the steps of the Legislative Buildings.

"2. That each battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine shall carry as excess baggage one or more stockholders in battleship-building concerns.

"3. That all manufacturers of war supplies be hanged when their profits reach the million-dollar mark.

"4. That all holy men who announce to their congregations that 'God is fighting with us' be despatched to interview God personally on the subject and find out.

"5. That college professors be stopped from delving into history to prove that the enemy always was a low-down scoundrel anyway.

"6. That the secret service be restrained from the discovery of 'enemy plots' every time somebody turns on a light in the parlor.

"7. That the cause of the war shall be clearly stated to the nation as the reduction of unemployment, and not disguised as 'a holy-war-to-save civilization.'"

How much better any nation would be were there complete disarmament is illustrated in the following quotation:

"In a pamphlet published by the Teachers' Union this teacher, a Mr. Simonet, describes his own really happy experiences as he served the required term in the army and places his desire for disarmament on the following grounds: 'If we could say to the world, 'We Swiss, recognizing that the time of wars is past and that war is a plague that threatens to annihilate our world, wish to be the first people to lay down arms voluntarily and to place ourselves under the protection of God and the law; we appeal to the honor of our neighbours that they respect our frontiers and we vow to use our strength to work for the brotherhood of all nations,'—then we would be better protected than by tanks and airplanes. Switzerland, thanks to the splendid nature of this action, would shine with an eternal beauty, and the place where we live... would become a sanctuary for humanity.'"

## Wages

**T**HE controversy over wage-reduction continues, and because there is something to be said on both sides of the question, there will likely be no agreement until some new development in the economic world makes a solution possible and absolutely necessary. We may indeed have almost reached that point now.

To have wages of working men as they are is to give them a premium of from twelve to fifteen per cent, since the cost of living has declined to that extent. The farmer and the manufacturer have no such advantage. The former can get only half the price for his produce that he was able to claim a few years ago, and often he has only half as much to sell. His case is pitiable indeed. Nor is the manufacturer very much better, for a market is not easy to find these days when home consumption is lessened and tariff walls are so high. So the argument is that the wage-earner should suffer along with others.

On the other hand if wages are lowered the home demand for manufactured goods will not be so great and the manufacturers and those engaged in mercantile pursuits will feel the pinch.

*The Scientific American* has reached this conclusion:

"Should wages be sliced horizontally, there is almost sure to be an impairment of efficiency; and furthermore, it might result in formidable strikes such as have characterized similar attempts in the past.

"Labor is going to hold on as long as it can. It is going to be no easy matter to adjust wages to a lower level even if, in time, that is shown to be the only feasible thing to do. Nevertheless, others besides the working man have felt the depression, and on a stupendous scale. If, therefore, the restoration of economic balance can be effected in no other way, it may finally be necessary to reduce wages, in certain lines at least, and labor must be prepared to make that sacrifice in order that the nation may continue to make progress toward a new era of high wages and prosperity."

## Nationalism

**A** MISSIONARY once asked a certain African chief whether he regarded wife-stealing as a criminal offence. The chief replied: "Of course. That is to say, if anyone takes my tribe's women, that is a crime; if I take some other tribe's women, that is not a crime."

The logic of nationalism, as we see it at work in European politics, is of exactly that standard. Wherever it enters, it reveals the same naive unilateral quality. "With eight more ships we shall at last be safe," shouted the admirals; in complete, really sublime, disregard of the fact that the preponderance which made us safe would make the other man unsafe; that if he obeyed our motives he would retort with his new quota; and that we would then be as unsafe as ever.

The admirals—on both sides—will tell you with truth and sincerity that they do not desire war. Yet both sides pursue a policy which must ultimately end in war.—Angell.

## Banning the Undesirable

**I**N BELGIUM they have a new way. On the railways the sale of papers that abound in detailed descriptions of crime are prohibited. Many of these come from Paris. They are the principal reading of many young people. Societies in Belgium organized for the protection of children and adolescents are seriously concerned at the increase in circulation of such papers. They have vigorously protested with the result that the Minister of Transport has issued an edict banning pernicious literature. This is not a question of censorship but of the preservation of the morals of the young. Some municipalities have issued prohibitions and others are to follow. Perhaps there is a lesson here for us in Canada, and possibly the movies are more dangerous than pernicious literature. A suggestion to correspondents.



# War, the Great Destroyer

Ralph Connor

Replies to Lady Hay Drummond-Hay's  
"War, the Great Liberator"

SEVENTEEN years ago—it seems but a few months—amid madly cheering throngs of sober, sane, Christian men and women, our men marched down Main Street to war. At the City Hall where stands the monumental soldier who recalls the glorious achievement of the destruction of a few misguided and shamefully mishandled fellow-Canadians, they halted to listen to grandiloquently mis-leading oratory. I took occasion to present to each soldier a copy of the New Testament with the conviction that they were crusaders for civilization and for God.

For four years there was staged upon five battle-fronts and upon the heaving plains of the five seas, the most splendid, the most completely effective, the most overwhelmingly destructive war the world has ever known. And now after thirteen years of the united efforts of victors and vanquished, the world today is slowly coming to the full realization of the mad, wicked futility of war, as a method of settling international disputes and of the disastrous results to victors and vanquished alike. But even with all the ruinous

results of war cluttering the homes and highways of the world, there are still those who speak of the glory of war and of the soul-numbing effects of peace. And furthermore, in spite of peace pacts and conventions, treaties and understandings, today the leading nations of the world are spending, in 1931, more money in armaments than in 1913. Britain twenty per cent more, France twenty-five per cent more, Italy thirty-two per cent more, the United States of America, the world's most vocal protagonist of peace, one hundred per cent more. How patient the good God must be! How slow, how terribly slow the world's emergence from the fastnesses of the jungle to the sunny uplands of civilization. For war is of the jungle and the brute. Nay, let us not slander the jungle and the brute.

Difficult as it is let us reason calmly of war. Let us strip off the shimmering veils of falsehood from war's hideous, grinning, demoniac face and see the monster in its stark, naked horror. Let us define and so begin to know war. But first we shall rule out of discussion on the one hand, the wars of ruthless aggression which even the most reactionary champions of war will hesitate to defend, and on the other, the wars that the international police nations may be forced to wage against the criminal nations of the world for the maintenance of world peace. As a matter of fact a police force, whether of a single state or of the international comity of nations, does not wage war but represses it.

What then is war in present-day conditions?

War is the attempt of one nation by the force of its organized resources to impose its will upon another nation. Note the essential elements in war. War is an organized national effort. War is an appeal to force. War's sole method is destruction. Examine these elements in detail.

## A NATIONAL EFFORT

All resources, material and spiritual, are involved. The complete human personnel, men, women,

children, regardless of opinion, conscience, quality, worth or fitness, all with their entire endowment of body, mind and spirit are involved. All material resources, industrial, commercial, financial, immediate and prospective are commandeered or pledged. Every element constituting the national life is at the disposal of the war monster, and must suffer the disastrous consequences of war. Nothing, no lovely, no holy thing can escape.

## THE APPEAL IS TO FORCE

The enlightening power of reason, the divine endowment of persuasive affection, the moving appeal of pity, these, that are the characteristics of the human being distinguishing him from the brute, are utterly abandoned. At the first beat of the war drum, the whole nation relies solely upon force to achieve the purpose of war. Not till the war is done will men begin to reason again.

Consider the implications of this fact.

(a) War is thus  
the Negation of  
Civilization

Civilization within any nation is an organized form of existence in which the essential rights of the individual are guaranteed by the state. For instance, I need not "tote a gun" to defend my life. Canada undertakes to secure me in my right to live. If any man or combination of men threatens my life, Canada undertakes to protect me and will to the limit of its power. So with my right to be free. I need not "shoot

my way" to freedom. Canada, by the conventions mutually agreed upon, called "Laws," will protect me in my liberty. "Law" guards me, reasoned right is my defence. What about the policeman? Does he not use force? He does. Is not that war? Certainly not. He is the enemy of war. He prevents war as the neutral servant of the state, to bring under law the criminal against whom he has no personal quarrel.

In the area of international civilization the same condition should prevail. A nation threatened in any of its rights, should not need to "tote its gun." It should appeal to the law of the organized world state which would see that it was protected from injury at the hands of any criminal and outlaw state. Thus we see in the League of Nations, for the first time in human history, the dawn of international civilization. At this hour as I write, China is bringing its case before that international court for security in its right to live. Japan too is before that august tribunal. There will be no war, no appeal to force. The appeal will be to international reason and conscience. The world will not slip back, please God, into the international jungle where the only law is the law of the brute. War thus is seen to be the negation of civilization.

(b) War is the Negation of Religion

War abandons the great virtues. Truth must go. You lie to the enemy and rejoice in the success of your lie. Pity must be abandoned. There is no gentle method of poisoning men with gas, nor of starving children to death by blockade. Love—God have mercy on us! Jesus said, "Love your enemies." Honestly I do not believe that our men indulged any silly "hate" emotions toward the enemy. We treated our prisoners decently. But "Love?" Let us now be honest with ourselves. The great majority of our men, as I knew them, were clean and fine, but the law of love was for them frankly held in abeyance. War is the negation of religion. And its aftermath of lawlessness and crime is only one proof of these facts. War demands the abrogation of the great virtues. Truth, Pity, Self-control, Gentleness, Love must be laid aside.

## WAR'S SOLE AIM IS DESTRUCTION

The only aim is to destroy the enemy. The search for the path of right reason is frankly abandoned. The totality of the nation's resources, physical and spiritual, is massed to destroy armies of men, good men, honourable men, men of loftiest character, men of finest intellect, and the more the better. The Great War, the most perfect example of war in the world's history, killed off victors and vanquished together, forty million human beings. These figures leave our minds blank of course. But drawn up in a column of four in marching order, that army would extend across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver and back again. War did that. Glorious war!

But not men only war deliberately plans to destroy, but women and children as well. When the Allies in the Great War got their blockade running smoothly it is estimated that the annual slaughter of women and children was one hundred thousand. That was part of the plan. The enemy morale must be destroyed. This killing of women and children was found to be most effective. Little lovely children!

The Great War made nine million war-orphans and five million war-widows. It drove from their habitations ten million terror-hunted refugees. This is war's deliberate method. War is the negation of mercy. It aims at pitiless destruction of men, women, children, their homes, their hopes, their achievements, and these are not the unhappy accidents of War. They are of the plan of war. War wins only by destruction. Ruthlessness is essential. Force is on the throne and force knows neither reason nor right.

(a) War Aims to Destroy a Nation's Resources

I do not apologize for placing destruction of wealth in the same category as the destruction of life. Wealth and life are closely akin. Wealth indeed is the index of life, the marker for life.

The total cost of the Great War to all combatants has been carefully estimated to be \$337,000,000,000. Again the figures produce no intelligible reaction, but it may help the imagination to say that this sum would equal the expenditure of \$480,000 per day for every day since the birth of Christ to the end of 1925.

Mr. Philip Snowden told the British House of Commons that Great Britain was paying \$5,000,000 per day as her share of the cost of the Great War and that this payment would have to be continued for one hundred and forty years before the debt would be extinguished. Or if we add to this figure the cost of new war preparations, the total war cost past and future is \$7,000,000 per day. Do I hear any one glorifying war? Does any one wonder at Britain's slow recovery from war? Or is there any secret mystery as to the cause of world depression? As to where the world's purchasing power has gone, even the United States, the only country that made money out of the war, is slowly learning that not only vanquished nations but victors as well are impoverished by war, and is heroically striving to aid the world in its struggle toward financial rehabilitation.

No, by its appeal to force and by its deliberate method of destruction, the world has had full and terrible demonstration of the mad and wicked futility of war.

Let us still try to speak calmly of war to its apologists and champions. [Continued on page 62]



## The Light of Christmas

By H. Reginald Hardy

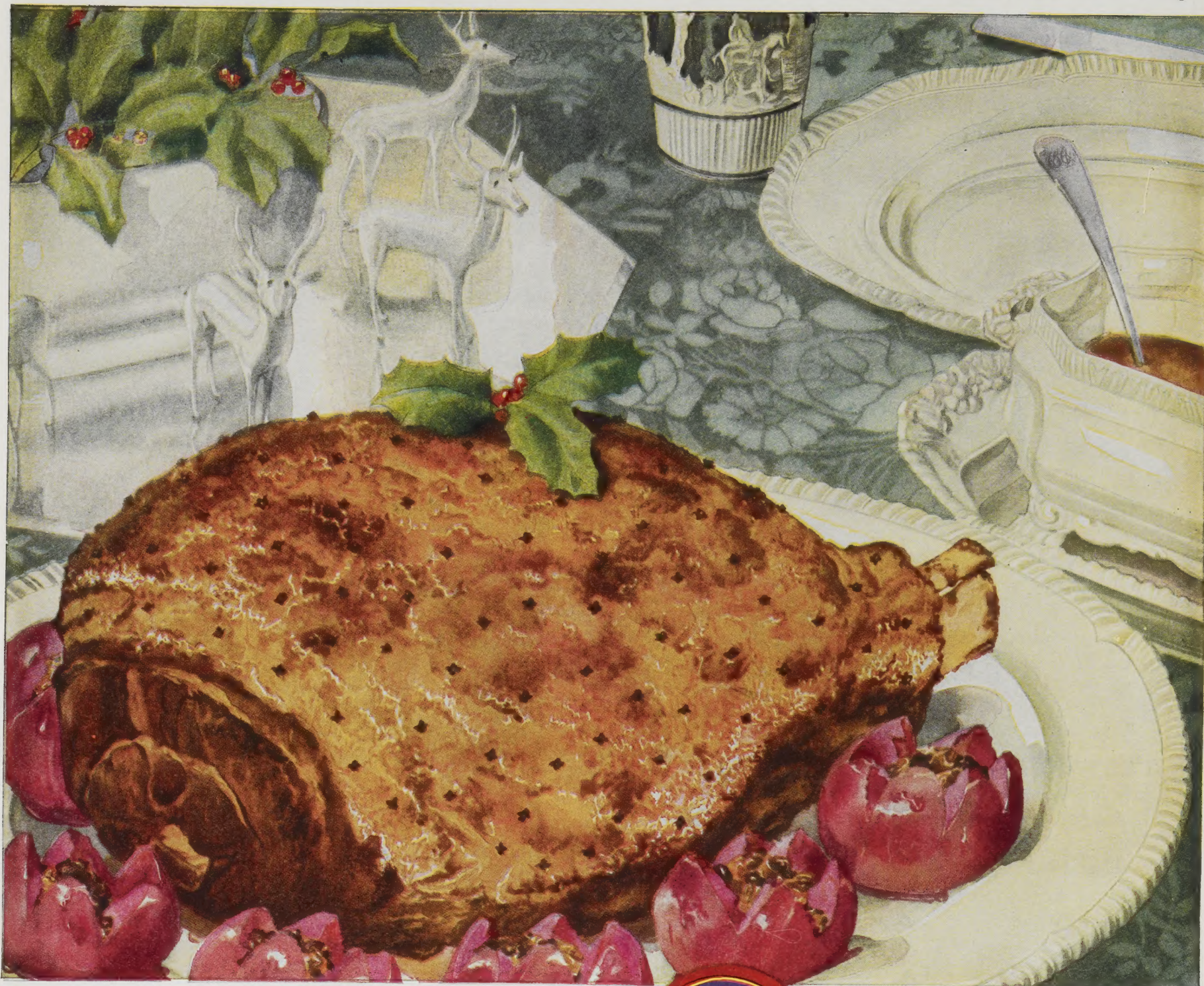
'Tis Christmas Tide. Again we call  
Our olden friends and loved ones nigh,  
And as the season's blessings fall  
We bid our cares and fears goodbye.  
Within the season's joyous reign  
There is no time for petty strife,  
Forgotten memories bloom again  
As olden friendships spring to life.

Now, even as by God divined,  
The Wise Men followed through the night  
To greet the Saviour of Mankind,  
We seek some bright and guiding light!  
Some shining star to lead us out  
Into the darkness of the years,  
Dispelling selfishness and doubt  
And quieting our futile fears.

So comes a Light from out the East,  
A Voice that bids our hearts be still,  
And in the bosom of the least  
Commands with an insistent will.  
And listening to that kindly word  
That floods the earth on Christmas Morn,  
The Hope and Faith of man is stirred  
The soul of man anew is born!



# For Christmas—Premium Ham, baked this new way!



**A**N escort squad of cinnamon apples, generously stuffed with mincemeat . . . a rich hot sauce tasting of spices and of currant jelly . . . and then, the Ham itself—golden brown, fragrant, topped with a saucy sprig of holly! A Premium Ham, of course. Mild and sweet and savory as only hams cured Swift's Premium way can be. And this one is prepared according to a special Christmas recipe, given here in full.

Swift Canadian Co.  
Limited



Swift's Premium seal—which identifies the largest selling ham in all the world.

## Christmas Baked Ham

Place Swift's Premium Ham on rack in roasting pan; add 1 cup water, cover and bake in a slow oven (300°F.) allowing about 20 minutes per lb. Remove from oven, skin ham, stick cloves one inch apart on fat surface. Return to oven and baste with a syrup made by dissolving 1/2-lb. cinnamon drops in boiling water; boil until smooth, then add a glass of currant jelly and baste ham frequently until surface is well browned (45 minutes). At same time bake half apples, cut as shown here, and baste with mincemeat and bake for a few minutes longer. Serve apples around ham on large platter. Serve separately the sauce in which ham was cooked. Garnish with holly.



A welcome gift—and unusual! A Premium Ham, gaily wrapped in special holiday parchment within an attractive re-shipping case, will solve many of your Christmas gift problems. Your dealer will be glad to send one to any address on your list.

# Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



# news about the girl 94 MEN WANT TO MARRY

I've been learning a lot about men.

In the last few months, I've talked to 100 nice, attractive, eligible young men. I asked them what kind of girl they'd like to marry!

And they told me. They were *interested* in girls and marriage.

Here's the news—they want "a real girl." Not a stage star or a movie queen. These men described some one very like you or me. 94 of them said, "I want a girl with *natural* charm, a girl who looks like the real thing."

So let's look at our complexions! Are they fine-textured, smooth, so that they look natural, even with make-up? Does a man's first glance tell him we belong to that group of "fresh, charming, *natural* girls?" If not, let's do something about it. Let's bring Calay to the rescue!

## 73 DERMATOLOGISTS APPROVE CALAY!

Calay is marvelous for the natural look men admire. It is the only toilet soap which has been approved by 73 famous American dermatologists. Dermatologists are *doctors*—it's their special business to restore skin to *natural* health—so they *know*!

These doctors urge soap-and-water cleansing, and approve Calay! When you use Calay you'll know why. Such exquisite cleansing! Such gentleness! You get a velvety, frothy lather so soothing you wonder how it's made. That's a secret. But I can tell you this—tests have shown that rain-water is no gentler to your skin than this delicately fragrant Calay.

So do try Calay for a week. See if your skin doesn't look smoother, feel softer. And see if you don't notice a new fresh look—that natural look men admire.

Helen Chase

## A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG ADVERTISING MAN

agrees with 94 other attractive men in admiring "a real girl." He says: "The girl I'm looking for will have ideas of her own. She won't believe everything she hears or follow everything the crowd does. Probably she'll be good-looking, but not a raving beauty. Everything about her—her manner, her charm, her appearance—will be *natural*, unaffected!"

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



CALAY 10¢



For the fresh natural skin men admire





*"If I'd been a mite younger'n I be, I'd gone over thar, I says to my woman, sez I; that girl's nothin' but a kid herself."*

## Snow in the Pass

### A Christmas Story

By  
Georgia Wood Pangborn

Author of "Roman Biznet"  
"Interventions," Etc.

Illustrated by Ralph C. Smith

MARTHA CARTER and her brother Thomas had stayed late at the camp, Martha to get some studies of late autumn foliage, Thomas for the hunting, but they had meant to be back in town for Christmas with the family, because Helen, the married one, was to be there showing off her husband and two perfectly good babies never before exhibited in the east. So Martha and Thomas would not have missed Christmas at home for anything.

The idea was that they would leave on the fifteenth and motor down. You got such ripping scenery by the way and there wasn't enough snow to matter; the roads were still good. Anyway,

Martha wanted to see the snow on the mountains as a climax to her autumn's work. They might even stop for a sketch or two.

But the valley folk thought them pretty rash to put off their going so long. And, as Martha dilly-dallied through the sixteenth and seventeenth Thomas himself began to fret. She wanted to finish something. Martha's way! It was the twentieth before she woke up, and they did not actually start until the twenty-third. Martha was three years older than Thomas and had ruled him from infancy, even after he shot up to six feet, leaving her somewhere in the foothills of stature—five feet two or three. But almost—almost—he threw off her yoke that day.

She said unconcernedly, looking up at the ominous blank whiteness of the sky, that it would be all the nicer to get home just on Christmas Eve.

Thomas said nothing. He merely threw in his clutch and leaped forth upon the highway with temper and haste.

"Hiram Harwood said it would be all right as soon as we got through the pass," said Martha. "That's the only place where the drifts are likely to be bad."

Thomas said nothing.

The pair of them were as fuzzy as bears in their furs, as cozy as if they were about to hibernate, and the car was as large as a small house, glassed in and padded everywhere. What space was not taken by the hamper for Martha's extensive picnicking and by her cord or so of canvases and their two grips was stuffed with the real Christmas greens

they were taking back to the niece and nephew. They even had a beautiful little spruce tree on top, supposed to be superior in some way to a tree bought in the city.

"I'm glad we waited," said Martha equably. "It's going to be perfectly ripping. I hope it does snow."

Thomas said nothing.

"We'll get to the pass about luncheon time, won't we?" she asked as she curled down, yawning. She had worked late with her delayed packing and was sleepy.

"Mhm," said Thomas. He was not in a Christmas spirit at all.

And then, as Martha pleasantly drifted into a nap, the snow began to come. Very softly, the individual flakes falling with feathery slowness, yet the general impression of the whole was of tremendous swiftness. Thomas set his jaw and went full speed ahead.

IT WAS two hours before Martha woke. At first she smiled, the thick whiteness was so lovely. Then she sat up straight with a half-guilty frightened smile. Her eye was caught by the yellow curve of Thomas' snowshoes where they showed above her massed greenery. She had been openly scornful when he had grimly placed them there instead of leaving them at camp as usual. Now—well—she looked from them to the storm, bit her lip, and blushed. Still, they were entering now between the high gray walls of the pass. The road must still be good. And if Thomas scooted—



Thomas was scooting, all right.

Two inches of snow in the open may become something very different when caught between two cliffs marching shoulder to shoulder for a mile or so with barely room for a road to squeeze between. And two inches on top of two inches makes four inches. Thomas stopped.

A beautiful motionless, curving wave of white rose before them. It was already ten feet high and the wind, pouring between those gray walls, was still busy with it. What it would become by night, which would begin to close down in two hours—who could predict? Even as it was it was enough, quite enough!

Thomas looked at it. Martha looked at it. Thomas did a mean and cruel thing. He took his hands from the wheel, lit a cigar, and, having pulled a newspaper from his pocket, leaned back in a carefree attitude and began to read.

"Darn you, Tom!" cried Martha, twisting her small hands in his coat collar. Thomas read on undisturbed, folding the paper to a different angle as he continued perusal of the article he had begun.

"Tom, please! Don't stop to punish me now. Get back while there's time, please!"

"Huh? O, all right. Anyway you say—" and the car roared like a giant wasp in a spider web. But while they had been scooting and during the valuable minute and a half which Thomas had utilized in teaching his sister a lesson, events had been shaping behind them. The great car backed ten—twenty feet, and the wasp found that the spider had been silently spinning. There was a great deal of web now.

It took an hour to work up to within a hundred feet of the jaws of the pass—an hour of wrath and patience, of Martha's contrite tears, of roaring and wheedling. Two hours more of effort that led nowhere at all. Then night came—the deep night at six o'clock—and two flakes were falling where but one fell before. Four inches? Twenty at least, and twenty inches may mean twenty feet when drifted. Easily.

Even as Thomas seized a moment for exhausted meditation, the signs of their frantic retreat out of the pass were quietly covered over as if they had never been. And the car was not only hub deep, there were no tires visible at all—only a black box, motionless like a waterlogged boat, wearing a ridiculous mob cap of white where their Christmas tree and an extra trunk had proudly ridden a-top.

"You take your snowshoes," said Martha, her face as white as the drifts, "and go back to the first farmhouse. It's that gift shop place. You know. We got some post cards there last summer. Pretty girl and two awfully nice babies. I can stay here all night, and you can come back with men in the morning and dig me out. I shall be perfectly c-comfortable."

Thomas strapped on his snowshoes without comment, then, opening the door, held out his big arms with a grin.

"Get aboard," he said simply.

Martha settled firmly in her seat, assuming her customary elderly dignity.

"Don't be silly," she murmured.

"Hurry," said Thomas, "before I drag you out by the scruff of your neck. Shucks, Kitten! Don't cry. Why, this isn't anything but one big lark. Hold on—just get out the thermos bottle, will you? Leave the tree and the paints and the trunks. They'll be all right till spring. There you are. But can't the tears. They'll freeze in my neck. Gee! what a sell to have it happen with a sister!"

"The babies and Christmas and Helen," whimpered Martha; "but for me we'd have been there now."

"They'll all keep," he said comfortably, swinging off into the white chaos, "except Christmas, and there'll be another just as good next year."

"The car—"

"Nobody'll steal it. It'll be right there when the snow goes off in spring. These things happen now and then up here, Hiram was telling me yesterday."

"You knew, and yet you let me—"

"Oh, well! I thought maybe we'd get through all right. Now don't talk—just keep a lookout for that gift shop of yours. We don't want to pass it in this muss. If it's empty we'll break in. Most of these bungalow things are empty. But that one was an old farmhouse as I recollect. It might keep open the year round."

But after they had been going in silence for what seemed a long time Martha said in a scared tone:

"But how can we be sure we're keeping the road at all?" And then, perhaps because she wriggled, perhaps because he was weary, his shoes caught and he plunged forward.

NOW it is not safe or wise to go head first into a deep drift when you have snowshoes on. But Martha was quick and sensible. She dug down to

his nose and got him air, and then loosened his shoes so that he could right himself. Then she unscrewed the thermos bottle.

"Ten minutes," gasped Thomas, "for refreshments."

"I wish you'd let me walk," fretted Martha as he swung her over his shoulder, but he did not seem to hear.

No shape of house appeared, but the glow increased, haloed and amorphous as in a fog, then narrowing down to the definite outline of a window, wreathed round and about with white. If there were steps leading up to it they were now covered in level with the road; if there was a porch that, too, was one with all the rest. Thomas walked straight up to the four shining panes. The glass was patterned lightly with frost, but the interior was dimly visible. Thomas set Martha down in front of the door.

"Now you do the knocking," said he. "This part of it is up to you. I saw a woman in there."

So Martha knocked. But, though there was a sound within, it was not that of steps approaching to undo the door. It sounded more as if somebody had suddenly started to move furniture about. Thomas glanced in again at the window. A face looked out for an instant, indistinct behind the frost, then in a curiously clumsy way a bolt was

drawn and a key turned. The door opened inward and the snow that had drifted against it rushed in ahead of them, stretching half way across the room in a carpet of white, while the wind, coming up behind, threw more over their shoulders. They could hear it hiss as it struck the stove at the farther side of the room.

"Ah!" apologized Thomas. "Now that's too bad," and he stooped to struggle with the drift and close the door in the storm's face, while Martha conferred with the girl who stood smiling rather stiffly, seeming none too cordial, in spite of their plight. But as to that, she had a plight of her own to worry over. For as she stood she kept one knee upon the chair, which she had pushed in front of her in order to reach the door, this being the explanation of the delay and the noise of moving furniture.

"You must make yourselves as comfortable as you can," said she, when Martha had explained matters sketchily. "I do wish I could help, but I hurt my foot yesterday—"

There came a small, sleepy sound from the next room. She touched her lips with her finger.

"They're hardly asleep yet," she whispered warningly. Thomas and Martha froze in attitudes of silence.

"Anjy!" said a little voice.

"Well, dear?"

"Do you think Peepsy will lay her egg for Christmas?"

"Perhaps, if you go right to sleep and don't wake sister."

"But Anjy!"

"Well?"

"Did somebody come?"

"Yes, dear."

"Was it—was it—was it—"

A word was whispered, but the girl heard it. She answered gently.

"No, dear, not daddy."

"I thought . . . Christmas . . . he might."

"Not this Christmas, sweetheart."

A long silence followed, during which the girl held her head bent attentively in the direction of the door. Presently she nodded with a little confidential smile.

"He goes off like a log when he does go, and then an earthquake wouldn't wake him. Poor mite! He's been such a man since I hurt my foot. He and sister even got in this log."



After they had been going in silence for what seemed a long time Martha said, "But how can we be sure we're keeping the road at all?"



"I'm not a doctor yet," said Thomas, but I'm going to be. Better let me in on this if you haven't had a real one."

"O, thank you," said she, "but it's nothing, really. I did a perfectly silly thing. Our chickens are in a crazy old barn, and the door won't stay shut without being braced by a great beam. It slipped and fell as I was putting it up last night, and as I drew back to keep from being hit I stepped on a great wire nail in a piece of crating the children had been playing with."

Martha shuddered. Thomas set his lips and bent over the foot with a professional air. The bandages were clumsy, but the skill of the future surgeon was foreshadowed in his big hands. He looked at the small wound with an anxious eye.

"O, it's a clean wound," said the girl calmly. "I used sterile water. But—it almost went through, you see. That little bruise on the instep shows where the point stopped inside. I was wearing tennis sneakers and the soles are worn thin."

Thomas did it up in a more workmanlike manner.

"Yes, I guess you've done all anyone could have done for you," he conceded, "but if we can dig our way to the car tomorrow I can get some iodine and put a few more frills on the dressing."

He rose and looked with a quizzically uplifted eyebrow at the log deploying over the floor.

"Mind if I try to improve on it?"

"Isn't it horrible!" said she. "Poor babies! How they worked on it and how proud they were! But all my wood is that length. I've been sawing it to stove length as I needed it. But I thought it would burn like this safely enough tonight and I would stay here and shove it in as it burned until it was the right length. If you don't mind getting yourself a hand lamp from the kitchen and finding the woodshed. It would be glorious to have a log the right size."

As the door closed behind Thomas, Martha, who had been looking intently from the girl's face to that of the bride in the photograph, made an exclamation.

"But," she said, with catching breath, "but—you—you're Marian Applegate's little sister! You're little Jean Applegate. I had a dance with you at the Bleeker house when she brought you up for Prom week. And we sat next each other at senior dramatics!"

"And you," cried the girl, after a startled silence, "you were the class genius, Marth Carter. I was so scared and so honored—"

IN THE woodshed Thomas confronted a small company of four-foot chunks. One of them lay across a saw horse, half cut in two, a tough bit of oak, that pulled smartly at his muscles before he had finished the job. When it had fallen sullenly apart and he was gathering its halves into his arms, Martha came out, her eyes wide and black with excitement, and shut the door into the kitchen carefully behind her.

"Tom," said she, "it's Jean Applegate, the sister of that Marian Applegate who married Ranney

Bakerton who was killed in an airplane crash. Ranney never saw the boy, and Marian died when he was a few weeks old, and on top of that they lost all their money, and there was just this girl to look after Marian's babies. Think of it! She's nothing but a kid herself. Why, she isn't even as old as you are. Marian was one of the richest girls in college; kept a saddle horse, had lovely gowns, gave to all the different funds, helped out poor girls on the sly—that sort. And then—Jean found that this old house up here was every blessed thing they had left. Jean had never had any useful sort of training. She says she was stupid, but of course, that's a lie. Then she got the idea of having a gift shop here. It seemed practicable enough, right in the route of summer autoists. But—she had to look after the children, too, you see, and she wasn't used to that or to business. It hasn't panned out very well. I've looked into the shop. It's full of unsold stuff.

"Tom! There's hardly a week's rations. They're positively on the edge of starving. The flour barrel is so clean it isn't even white inside. She pretends she was expecting supplies tomorrow, but—there's a little hand mill with cracked corn in it—the sort that's used for chickens—and I swear to you it's the nearest thing to flour or bread that's been in the house for weeks."

"Why aren't the children sick, then?" said Thomas, after a moment's grave consideration. "With things as bad as that I should think they'd have all sorts of things the matter with them."

"Chickens!" said Martha, in an awed tone. "She kills them herself and makes broth for the children."

They looked at each other soberly.

"I guess," said Thomas, as they turned together toward the kitchen, "it's just as well we're where we are."

The oak chunk, confidentially snuggling its cold, dry cheek to the red one of the now shortened log, presently caught its neighbor's enthusiasm, and together they sent up a joyous roaring. Martha set about tidying up, while Jean resumed work on the lengths of bright-colored paper chains that seemed to be her chief effort at Christmas decoration.

"There are some old things left over from last summer's stock that I'm planning to bring out," she remarked. "They will help out, but I'm afraid we'll have no tree. I'd meant to get one today, but what with my foot and the snow— However I'll spread my chains as far as they will go and make the most of what greens we have."

"We'll have a tree, all right," said Thomas, sternly. Jean looked up radiantly.

"Oh, if you could!"

"Jean," broke in Martha, having put the broom and dustpan away and returned to the fire, "haven't you any relatives at all?"

"Oh, why, yes," she said, "relatives, of course. They made all sorts of offers. They meant to be kind, but somehow none of them could take both children. Some wanted little Ranney and some Marian. And my older sister would have been glad to give me a home. She [Continued on page 32]



*Jean found that this old house up here was every blessed thing they had left.*





*The wind was a hurricane. Twice Hosea stumbled and went down on his knees, but ahead of him the light lay bravely on the furious breast of the sea. He made for the light.*

## Good Will to Wives

By Helen Topping Miller

*Illustrated by John H. Paul*

AT CHRISTMAS a body needs folks. Hosea Dock, locking the toll money in the tin box and putting out the red light at the end of the bridge, realized this as he stumped into the lonely little toll house, at midnight, with the tide slipping in to buffet the piles on which the house was built, and the fire in the airtight stove dimly low. Never before in all his cheerful fifty-five years could Hosea remember being lonely. The feeling appalled him a little, made him bewildered and incredulous. Always before he had been so busy, so many people had needed him, so many hours had had too few minutes for the things he wanted to do. Now a hollow pall of emptiness seemed suddenly to descend as he remembered that this was Christmas Eve, and that tomorrow there would be no one to say, "Well, I'm thankful we got a goose—turkeys are so high!" There would be no smell of hot pies, nobody to scold because Joe Daly had brought maggoty raisins out on the tender—nobody at all—and Christmas!

Christmas, and nothing real to do!

His mother had died in October, and though for years she had been a dismal invalid, given to worrying for fear she had not done the best for everybody in her time, certain that the doctor was mistaken in her ailments, she had needed Hosea. And Hosea gloried in being needed.

Being needed was the breath of life to him.

For eighteen years he had kept the toll bridge which crossed the inlet to Titania Island. Ever since the last plank went down and the engineers stood back and spat and said, "Let her roll!" Hosea had stayed in the little house with the red light and the airtight stove, and not a flivver or a proud, purring limousine, or a shambling negro on foot crossed the bridge without a cheerful word from Hosea. He knew everybody on Titania, knew when their pump-valves wore out, when the cows got into the salt grass, knew their children's middle names and how many pairs of shoes it took to run them a year. But at Christmas time each family became a little inward-turning entity, complete, absorbed, shutting out the world and Hosea. They were not selfish. Christmas was the time when you had your own folks and assumed everybody else had.

Hosea lighted his lamp, dropped a chunk in the airtight stove, rolled up a horse-blanket and stopped the wintry draft at the bottom of the door with it, and took off his shoes. Outside, the wind was

rising, and the tide riding the inshore gale and already crashing over the spit across the inlet. Rain came in friendless gusts and wept on the windows, and a monotonous drip disclosed the fact that the roof still leaked behind the chimney.

"Mean weather—for Christmas!" thought Hosea and shuddered dismally.

He had seen Thad Tucker, who worked at the wireless station on Titania, returning from the mainland that afternoon, drenched and muddy but triumphant, with a stunted cedar over his shoulder.

Weather did not matter when you had Christmas. Real Christmas, with little chaps—folks! It was only lonely people who sighed with the homeless, wandering wind.

His bed was clean and warm. He turned the blankets down to take off the chill, and slid his worn blue shirt over his head. With the garment raised like a faded flannel tent on his forearms, he sat still for an instant, listening. A car was coming across the bridge from the island, the planks jouncing and thundering as it rumbled over the draw.

"Somebody's got a sick cow," thought Hosea Dick, "I'll git the toll next time they cross."

Then the car stopped outside. He heard the engine choke and die. Through the tumult of the December storm came a call—a woman's voice.

"Mister Dock! Mister Dock!"



Gripping his garments, Hosea blundered to the door. Icy spray smote him in the face and blinded him. The wind blew the lamp out.

"What's wrong?" he shouted. In the dim dash-light of the car he could see a girl in a red coat. Only one woman on Titania owned a red coat—Emily Stayton, young wife of Searl Stayton who kept the light at the Point. "That you, Em'ly? Come in out o' the rain."

The girl slid out of the car, and came toward the house. "Can I stay here all night, Mister Dock?" she inquired.

Hosea held the door while she entered, crossed the room and lighted the lamp. "What you want to stay here for?" he asked.

Emily Stayton stood defensively against the door, her slender body tense as a steel wire. Her eyes were burning defiantly in a very white young face.

"I've left," she announced. "I've left—for good. If you won't let me stay here I'll go on to Belford—but the roads are bad and I don't know how much gas I've got."

Hosea put his coat on slowly over his undershirt and buttoned every button. "What's Searl done?" he asked.

Her chin quivered for an instant. Emily Stayton was spun like steel and colored like jet and flame, but there was a soft sweetness underneath. "He hasn't done anything. That's just it. She came back, Mr. Dock—that woman, his first wife! I told him if she came back again I'd go—and I did. I waited till he went up in the light and then I slipped the car out. My suitcase is in the back."

"Allie came back again, hey? Did Searl ask her to come, Em'ly?"

"Of course not. But he could tell her not to, couldn't he? He could make her stay away. But he won't."

Hosea poked the fire. "Take off your coat," he advised. "You're wetter'n a mackerel. Searl'll be comin' after you, I reckon. He'll be along as soon as he can make it afoot—lame like he is."

For an instant the blaze in Emily Stayton's eyes died, and her face softened. Then she froze again. "It won't do him any good. I won't go back."

"Well, I can't turn a lady out in the rain just because she runs off from her husband. Where'd you say your clothes was?"

OVER a cup of hot tea, deftly brewed by Hosea on the airtight stove, Emily recited her grievance. "Searl's good, Mr. Dock, but he's too tender-hearted. That's why he married her in the first place. Her mother died over here at the hotel, and she hadn't any money—nor any sense either, I guess. And he was sorry for her—"

"Yeah, Searl's like that," agreed Hosea. "I've known him a long time you recollect—heap longer than you have, Em'ly. I've been taking toll on this bridge for eighteen years, and Searl came down to Titania about twelve years ago. I remember how Allie looked—used to curl her hair and wear little hats kind o' tipped sideways."

"And painted her eyebrows," declared Searl Stayton's second wife, scornfully, "and chewed gum."

"Well, she was a young thing," defended Hosea; "but there wasn't anything wicked about her. She was just silly—silly and vain and wantin' a good time. And of course Searl had to stick close to the light. He couldn't take her to the mainland to shows and dances, so she took up with other fellers. But you couldn't say Allie was bad."

"She's wicked now, anyway. She's trying to take Searl away from me, Mr. Dock. She is!"

Hosea set the teacups in an orderly pile and brushed the crumbs from the table into his palm. "Well," he drawled, "I don't see as you're putting yourself out any defendin' your property."

"But—I couldn't. It was awful—two wives under one roof, Mr. Dock." Emily was almost tearful. "Not that he talked to her any. He stayed up in the light. But he acted worried and he wouldn't tell her to stay away."

"Well, Charlie's her boy. You wouldn't begrudge the poor woman the sight of her boy at Christmas time; now would you, Em'ly?"

"She ran off and left him, didn't she? She didn't worry about him when he was only ten months old and Searl was trying to tend him and keep the light too. When he used to climb all those stairs with Charlie on his shoulder and a nursing bottle inside his coat to keep it warm, and sit there minding the light all night with Charlie asleep in a basket on the floor—she didn't worry about him then. But now—now because he's seven years old and fine and handsome—now because he's got so he loves me—she comes back!"

"Shuh!" soothed Hosea. "I wouldn't worry about it tonight. Everything will come out all right. You git into my bed and go to sleep. The tide's running pretty high and it's likely to come over the bridge, so I'll sit here, and if anybody comes along I'll talk to 'em. You go to bed."

"Oh—I had his little Christmas tree all trimmed, Mr. Dock! Searl got me a cedar—and Joe Daly brought out some glass balls and things. We had a train—you wind it up and it has tunnels and a bridge and everything." A tear, very bright and pitiful, dripped down her cheek. Then flame

scorched the mist from her eyes. "I guess she'll fix his Christmas for him! She'll let him eat candy, and he'll run a temperature again. She'll give him things—and after awhile he'll get over being timid with her. Then he won't cry for me when his back aches. And Searl—Searl will forget, too."

Hosea pursed his old mouth. "You git to bed," he counseled. "There's another blanket on the trunk, if your feet git cold."

WHEN at last she closed the door of the bedroom, Hosea blew out the lamp. A triangular flicker of light from the nostrils of the stove lay on the floor while the rest of the bare room slept in shadow. The wind crept down the stove-pipe and hooted in chilly loneliness. The tide was high now, and Hosea could hear the crash of the rolling backwash as it battled with the meshed timbers of the bridge. Across the inlet sounded the dull thunder of the breakers on the spit beyond Titania Light.

Hosea wondered how soon Searl Stayton would discover that his girl-wife had fled. He liked Searl. He had liked the bronzed young chap when first he came down to Titania, a handsome rebellious youth, chafing at the injured limb which made it impossible for him ever again to walk the bridge of a revenue cutter.

In the heat of his rebellion little Allie Baxter had drifted into his world. Bright, colorful, a little humming-bird creature with empty head, tossing back yellow curls, and a cheap, sentimental sort of attractiveness which might pass with a lonely young fellow for love, she had fascinated Searl from his aching solitude. They had married swiftly, and old Hosea knew how swiftly the sordidness of quarrels and the hot acrimony and sullen brooding of misunderstanding had come to Titania Light.

There were other men—young men who owned flivvers, and straight limbs for dancing, and glib tongues for flattery. Searl Stayton had been proud, silent, sensitive. He had loved the baby, Charlie, the more because Allie resented his coming. And he had ignored proudly the side-long pity of the

few neighbors on Titania, kept away from people whose meaning eyes condescended with him because his silly little wife hated him and ran off to the mainland with young fellows. And then one day Allie ran off and did not come back.

Hosea Dock knew what black days those days had been for Searl Stayton, with the disgrace of divorce and the weight of proud loneliness upon him, with no one to talk to except a year-old baby.

Then, on a day five years back, Hosea had gone to the mainland to have a tooth pulled, and Searl, limping across to get some croup syrup for Charlie, had volunteered to tend the bridge. That day Emily had come, black eyes and burnished hair, a laughing, lithe little thing with an imperious mouth, to visit her uncle at the wireless station. Searl, looking into her eyes, had collected a quarter and given her fifty cents in change, when he swung the gate to let her car through. And Hosea, coming home with a pain as heavy as a ship's anchor in the side of his head, had seen



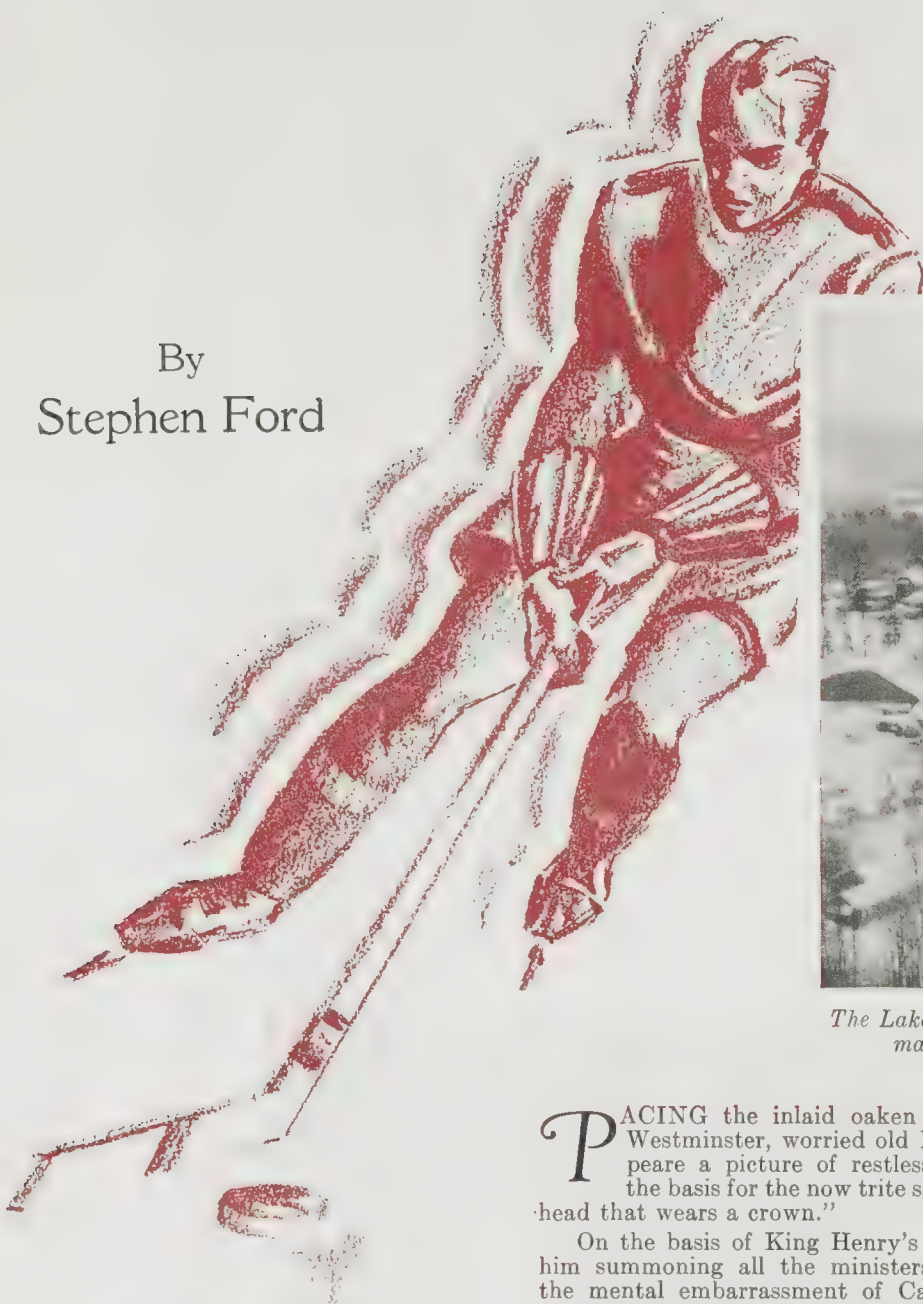
Her eyes were burning defiantly in a very white young face. "I've left—for good,"—she announced.

[Cont'd on page 52]



# Fixed for the Olympic Face-off

By  
Stephen Ford



The Lake Placid out-door rink, where outdoor Olympic eliminations will be held. Wind-up matches are billed for the \$220,000 indoor arena, to be completed in January.

**P**ACING the inlaid oaken floor of the palace at Westminster, worried old Henry IV gave Shakespeare a picture of restless royalty—and formed the basis for the now trite saying: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

On the basis of King Henry's fretfulness, which sent him summoning all the ministers of England, imagine the mental embarrassment of Canada—from the point of view of hockey. On the world's amateur hockey throne, Canada wears not one crown but three—and in a couple of months must don another or descend reluctantly from the lofty ruling seat.

On the snow-laid shore of Lake Placid, set like a jewel among the mountain-peaks of upper New York state, another four-year reign in amateur hockey begins next February at the Third Olympic Winter Games. Canada craves an extension of her monarchy, unrivalled since Winnipeg Falcons won the first Olympic hockey crown in 1920—but doughty rivals swarm about, seeking to snatch the sceptre. Reason enough to be uneasy.

Canada's supremacy is crumbling not a whit in the hockey empire. But once-humble vassals have grown to the stature of competitors. United States, erstwhile ready pupil of Canada in the stick-handling art, ranks now as an out-and-out pretender to the throne. From Europe, where international competition and new-built rinks have engendered confidence, spring up new rebels — Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland, and so on down the line of revolt. Canada must be on guard.

Many a sleepless western night is being spent by the mentors of Winnipeg seniors, who last season swept through the most strenuous opposition east and west could offer and qualified to defend Canada's thrice-won Olympic laurels. Not a step is being left untaken which might lead to a more efficient stand against the opposition deemed certain to rise next February when the world's hockey mighty do battle in the pine-clad valley of the Alleghenies where Lake Placid lies.

**W**EEKS before the first artificial ice was ready at Winnipeg in mid-November, the red-clad champions of Canadian hockey were busy at physical training. On virgin ice, they swept into the first hockey-practice staged in the west, pointing for the crucial joust months and

miles away. Through the rigorous competition of a regular schedule, the Winnipegs will struggle to the form required for a world-title tilt. No ocean voyage will wear down the razor-edge of perfect condition. Canada's team will swing into the Lake Placid fray, probably, in the most delicately-adjusted shape ever attained by a Maple Leaf hockey crew.

"Our task is to get the boys to the peak at the right time," believes canny Jack Hughes, who coached the Winnipegs through a rough schedule and a rugged play-down list last season to the Allan Cup, Canada's amateur hockey title emblem. "Fortunately our season's schedule in the Winnipeg city league will afford competition against a couple of clubs about as good as there are in Canada—a considerable advantage over teams which have gone to the Olympics without actual league games to whip them into form."

No misapprehension about the quality of opposition to be expected at Lake Placid is entertained by Coach Hughes, who guided squads last season to Dominion senior and junior championships. Most serious rivalry will come from the United States, the Winnipegs' management have deduced. They recall that McGill University, heralded a year ago in the east as likely Allan Cup winners, were slapped down by Harvard; and that Manitoba Varsity Grads, with most of the 1928 Canadian championship team, had a task on their hands to down Boston Hockey Club in the final of the world tourney at Krynica, Poland, less than a twelvemonth back.

"Smart hockey was being played around Boston when I went barnstorming down there with Winnipegs nineteen years ago," comments Coach Hughes, "—and they're far and away better now."

Into the first Olympic hockey tourney ever staged on this side of the Atlantic, the United States will carry the most potent threat ever offered to Canadian supremacy. Not only has the game been developing rapidly of late across the line, but the Americans are to play close to home, assuring an advantageous selection of players for the Olympic team. Moreover, the



FRANK FREDRICKSON

Brilliant playmaker for Canada's historic Falcon team, who crosses Canada's Olympic title defenders with the three great world-champion teams of the past.



open-air stadium at Lake Placid, where half the games will be played, will be "home territory" to some of the United States players, while the Canadian team has become accustomed to playing on an inside arena. Important wind-up games are slated for the new indoor arena.

**B**ELIEF that the Americans are the team to watch in the Olympics is shared by Frank Fredrickson, who marshalled the fiery Falcons to their world crown at the Antwerp Olympics in 1920. Crafty as any centre-ice playmaker in his heyday, Fredrickson questions that even the pronounced improvement in European hockey in the last decade will bring forth any important rival to Canadian and United States hockey excellence.

"There is no doubt that the United States will offer keener competition than ever before," avers the Viking veteran of amateur and professional hockey frays. "I would suggest that the Winnipeg must be on their toes to avert a possible defeat by the Americans, whom I consider their only serious threat in the bid for Olympic honors. The Maple Leaf team should, and doubtless will, train hard and sincerely to improve any imperfections in their play observed during the title playdowns of last season."

The Winnipeg need concede little, if anything, in the way of excellence to their Olympic predecessors, is the opinion of Fredrickson. In fighting spirit and efficiency of team-work, he believes they rank on a par with the Falcons, with the hard-going Toronto Granites of 1924, and with the brilliant University of Toronto Grads of 1928. The broad-shouldered Iclander goes down on the records as an unquestioned backer of Canada for a fourth consecutive Olympic hockey victory.

It is significant that Fredrickson, who has seen all Canada's Olympic teams in action, gives the mighty Granites of eight years ago an edge over the Maple Leaf squad of 1932 only in scoring punch. And it would be a powerful brigade indeed which would rate with the puck-rifling might of such celebrities as Hookey Smith, Harry Watson, Bert McCaffrey, Dunc Munro, Beatty Ramsay and the other Granite stalwarts.

In colorful attack and spirited play, Fredrickson concedes Toronto's belauded Grads to have been superior to the new representatives of Canada—but not in finely-oiled team-play nor in close correlation of offensive and defensive style. It is in no way a discredit to be rated in "color" behind an ensemble of such celebrities as jumping Joe Sullivan, the goalie; lank "Red" Porter, captain and defence star; Lou Hudson, who played his "wrong" wing as few can play their own; flashy Dave Trottier; the Plaxtons and the rest.

"Under the experienced and capable coaching of Jack Hughes," opines the famed exponent of pivot-play, "the Winnipeg have developed a sound system of offensive and defensive hockey. The remarkably efficient manner in which their system of play has been attuned to their individual and collective capabilities, it seems to me, places Winnipeg right in line with the best amateur hockey teams Canada has produced."

**Y**OUNG, but not too young, the Winnipeg will skate onto the ice at Lake Placid with just the extent of experience needed to stabilize their play without the penalty of lost vitality. The average age of those who may be expected to play will be just twenty-four and one-half years, and the average weight will stand at the handy figure of one hundred and sixty-one pounds. The largest contribution of experience to the Maple

Leaf team's budget comes from bulky Bill Cockburn, goal-tender and captain. Born in Toronto twenty-eight years ago, this taciturn grain-merchant is the only member of the Winnipeg roster not a native of the West. For years with Winnipeg Tigers he was senior netman to "Chuck" Gardiner, now classed as hockey's greatest goalie due to his masterful play with Chicago Black Hawks in the National Hockey League.

Rangy Roy Hinkel and Hughie Sutherland, his staunch co-worker on defence, have become celebrated for the studied efficiency of their system of goal-prevention. Scaling close to one hundred and seventy pounds each, and both towering to within two inches of the six-foot mark, this rear-guard duo promises trouble for any attacking line bent on sallying effectively into Canada's home territory.

Pride of the Canadian contingent is the double-barrelled forward-line—a bludgeon-and-rapier offensive—one line to batter the opposition into weakness by weight and power, the other to pierce foe armor with flashing speed and uncanny stick-handling. It is this combination, and the untiring back-checking by both strings on the defensive, which stand most prominently to the credit of Jack Hughes in moulding the Winnipeg into a team of Olympic calibre.

Just into his twenties, one-hundred-and-eighty-pound "Hack" Simpson at centre is the colorful figure of the heavy line; his deft stick-work and shifty skating are remarkable for one of his build. On the wings, Romeo Rivers and Vic Lindquist, each twenty-four years old, add power aplenty to the attack. Carrying one hundred and seventy pounds down the side-boards, smiling Romeo combines scoring-strength, play-making ability and back-checking aggressiveness to take a place on the top of the pile of Canada's left-wingers; lighter a little and faster far than his attacking mates, Lindquist is not as strong on the scoring as on opening up plays and wrecking foe attacks.

Outweighed more than twenty-five pounds to the man by the starting line, the rapier-trio makes few concessions as to scoring ability. "Tick" Garbutt and "Stoney" Wise, twenty-seven-year-olds at centre and wing, handle their sticks with mystifying legerdemain. Their ample speed, however, is no more than a match for their young Indian wing-mate, Ken Moore, just arrived at voting age.

Reserve strength of the Canadian sextette is ample, though it has been called into action but little. Cliff Crowley, husky and dashing wing, filled in to perfection when Moore missed the closing games of the season due to a broken arm. But Stan Wagner, northern flier listed as sub goalie, did not break into a single game last season; and



JACK HUGHES

Coach of the Canadian Olympic hockey team, only man who has guided two hockey squads to Dominion titles in the same year. His Winnipeg won the Allan Cup and his Elmwood Millionaires took the Canadian junior title.

Foster Woolley, relief defence-man, worked in only two or three contests during the schedule.

**P**ROFESSIONAL hockey scouts, whose advances to members of the Canadian Olympic squad have been futile, will be on the trail once more as soon as the Lake Placid series is out of the way. By reason of youth and promise, Simpson, Rivers, Lindquist and Moore will be looked on most covetously by the contract-bearing emissaries of the moneyed chiefs; the capabilities of the quartette should be definitely outlined during the current season.

This "Lindy" Lindquist is a flying forward whose rocketing rate will dazzle the best left-wingers rival teams put on the job at Lake Placid. His headlong speed, so precipitate he tires out his front-line mates, conjures up fond memories of the three great wingmen for the Maple Leaf—Mike Goodman, Falcons' barrel-jumping racer; Harry Watson, the Granite meteor; and Lou Hudson, dashing dentist of Toronto Grads. "Lindy" ranks [Continued on page 30]



CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE 1932 OLYMPIC HOCKEY BATTLE

Back row (left to right)—F. Woolley, defence; S. Wagner, goal; H. Simpson, centre; R. Hinkel, defence; K. Moore, right wing. Middle row—W. Bowman, trainer; Jack Hughes, coach; W. J. Robertson, manager; W. R. Bawlf, president; D. G. Thomson, vice-president; J. E. Myers, assistant manager; J. Drake, trainer. Front row—R. Rivers, left wing; C. Crowley, right wing; G. Garbutt, centre; W. Cockburn, captain and goal; A. Wise, left wing; H. Sutherland, defence; V. Lindquist, right wing.





# The Siren's Christmas Gift

By  
William Hamilton Osborne.

*The Story of One Kind of Woman  
—and a Different Kind of Man*



*"Never," she returned coldly. "I wear no jewels and I never accept jewels from anybody, man or woman. There is only one thing that I ever take from anyone, and that is—money."*

WAINWRIGHT MONROE, in his bedroom at the Barristers, had finished shaving and was grooming vigorously his heavy head of tawny hair, when there thundered on his door a most tremendous knock.

"Who's there?" he cried expectantly.

"Bellamy," replied a voice. Whereupon the owner of the voice thrust open the door and stalked in, as he stalked down the centre aisle of theatres, or into the middle of big dining-rooms, with his massive pair of big shoulders first.

Archibald Bellamy was known to his friends as a gigantic game of bluff and in this game of bluff his shoulders played the major part.

Wainwright Monroe turned to him with a humorous grin of disappointment on his features. "It's only you, Archie," he exclaimed. "Too bad; I thought you were a box of Duodecimos."

Archibald Bellamy strode heavily about the room, making everything in it, except Monroe, who was long where Archibald was broad, seem small by contrast.

"Why did you think I was a box of Duodecimos?" queried Archie, with a grunt.

"Because," answered Wainwright, "I just sent out for some."

Bellamy placed his hat carefully upon the bed and tossed his stick beside it. "In that case," he announced, "I had better wait."

Wainwright tucked his military brushes into their case and glanced doubtfully toward his stout friend. "That doesn't explain it," he ventured.

"Doesn't explain what?" queried Archie, keeping up his interest in the door, through which, at any moment, the Duodecimos might come.

Monroe selected a waistcoat from his closet and returned. "It doesn't explain your presence here so early in the morning, Mr. Bellamy," he returned.

For answer Archibald thrust his hand into his coat and drew forth from his breast pocket a square white envelope. "I've come, sir," he remarked, passing it over, "to confer upon you a Christmas present."

"In-deed?" returned Monroe. He tore open the envelope, extracted its contents, and then presented a countenance filled with comical disappointment. "Is this all I get for Christmas?" he complained. "Why, what do you think I thought that this contained?—I thought it was a check for that five thousand you owe me."

Archie waved his hand. "It's better, much better, my boy," he remarked easily. "There are lots of checks for five thousand floating around town, but it's not everybody who can get an invite to one of Archie Bellamy's Christmas dinners, let me tell you that."

Wainwright studied the invitation carefully. "Old-fashioned Christmas dinner, I see, Archie."

"Worse than that," returned Bellamy. "Old-fashioned Southern Christmas dinner. Everything on the table, all at once. Virginia darkies by the score to wait on you. I've been South a dozen of times to get the local color for it, Rightie, and it's going to be great."

"Well," mused Monroe, "I suppose I've got to come. Who's going to be there, anyway?"

"A lot of people in general," answered Bellamy, "but one in particular—Jocelyn Jeffreys."

Monroe started. "Jocelyn Jeffreys," he repeated, as though searching his memory for something that had escaped him. "Where have I heard that name?"

"Probably haven't heard it at all," returned Bellamy. "Most likely you have seen it in the theatrical columns of the newspapers. She's doing 'The Maid of Green Cheese' at the Gaiety."

Wainwright nodded. Some portion of his uncertainty had departed from him, for he recalled now, not only having seen the name of Jocelyn Jeffreys, but he recalled, also, having seen her at the Gaiety.

"She's the girl," went on Bellamy, "who introduced from the Fourteenth Street Burlesque House into Broadway that feature of kissing every man in the bald-headed row. Nobody



could have done it and done it right except Jocelyn Jeffreys, and Broadway stood for it hard."

"I remember the girl," said Wainwright. "She does 'The Siren' and that business is in her kissing song, only she doesn't kiss anybody; she pretends."

"How do you know?" asked Bellamy.

"I've been in the bald-headed row myself," responded Wainwright.

"Well," went on Bellamy, "I'll tell you what. Jocelyn Jeffreys is just my kind, and I'm giving this little Christmas blowout just for her—just for her and you. Do you understand?"

"For me?" repeated Wainwright. "What terrible convulsion of your nature led you to give a dinner for me, I'd like to know?"

"It was no convulsion of my nature," responded Bellamy. "It was just a little idiosyncrasy of Jocelyn's. She wants to meet you."

"Wants to meet me?" exclaimed Wainwright, aghast. "Why the girl doesn't know me; she doesn't know who I am."

"Doesn't she," returned Bellamy. "I should think she did. You are one of the most distinguished South-erners in the Borough. She's from the South, and, what's more, she's seen you, and any girl in town, my dear young friend, who sees you, wants you. Not very remarkable, it seems to me."

But it was remarkable, somehow, to Monroe, and remarkable chiefly because the mention of the Gaiety girl's name, following immediately upon Wainwright's early morning reverie, had stirred something—some strange and intangible memory, that he could not account for. The mere fact that a Gaiety girl wanted to meet him, was nothing to him. He had grown weary of advances of this kind. But the fact that Jocelyn Jeffreys, a girl with a name that haunted him; a girl whose lips he had almost met one night at the Gaiety, made him suddenly and tremendously anxious to know her.

IN THE week that elapsed before the dinner, unusual impatience possessed him. Two or three times he was on the point of occupying a first row seat at the Gaiety again, to fall once more under the Siren's hypnotic spell; to see if he could not succeed where other men had failed—could not, across that narrow space between the audience and the footlights, succeed in wresting from the Siren the elusive kiss, for the performance of which feat the vulgar Broadway manager was advertising on his billboards, the successful winner would receive an even fifty dollars. But he did not go. And so it happened that on Christmas night he found himself eagerly pushing his way through the crowd of commonplaces that always characterized Bellamy's dinners toward the girl in the far corner who was being monopolized by Bellamy himself. Bellamy did the honors, and, inasmuch as Wainwright's arrival had completed the list of guests, the doors were thrown open and the dinner began at once.

Monroe found, to his inward satisfaction, that though Jocelyn Jeffreys occupied the place of honor on Bellamy's right, he, Wainwright, was seated on the other side of the girl herself.

"You give dinners, too, Mr. Monroe," she whispered, with a quick confidential glance, that indicated somehow that she preferred their converse to be overheard by no one, not even by Bellamy himself.

Wainwright did not answer at once. He looked her fully and frankly in the face. Glanced at her hair, her gown, her hands. She was a superb creature, without a trace of color on her countenance. A little above the medium height, perhaps, and with that strange bewildering combination of jet-black hair and deep-blue eyes. She was very pretty, and Monroe noted suddenly, to his satisfaction, that the girl wore no jewels.

Ranged up and down on both sides of the long table were ladies of various ages and various stages of beauty, but the face of each bore evidence of art, not nature. It was small wonder with Monroe

that, over the top of the abundance piled in old-fashioned splendor on the table, every man in the room was watching Jocelyn Jeffreys.

"Yes," finally returned Monroe, "I do give dinners, now and then, but not like this; but this is the kind of dinner that—" He stopped suddenly and something seemed to catch within his voice, and then he went on, "that my mother used to give."



Jocelyn  
Jeffreys

The girl shook her head. "Never," she replied. "Archie Bellamy never could get up a dinner like your mother used to give."

Wainwright laughed. "How do you know?" he demanded. But the girl only shook her head and went swiftly on.

"Your dinners I have heard of, Mr. Monroe," she said. "Three hundred dollars a plate, something like that, is it not? What do they call you in New York, 'Spendthrift Monroe'?"

"Jove," answered Wainwright, a bit alarmed. "You don't say that they call me spendthrift?"

"What do you call yourself?" she asked. And then some new queer earnest look struggled to the fore. "What are you, anyway?"

Monroe did not answer her. His face flushed, not with Bellamy's wine, because none had yet been opened, but with the distinct and strange allurements in the eyes of the girl—something that was there appealed to him more strongly than had anything in his hitherto brief metropolitan career. She held his gaze quite frankly, and it was with an effort almost visible that Wainwright tore his glance from hers. He glanced up and down the room to find

## Illustrations

By Hall Smith

some commonplace topic of conversation that might relieve the strange emotion that obsessed him. Suddenly he found it.

"Old-fashioned Southern Christmas dinner," he exclaimed, half aloud. "I should think it was. Look at the darky waiters; look at the head waiter, great Scott."

For the first time, apparently, the girl looked, and, as she glanced at the head waiter, she involuntarily shivered.

"Where did he get such a man?" she demanded suddenly of Monroe. "What caterer would employ him?"

Monroe, too, kept his eyes fixed to the countenance of negro. The man had the proportions of a giant and the face of an orang-outang. All the brute in the negro nature was summed up and crystallized in him. "Well," ejaculated Monroe, "the rest of them are not much better," which was quite true.

Bellamy had provided a dozen waiters for perhaps fifty guests and, as the low-voiced exclamations of Wainwright Monroe and the girl were repeated around the table, the fifty guests began to realize that they were in the presence of the strangest set of waiters they had ever seen. There was nothing about them except that they seemed to be aboriginal negroes, almost untouched by civilization, trained, perhaps, in some west-side restaurant, and even as the fifty guests watched the twelve—for they could not help but watch them—the sullen savagery of the twelve began to manifest itself.

The waiter at Bellamy's end of the table, who was serving Bellamy and his two right-hand guests, threw himself, purposely or by accident, in the way of the big head waiter, as the latter directed the carving of the turkey and the nice adjustment of the dressing on each plate. His burley chief had turned upon him in a flash showing white teeth and

uttering some unintelligent jargon. This ill-will grew as the dinner progressed, and once Monroe detected in the air, as his negro served him, the unmistakable aroma of gin.

The girl beside Monroe was shivering. She saw that something impended. Suddenly the waiters seemed to divide into two factions. They took sides for and against their chief. This was evidenced only by their mutterings and by the hostile jostling of each other as they passed in and out the door.

Monroe, who knew the negro thoroughly, began to be alarmed. His alarm crept along the table and around on the other side until all the guests were affected by it. In fact, the time came when everybody in the room, save Bellamy himself, wondered what would happen next. And then it happened. Monroe's waiter, purposely or by accident, spilled a plate of salad down the shirt front of his chief. Without a word, the huge savage, waving his arms wildly in the air, swooped down upon his lighter aide. The latter, less burley, was more agile. He leaped suddenly out of the way, switched his arm backward to his hip pocket and drew forth, not a revolver, but a razor. And then the fight was on.

Immediately seven of the waiters leaped to one side of the room, each with an open razor in his hand, and confronted four others headed by the chief. The rest was pandemonium . . .

In the midst of it all Wainwright Monroe was aware that he had arisen from his seat, that he had caught the half-fainting Jocelyn Jeffreys about the waist and had dragged her into comparative safety to a far corner of the room. He was aware of something else—that, as he held her in his arms, he found that her lips were lifted [Continued on page 46]



# Little Pig Pork

A Christmas Story  
By William Merriam Rouse

Illustrated  
By John Little

"**T**HE sparerib's gone!" Bill Braisted flung himself into the kitchen from the woodshed, accompanied by a blast of cold air. His thin little wisp of grizzled whiskers trembled as his jaw worked with excitement, and his bent frame, which showed its fish-hook outline even through a Mackinaw jacket, was tense.

A big kettle of fat bubbled on the stove, and Lib Braisted was at the kitchen table cutting out doughnuts, her back to the door. She finished extracting the "hole" from a limpsy circle of dough before she turned around. Then her eye took in the half-open door, travelled to her husband's feet, and rested there.

"Tain't," she said decisively. "If 'twas, it wouldn't be no reason fer you to leave the door open and track in snow all over my clean kitchen floor."

"Tis, too." Bill did not deign to reply to the latter part of his wife's remarks, but he carefully closed the door and stepped onto a rug.

"Tain't neither," Lib wiped her hands on her apron as she repeated her denial, and Bill fell in behind her as she strode to the back door with all the dignity of her five feet one.

"It's a-hanging on the third rafter from the outside door, right where it's allus—" She stopped with a gasp and pulled her spectacles down from their resting place on her smooth gray hair. The string by which the sparerib had hung dangled loose.

"Didn't I tell ye so!" crowed Bill.

"Them two good-for-nothing hound dogs of yours jumped up and pulled it down, that's what's the matter," snapped Mrs. Braisted, turning on her husband with a fierce impetus that sent him backing into the kitchen.

"Spot and old Hunter never stole so much as a bone!" he protested indignantly. "But you don't need to take my word fer it; look at that string. It's been cut. Hound dogs don't carry jack-knives, Lib!"

For a moment Bill thought he had scored. He ought to have known better. His wife's sharp eyes roamed over the shed.

"If you'd put a bar on the woodshed door, like I said to, we'd still be expecting to eat pork for Christmas dinner tomorrer," she triumphed.

"Well—"

"They ain't no 'well' about it, Bill Braisted. Your pork's gone, and you'll have to chaw beef instead."

That he would have no sparerib of pork for his Christmas dinner came forcibly home to Bill for the first time. He sagged into one of the hard kitchen chairs and dejectedly began to unbutton his jacket.

"Dod rat it!" he exclaimed, the suspicion of a tremor in his voice. "Little Pig Pork is licking good!"

Lib relented a little as she kicked the door shut and began to drop doughnuts into the bubbling fat.

"It's too bad, Bill. I like pork myself; it's mighty easy on the teeth. But you ain't said yet which one

of the neighbors is a-going to have roast sparerib fer Christmas dinner."

"Huh?" Bill snorted with surprise.

Lib turned and looked at her husband with the exasperated tolerance of one trying to reason with a child.



*She stopped with a gasp. The string by which the sparerib had hung dangled loose.*

"Be you simple minded enough to s'pose that pork cut itself down and walked off up the road?"

"Jehosaphat! That's plain out and out stealing! The feller that took it ought to of left a piece, anyways!"

"Huh!" This time Lib snorted.

"Can't be Jim Ferguson," ruminated Bill. "Sary Jane wouldn't let him steal, and besides, they got plenty."

"Course not." Lib went on turning her doughnuts.

"Ike Peabody might do it for a joke, and then eat it 'cause it looked good."

"He's fool enough, but he ain't got much sand," commented Lib.

"Well, there's Pete Dutraw." There was a belligerent note in Bill's voice. "Them's all the neighbors we got."

"Now you're showing some sense," answered Lib. "Had to be somebody that knowed the dogs, didn't it?"

"Pete's all right," defended Bill. "Taint his fault he's a Frenchy!"

Lib fished out the last of her crisp, brown doughnuts, handed one to Bill, and set the dish on the table. Then she put her hands on her broad hips and turned to face him.

"Ain't Pete Dutraw got three young'uns and a wife to feed? Ain't he poorer'n Job's turkey? And ain't he had bad luck hunting and trapping ever since he moved down into the Adirondacks last fall?"

"Taint his fault," Bill's accents had grown feebler. The picture of a long, brown crackling roast of pork was in his mind. "By gum! Do you s'pose, the critter did steal that pork?"

"I don't s'pose, fer I'm certain sure of it," answered Lib, firmly.

There were steps in the woodshed. Spot and old Hunter set up a chorus of growls as a rather timid knock sounded on the door. Bill flung a word to the dogs and crossed the kitchen to find Angelique Dutraw, ten, and the eldest of Pete's family, shivering on the threshold.

"Well," said Bill, "come in out of the cold."

The girl kicked the snow from her feet and brought out a teacup from under her shawl. Angelique had borrowed from Mrs. Braisted before, and she stumbled slightly over her words as she said:

"Ma wants to know, please, can she borry a cup of flour?"

"Cup of flour!" echoed Lib. "Tain't enough to make anything but gravy. Most likely that's what she wants it fer?"

"Yes, Ma'am, Pa, he's got fresh meat for us."

In silence Lib filled the girl's cup from the flour barrel and in silence gave it back to Angelique. But the door had no sooner closed than she turned to Bill triumphantly.

"Pa, he's got fresh meat!" she repeated. "S'pose it's woodchuck or fresh pork?"

"The low-lived skunk!" ejaculated her husband, now roused to something like anger. "I didn't butcher that pig to feed all of Canady. The very last piece, and the day afore Christmas, too!"

"The only way to be sure about it is to find out," said Lib, as she began to wash her cooking dishes; "but if you go over there this morning they'll be on the watch and hide it. Wait till tonight. You go over and peek in the winder. If they eat that pork tomorrer they got to bring it in by the stove tonight, fer it's ben froze solid ever since butchering."

"By gosh: that's a mighty good idee!" cried Bill. "If they have got my sparerib I'm going to walk right in and get it and tell that pesky Frenchman what I think of him."

Bill went into the parlor and brought out his rifle. Until dinner time he cleaned and oiled it, and after dinner he would have cleaned and oiled it again if Lib had not driven him out of doors. Through necessity of keeping warm he spent the time with the bucksaw and wood pile. Darkness came. Bill went in to a hurried supper, and then, well muffled against the increasing cold, he set out, his rifle in the crook of his arm. Only an occasional star gleamed here and there between masses of scurrying clouds.

[Continued on page 53]



# The Kitten That Wanted to be a Christmas Present

*A Christmas Story About a Small White Kitten, Its Friends the Squirrels, the Woodpecker—and Santa*

ONCE upon a time there was a kitten that wanted to be a Christmas present.

"It is silly," said the black spaniel, "how can a kitten be a Christmas present! Christmas presents are not live creatures, they're just dead things."

But the kitten insisted, "I want to be a Christmas present! I want to be a Christmas present!"

It wondered, however, how it was going to manage this. But at last it remembered about Christmas trees. "Now if I could somehow get on a Christmas tree, I'd be all right," it decided. But how could it? At last came a happy thought: "Christmas trees come from the woods . . . perhaps if I go to the woods I may find out from some of the creatures there how to be a Christmas present!"

So, off it went. Soon it came to a tree where there was a family of squirrels. They were exceedingly kind squirrels.

"Oh, please, dear kind squirrels, can you tell me how to be a Christmas present?" it asked.

"A Christmas present! A kitten for a Christmas present!" the whole family exclaimed in a chorus, evidently very much surprised.

But the mother squirrel thought for awhile and at last suggested:

"You might crawl up to the top of that fir tree and then when someone comes to cut it down and take it home to be a Christmas tree, there you'd be."

"Oh, the very thing! Thank you so much!" and away it went scampering to the nearest-by fir tree. It was not a very large fir tree and with fluffs of newly-fallen snow on its branches, so, as the kitten was a very, very white one, when it cuddled down amongst the top-most branches it looked quite like a big fluff of snow.

It kept listening and watching. "I hope someone will come soon! I hope someone will come soon!" it kept saying to itself. After awhile it began to

grow cold, but it was a brave little kitten and laughed to its self:

"What do I care for a little bit of cold when I'm going to be a Christmas present!"

Nothing seemed to pay any attention. It grew colder. The sun went down. Little white kitten grew hungry as well as cold. But—joy, at last there came a noise! "It's someone coming to cut down a Christmas tree! Oh, I do hope they'll take me," anxiously thought shivering kitten.

But no, it was only the same family of squirrels, and mother squirrel called out:

"Better come down, kitty, and spend the night with us, no one will come for a Christmas tree now, it's too late."

The kitten knew this was true, so down it came. Oh, dear, how cold, hungry and tired it was. It was glad to crawl into the big hole in the hollow tree where the squirrels had their home. The little squirrels licked its cold paws, mother squirrel put her big bushy tail about its neck and whispered comfortingly:

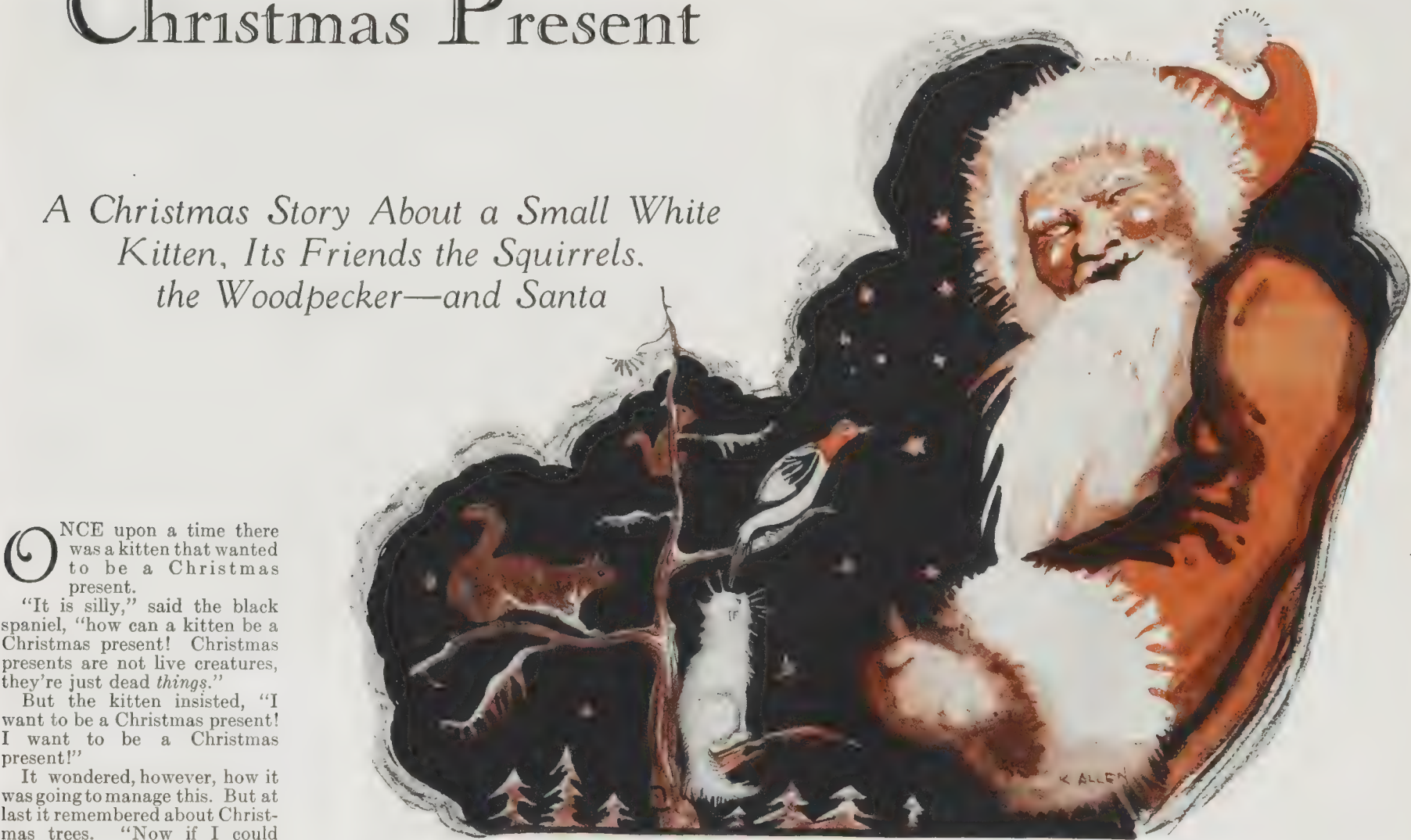
"Never mind, dear, likely someone will come tomorrow for a tree, because it's the last day before Christmas."

So, warm and comfortable, cuddled up amongst the squirrels it soon went to sleep, softly purring to itself:

"I'm going to be a Christmas tree! I'm going to be a Christmas tree!"

But, although the next day was bright and clear, no one came to that part of the woods for a Christmas tree—poor, disappointed kitty!

[Continued on page 55]



"Ha! Ha! A kitten wanting to be a Christmas present—did I ever?"

By Marion Wathen Fox

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen



Suddenly above the din of kitten, squirrels and woodpecker came a tinkle-tinkle!



# Come, Let Us Go A-Christmasing

By Leeta McCully Cherry

**W**HAT a joyous jaunt it will be, to go in search of Christmas! Miles will be as nothing, for we will just imagine that Aladdin's Lamp belongs to us, and all the world can be our host at Christmas time, if we but rub its shining sides to bring the Magic Carpet to our feet. Where shall we go first? We must hurry up and decide, for it would never do for us not to be home in our own country when Christmas Day really dawns. Suppose we go to Holland first, then, and see what is happening there!

It is Christmas Eve, and in the falling dusk, we see the young men of all the towns gathering together in the principal square, and some of them wearing the most fanciful of costumes, but all of them are garbed with gaiety and youth. On the stillness of the night, soon we hear the rich blending of their young voices as they sing the beautiful old carol, "Gloria in Excelsis," and then we see that one young man in each group is chosen to carry a large lighted lantern, shaped like a star. He is the "Star-Bearer," and holding this glowing symbol high in the deepening dusk, he leads his little procession through the picturesque streets of clean little houses, singing carols as they go. Everywhere, they are gladly welcomed, for do they not come "singing-in Christmas?" Tomorrow is the holy Christmas Day which every true Hollander will spend in worship and devotion, and not even gift-giving will be allowed to interfere with the sacredness of this day of days. To be sure, everyone in Holland will receive Christmas gifts, just as we do, and bounteous alms will be given to the poor also—but all this will be done on Saint Nicholas Day, December the fifth.

Now, who is this great Saint Nicholas, known and beloved in all lands as the great giver-of-gifts at Christmas time? Legend tells us that Nicholas of Armeon was a very rich man, with many acres of land and great flocks feeding under the sun, yet, because he was a miser; despite his great wealth, he dressed as a poor beggar man and joined one of the long caravans of pilgrims that journeyed to Jerusalem to pay tribute to Caesar on that long-ago Christmas Eve. He would not pay for a room, and comfort in the Inn, lest someone should suspect his wealth, and so he slept beside his donkey close by the manger where Joseph and the young and weary Mary came to rest. Thus it was he saw the Babe, and watched the Shepherds and the Wise Men come and lay their gifts before this little Child. Closer and closer his curiosity drew him, until at last some compelling inner urge brought him to his knees and he found himself looking deep into the pure depths of those holy eyes. All the shackles of pettiness and greed fell from the heart of Nicholas of Armeon as he looked, and only a great abounding love remained. "My King! My King!" he cried. "Ever will I serve Thee, and Thee only!"

A tiny pink-tipped hand stretched out toward Nicholas as though in benediction, and from outside came the throbbing echoes of that heavenly song, "On earth peace, to men good-will." Nicholas rose, and from the depths of his poor robe brought forth a glittering gold piece to lay among the other gifts before the Child. Nicholas, the miser, was no more, but in his place, stood Nicholas the great, good man. Early next morning, Nicholas was first in the line of tax-payers, waiting to make his declaration, instead of pleading poverty as he had intended to do. The collectors could scarcely believe that one so poorly clad should pay such rich tribute. This first duty over, Nicholas went to the bazaars and with arms filled and donkey laden with good things, he searched out the place where poor children gathered together, and there he handed out his gifts—the centre of an ever-widening group of eager little ones.

"Who art thou?" asked a curious Mother. "I am Nicholas of Armeon—Nicholas, and I serve my King!" came the swift reply.

"Hast Caesar sent thee here?" came the incredulous cry from many throats.

"Nay—not Caesar, but the new-born King of Love," came the calm reply.

"Hail, then, Saint Nicholas!" cried the joyful children, and their parents too, and so came the first Saint Nicholas at the first Christmas time—the same Saint Nicholas who first brought gifts to the little children of Holland, and was later borrowed in turn by the Belgians, French, Spanish and English, as the patron saint of Christmas time. The jovial laughing Santa Claus that we know so well in our country, with his reindeer and sleigh and jingling bells, is really only about one hundred years old, for he was first inspired by the immortal poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," which was written by Clement Clarke Moore for his own two little daughters, and first read to them on Christmas Eve of 1822. This poem, however, had its inspiration in the legends of Saint Nicholas with which Mr. Moore had become so familiar, as he lived all his lifetime among the descendants of the early Dutch settlers in a suburb then called Chelsea, but which is now in the neighborhood of Greenwich Village, New York. So cleverly did Mr. Moore describe exactly how Santa Claus looked that children everywhere took this new and delightful Santa Claus to their hearts immediately, and to this day that poem is read at Christmas time all over this great wide world, for it has been translated into almost every tongue.

**B**UT we must linger no longer in Holland, for fast our time is fleeting, and we have much to see. Let us mount our Magic Carpet, and go sailing away to Norway, that lovely land of lakes and fiords. Christmas time here is the time of "Jul,"



*A Christmas Morning in Russia*

or "Yule," for that is what it has been called since about the year 1000, when Christianity came into Norway. Thirteen days are set aside here for the Christmas celebrations, and all of Christmas Day, and the next two days, are spent in religious services, but all the other days except Sunday and New Year are given over to gay, good times. Now it is Yule Eve, and all the family is gathered together in happy reunion in every home, and everyone, down to the very newest babe, has something new and pretty to wear. For three weeks before Yule, everyone has been working very hard, so that now, on the Eve of Yule, there are no tasks to do and everybody can talk and visit together to heart's content. One thing more, however, is still to be done, and so father, or big brother carries outside a great bundle of grain which he ties to a long pole and sets up before the door, so that all the little birds may also feast on Christmas Day. Before every home we see these thoughtful gifts for the birds, so that they, too, may be as happy as those who feast inside. We, too, will be asked

to eat and drink if we go into one of these neat little homes, for during all of these thirteen days of Yule no one enters a Norwegian home without being offered food.

That night the little children gladly sleep on the floor on straw, as did that Holy Babe on the first Christmas Day, and when they come to get their gifts they find that Santa Claus is so overloaded that he must have with him his good servant, Kris Kringle to help him, else he would never get through.

**L**ET'S float across to Finland, now, and see all the ships, with the sailors and the fishermen, come sailing into harbor so that every man may be home with his own at Christmas time. Such joyful reunions we shall see, and such marvelling over the precious little gifts brought from afar! On Christmas Eve, every person in the home must take a hot bath, and then the evening is spent in singing hymns and telling great stories of adventure. Early in the morning, with the first flush of dawn, all that household will arise and go together in the new day to the little church, in every window of which beams a great Christmas candle to show that there is Christmas joy within, while over the doorway a Cross is set to remind all who enter there of the reason of that Christmas joy. Even the cattle in Finland are glad that day, for it is a holiday for them too, and the little birds come gratefully to the sheaf of wheat which every householder puts out on his roof for them.

And now come the days of special jollification, for in Finland from Christmas Day to Twelfth Day is called "The Days of the Three Kings," and a performance commemorating the coming of the Wise Men goes on during all these days. The actors are called "Starbearers," and the little company goes about from house to house much like the mummers of old-time England. Eight people, besides the actors, are required to personate the "Star," and a very strange performance it seems to us. There is King Herod, His Squire or True Man, the Black King from Morians Land, the Three Wise Men, The Virgin of Venus, and the Black King's slave. King Herod wears a dark blue military dress with spangled epaulettes and a crown, and he comes first into the house to ask permission to put on the pageant. The Virgin is dressed in white with golden crown, and King Herod makes any humble chair his "throne." The play consists of three acts and starts with the following song by all the company:

"A merry Christmas to you all, masters and mistresses too.

May God preserve us all from harm, ourselves as well as you.

For Christ is born in Bethlehem, today at the cock crow,

All sorrow now is fled away, as the Holy Kings shall know."

At the close of the play, the Black King passes his hat about for coin, after which the whole company marches out singing:

"We thank you for your charity, the money rang out merrily,

'Tis showed by all your company.

Receive our thanks—your gift shall be

Henceforward in God's memory,

Nor fade from ours till morning light

And so we wish you all goodnight."

A pretty Christmas time, indeed, in Finland, but let us go for a little time, this Christmas Eve, to Bohemia. We will not be asked to eat anything there tonight, for it is a time of very strict fasting—only those who do most strictly fast may see, perhaps, the Holy Child in their dreams. Just bread crumbs and water is all that we may eat here on Christmas Eve, but we will not mind, for when the dark has fallen, Mother or Father will read aloud all that they can find about the little Christ Child's birth, and then, quite early, the lights will all be put out, and every little child will remain still like a little mouse so that the little Christ Child may come to the doorway of that house and leave gifts for the good little folk within. But in the morning—what joy there [Continued on page 50]



# Santa Claus Still Lives

By Michael O'Mayo



Boy Scouts in the Paint Department of their Toyshop.



THEY lie who would have us believe that chivalry lies buried in the dead ashes of the past and that adventure finds no place in the modern world.

What's more: Santa Claus is still alive and is as active as ever. Let debunkers say what they may, I've the proof. True he's left his trusty reindeer somewhere north of '56 and has so far bowed to modern usage as to discard his whiskers. But for a' that, he's still doing a flourishing business.

I was introduced to the venerable gentleman in a most unexpected manner. The stately Winnipeg Parliament Building was concealed by a curtain of driving snow and a storm chorus under the baton of the Spirit of the North was whistling through the trees lining Broadway. A bitterly cold evening—street cars crawling painfully through snow-drifts and automobiles exiled to warm garages. King Zero was in savage mood and the streets were deserted.

But the savagery of the blizzard was not sufficient to freeze the ardor of several youthful knights errant, for down the wind-whipped street there came a trio of well-dressed lads pulling a hand-sled loaded with toys, their heads bent to the storm. As they passed me I recognized one of them as the son of one of Winnipeg's leading and wealthiest citizens, and my curiosity was aroused. I followed at a discreet distance.

The trio led me across vacant lots and down storm-swept streets to an office building "down-town." Up the stairs they tugged that sled of toys and vanished through the door upon which there was the simple message: TOY SHOP.

I was cold. From within came a medley of laughter and hammering. I decided to investigate further.

The long room was a paradise of youth. The tables groaned beneath mountains of toys. The floor was littered with engines, and dolls, and airplanes, and houses, and bicycles. There was a smell of paint in the air, and the sound of laughter.

I had strolled into Santa's own workshop. I had happened into the toy-strewn castle of Canada's knights errant. By chance I had stumbled into a school of modern chivalry destined to banish the blues from a thousand homes of the poor.

Here was a long table loaded with dolls. Dolls with long eyelashes and rolling blue eyes; dolls with torn dresses and smashed faces; dolls without

heads so that a pitiable trail of sawdust dribbled across the table. Junk! The sweepings of basements and the discards of a thousand homes!

A sewing machine hums merrily. Girl Guides are stitching as if their lives depended on it. A capable matron bustles to and fro, her face aflame with purpose. Slowly, surely these 'teen-aged girls are making new dresses, providing new

glory of short pants and cowboy hats. The Boy Scouts were extending the hand of fellowship to youthful strangers in a strange land.

That year four toyshops were opened. To them came a flood of discarded, broken toys. There hundreds of Canada's sons wielded hammers and paint brushes to bring these playthings into the harness of service. And from these toy hospitals went hundreds of rejuvenated playthings to more than 2,400 New Canadians—practical gifts of friendship and welcome.

The idea spread like a benevolent pestilence so that in 1930 there was a string of 132 of the toyshops across the Dominion to gladden the hearts of more than seventy thousand children of the poor.

Chain stores of chivalry! We're accustomed to chain stores peddling tea and oranges, but here's something delightfully new and refreshing: a chain of stores devoted to good turns and operated by boys of 'teen age.

At first the toyshops catered to the wants of youthful New Canadians. Now it's no small thing to settle in a strange land among total strangers. It takes courage, and lots of it, to face the loneliness of the prairies locked in the icy grip of Old Man Winter, conscious that old friends and old associations are lonesomely far away. Such a task calls forth all the reserves of courage and resource of grown-ups, but



The Montreal Toyshop.

curls. They are turning waste into wealth; conjuring forth joy from junk.

Nearby is another table loaded with airplanes sadly lacking in wings, with mechanical toys cursed by broken main-springs, with doll's houses torn and battered and pathetic. Here, too, the magic touch of youth works wonders! Teen-aged boys are mending diminutive furniture or coaxing a main-spring into action. Others are putting new coats of paint on wagons, and engines, and airplanes. Still others are repairing a ferocious-looking bear that refuses to grunt.

On these tables had been poured the treasures of Winnipeg's youth and at these tables could be seen Winnipeg's knights errant: youths bound together in a far-flung fellowship of service, modern knights who have beaten swords into wooden staves so that chivalry may not die.

IT WAS 'way back in '24 that there came to Canadian boys a new vision and a rare privilege. They decided to play the role of old Saint Nick to the children of new settlers, and they swung into action—a vast army of youths dressed in all the



Winnipeg Girl Guides put discarded and broken dolls into shape.

for tiny tots it may well have a tragic setting. Here's Kathleen, for instance. She's only ten years old and she says that, "It's nice to be remembered when you come to a new country." It seems that the lovely doll she brought from her distant home was smashed beyond repair during the long journey and it looked as if Santa Claus would not visit her home. Daddy was putting up a game fight against great odds, but money was scarce. "I thought I was never going to get another doll like that," she lisps, but to her delighted surprise she got one just like it—from one of the toyshops operated by the [Continued on page 51]





"Wait a bit," said Landis; and then: "I've got it! Hasn't Bert Canby told you about his mine—the Quavapai?"

## The Final Breathless Instalment of the Alluring Mystery of

# The Black Box of Silence

By Francis Lynde

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

**F**OLLOWING the brief 'phone talk with Markham at Hillcrest, Landis cut the dinner interval short in order to return to the lobby to mark the advent of new arrivals. In the light of events past he couldn't help wondering what, if anything, would develop in the few hours that remained of the wired-for reservation date. Would the three men who had so mysteriously disappeared on the road from Copah to Denver turn up after a lost week to claim the rooms that had been telegraphed for in their names? Or was the telegraphing merely another twist in the bewildering mysteries?

As the evening waned, with no developments, he strolled over to the desk to question the room clerk.

"Those three Louisville men Mr. Markham and I were inquiring about the day we arrived," he began. "Have you heard anything more from them?"

"We have," was the prompt reply. "There was a wire this morning. They will be in on the Nevada Flyer this evening."

"Is that so? We understood they were driving." The clerk smiled. "It's quite a little jaunt from Louisville to Brewster. They probably had enough of the open road after a day or so. Anyway, they are on the Flyer. That is what their wire said."

It was at this juncture that the telephone switchboard girl came up to say, "Excuse me, Mr. Landis, but Mr. Starbuck has just called up from his office across the street to ask if you could come over for a few minutes. He said it was important."

"Certainly," said Landis, surprised to learn that the mine owner had returned from Copah so soon. Then to the clerk: "If those three gentlemen come in while I'm gone, will you try and hold them a few minutes if you can? I'd like to see them before they go up to their rooms."

As he stepped out upon the sidewalk he saw that the offices of the Little Alice Mining Company on the second floor of the building opposite were lighted, and standing in front of the bank building elevator and stairway entrance was a closed car with its motor running, but with its lights turned off. His first thought was that it was Starbuck's car, and he marvelled that a careful driver like Starbuck should leave it in the street with the engine running. But as he neared it, he saw that it wasn't Starbuck's car; it was a different make.

Since it was blocking the way, he stepped aside to pass behind it. When he was fairly in the rear of the car, and before he could step up to the curb, the softly idling motor suddenly roared alive and the car leaped backward at him. There was time only for a futile clutch at the tire carrier in the effort to save himself, and then the street pavement rose up to smite him into oblivion.

When he came to, after what seemed only a brief moment of the blotting-out, he found himself hand-tied and blindfolded and jammed in between two men in the back seat of a car which was being driven somewhere at reckless speed. When he stirred, the man at his left pressed something sharp-pointed against his ribs, and a grating voice at his ear said, "You've been asking for it for a good while, and now you've got it! If you make a move or raise a yell, you'll get the knife!"

Landis made no reply. Blinded, and with his hands tied behind him, he was completely at the mercy of his captors; and, half dazed as he was, he realized that he was helpless, for the time being, at least. Also, that the threat of the man at his left, emphasized by the pricking knife-point, was no empty one.



As his brain cleared he took himself savagely to task for having fallen so easily into the trap set for him, and from that he strove to find answers to the questions that came thronging upon him. Who were his kidnappers? Where were they taking him, and what were they going to do to him? Was the kidnapping car still in Brewster? Or was this a country road over which it was speeding?

These vital questions were still unanswered when the car came to a sudden stop. There were sounds as of the removing of a barricade, after which the car went forward slowly. At the next stop the door on the right was opened and he was roughly hustled out by the knife-holding man to fall into the arms of the other one who cursed him crabbedly for his clumsiness. Next, he was seized by an arm on either side and led up a steep path or road on what seemed to be the slope of a mountain. At the summit of the ascent the forced march was continued on a level, now with objects underfoot suggesting cross-ties in a railroad track.

After the first few steps he realized that he was no longer in the open. The air was dank, and his footsteps, and those of his captors, echoed hollowly as if in a cavern. Deprived of the use of his eyes, Landis counted his steps, and the count went on, to one hundred, two hundred, three, and still more before he was halted and the man on his right freed himself to take a step or two on ahead.

At that there was the click of a lock and a creaking of rusty hinges. Then the man who still had hold of him gave him a shove that made him stumble and fall headlong, the rusty hinges creaked again, and he was alone.

Satisfied, after a moment or two, that he was no longer in danger of being knifed, he rolled over and began to work at his knotted wrists. He was cooler now, and his fingers, fingers trained to the manipulation of delicate mechanisms, soon got the twisted bandanna manacle untied. Then he tore the bandage from his eyes—only to find that he was still sightless; plunged in darkness almost thick enough to be felt—darkness enveloping, and utter silence.

Getting upon his feet, he began to explore his surroundings by the sense of touch. Cautious gropings proved that he was in an underground passage of some sort; a burrow narrow and low-roofed, closed within arm's-reach by a timbered bulkhead with its locked door. Assured that he would be unable to force the door without a tool of some sort, he turned to grop his way into the farther depths, handing himself along by the left-hand tunnel wall and feeling with his feet for possible pitfalls as he crept along in the pitchy darkness.

Before he had gone very far his fingers told him that he was not in a natural cavern. The wall at his left was shattered and broken, and once his touch fell upon a smooth half-groove in the stone, marking the path of a drill. This identified the passage as a drift in a mine; an abandoned mine, he assumed, since the profound silence was not broken by any faintest sounds of activity. Stumbling on, he found the passage beginning to ascend, and seventy-nine counted paces up the incline brought him to a place where the drift forked, one branch of it leading to the left and the other diverging sharply to the right.

Taking the left-hand passage, he was stopped within a hundred paces by a wall of rock extending all across the passage; the end of the burrow in that direction. Turning back, he tried the right-hand drift. This presently led him into a maze of branchings and cross drifts in which he soon lost every vestige of the sense of direction; lost it so completely that he knew he would never be able to find his way back to his starting point at the bulkhead door, even if he wanted to.

Weary at last, and with his head still aching from the knock-down blow given him by the assaulting auto, he was about to sit down on a pile of broken stone to rest when his guiding hand on the wall came in contact with a smooth, cylindrical object wedged in a crevice. Finger-tips answering for eyes, he knew at once that what he had found was a miner's candle, and with shaking hands he searched his pockets for matches. As was to be expected, his captors had emptied his pockets and his pistol holster, and his heart sank. Then, in one of the waistcoat pockets he found a familiar little card of safety matches, such as are given to smokers at every tobacco stand, and the reaction from despair to hope renewed fairly made him dizzy.

Feeling in the card he counted the matches. There were only seven in all, and with miserly care

he struck one and held the flame to the candle wick. Blinking half blindly at the change from total darkness, he saw that the candle was covered with a layer of fine dust; proof eloquent that it had reposed in its wall niche for a long time—possibly for years.

With the candle held high he surveyed his surroundings. Two other passages came into the one in which he was standing, and he was so completely turned around that he didn't know from which of the four directions he had come. On every side there was ample evidence that the workings were very ancient, and that they had been long abandoned. The layer of fine dust—in a place where there was no breath of moving air to stir it up—covered everything; and this, in itself, pushed the date of abandonment into a remote past.

No longer obliged to grope in Cimmerian darkness, he plunged haphazard into one of the four passages and was again involved in the maze of cross-cuts and winzes, stopes and adits that seemed to have no end—and offered no outlet. Leg-weary finally with the ceaseless tramping he was about to stop and rest when he heard the first sounds, other than those of his own footsteps, that had broken the unnerving silence; sounds that he could compare to nothing but the sobs of a human being in distress.

Unable to determine from which of the confusing passages in the labyrinth the sounds were coming, he found it at last by the trial-and-error method. At the foot of a steep incline down which he slid digging his heels in and clutching for hand-holds,



## His Birthday

By Vera V. Robertson

*The empty hands He also loves  
If they be folded in quiet prayer;  
When tranquil eyes are raised to Him  
He knows sweet gifts are offered there.*

*The richest tint of silken gown  
He may not notice on this day,  
Oh simple dress that Mary wore  
When on her breast a babe He lay!*

*Each side the stately candles stand,  
She does not light them ere she kneels;  
Outshining any golden flame  
Burns in her heart the joy she feels.*

*The purpose of His birth she knows,  
That glorious truth of Christmas day!  
Like unto Mary her lips speak,  
"I would go with Him all the way."*

the flickering light of his candle revealed the figure of a woman. She was sitting on the floor of the passage with her back to the wall, and she was crying. Quickly he recognized her and ran to kneel beside her. "Betty!" he gasped. "What under heaven are you doing here?"

She looked up with tear-wet eyes. "C-can't you see what I'm doing? I'm crying like a baby!"—fiercely—"No, I'm not hurt. I'm crying because I'm so mad I can't see straight!"

"Mad? So was I a little while ago; helpless mad, if you know what that is."

"Don't I know? I should say I do!"

"Tell me: what's happened? How did you get into this chaotic place?"

She pointed, and, following her gesture, he saw a mine bucket standing at the end of the passage with a rope attached which disappeared upward in a chimney-like shaft.

"That is the way I came," she said. "I was lowered in that bucket from somewhere up above. I'm glad I couldn't see what they were doing with me."

"You couldn't see? Were you blindfolded, too?"

"Yes; were you?"

"I was, indeed; knocked silly first, and afterwards blindfolded and handcuffed with a bandanna handkerchief." Then: "You're not afraid of the dark, are you?"

"N-not when I can reach out and touch somebody that I know."

"All right; I'll blow the candle out and save it; it's the only one there is." And with the return of the pitchy darkness: "Now tell me all about it."

"You'll hardly believe me when I do, Owen. It will sound like the ravings of a lunatic. You knew that Wally and I had dinner with the Smiths at Hillcrest, didn't you?"

"Yes; Wally got me on the 'phone at the hotel and told me."

"Well, we left about nine o'clock, or a little before, and were stopped on the way by two men who pulled Wally out of the car and tried to kidnap or murder him, I don't know which. Mr. Smith was driving to town a little way behind us, and he came up just in time. At that, the two men dropped Wally and jumped into their car and ran away. Then we drove on and when we reached the Stillings' the house was all dark and I remembered that Mrs. Stillings had told me, when I 'phoned to her from the Smiths, that she and Mr. Stillings might not be at home when I came back, and that if they weren't, and the servants had gone to bed, I'd find a latch key under the mat."

"You didn't find the key?"

"I didn't look for it. The night was so still and pleasant that I sat in one of the porch chairs to enjoy it, thinking that the Stillingses would likely be home before long. Wally's car hadn't been out of sight more than five minutes when another car drove up. The man who got out of it had on a white uniform and I met him at the steps and asked him what he wanted. He said he was one of the nurses at the railroad hospital, and asked if I were Miss Lawson. I said 'Yes,' and then he said Daddy had just been brought in from the fossil beds very badly injured. You can imagine what that did to me."

"I certainly can. You went with him?"

"I didn't stop to think, or anything; just flew down the walk and jumped into the car. The man got in with me, and when he sat down I had my first good look at him, under the car's ceiling light. I didn't like his face at all. He was a tall man and there was something the matter with one of his ears; it was all puffed up."

"Ah!" said Landis, recalling a certain description given by a roadside farmer back in Illinois, "a cauliflower ear—that's interesting. Go on."

"In just a few minutes I saw we were not going across town; we were going toward the mesa. I was turning to ask why we were not going straight to the hospital when the man clapped a bandage of some sort over my eyes and told me to keep still. Of course I knew then that the story about Daddy was just a made-up lie to

get me away from the house and into the car. I was so furious that it didn't occur to me to scream and try to make somebody hear; I just fought him and tried to get the door open so I could jump out. It didn't do any good, and when it was over he had me tied and blindfolded and was threatening me with a pistol, telling me that if I wanted to pass out, all I had to do was to scream and I could have my wish."

"And after that?"

"I don't think we'd been going more than fifteen minutes before the car stopped and I was made to get out and walk, with the tall man and the driver half dragging me along. I might have screamed then, but the man with the pistol kept on talking and threatening me. In a little while I could tell we were somewhere underground, and they kept me stumbling along until I was tired enough to drop. When they finally let me stop, they put me into that wooden bucket thing, untied my hands so I could hold on, and lowered me down here. That's my part of it; now tell me yours."



When he did it briefly, she said, "What does it all mean, Owen?"

"It seems to mean that somebody, or maybe a bunch of somebodies, wanted to get you and Wally and me out of the way for some reason or other."

"Of course. But why?"

"I can only guess at the 'why,' and at that, the guess applies only to Wally and me. I haven't the faintest notion of why you should be included."

"What is the guess?"

"You know how we—Wally and I—drove through from Carthage: has Wally told you about the queer things that happened on the way?"

"No."

"There were some startling ones—rather. We seemed to be close behind a gang of safe blowers. Banks in three places were wrecked just before we got to the towns, and in each case the robbers didn't leave any clues. Since we were right behind them all the time, Wally and I began to make inquiries along the road. We soon learned that there were three men driving a few hours ahead of us; business men from Louisville, they called themselves; and from some suspicious circumstances that turned up, we began to wonder if they might not be the bank wreckers."

"Did they know you were following them?" she asked.

"I think they must have known. At a little town in Kansas, where we stopped for the night, Wally's car was stolen and run out in the country and smashed. We then went by train as far as Colby, where Wally bought another car. Nothing more happened until we were this side of Denver, when we found out that we were again just behind the three men. They were driving in a Fleetwing car, so it was easy to keep track of them by inquiring along. Just before we reached Copah we passed a stopped car on the mountain

Atropia, just at the beginning of the mountain climb, we had a flat tire; and after we had changed to the spare, we found we were out of gas. We were delayed for some time, and when we finally went on up the mountain we ran into another of the mysterious robberies. The commissary at a mine owned by a Mr. Broughton had been looted and set on fire, and two men who were guarding the safe and the payroll money were murdered. Of course, there was no evidence that the three men in the Fleetwing had done it; but we knew that their car had passed through Atropia just before we got there."

Again he felt her shudder as she said, "It makes cold chills run up and down my back! Is there any more of it?"

"A little more. We came on, and as we were driving down the mountain road above Lake Topaz we saw something on fire in a deep gulch, and wondered what it could be. The next day we made inquiries in Brewster to find out if the Fleetwing had come in the night before. So far as we could learn it hadn't; and the three Louisville men were not registered at any

up through the woods to where the shots had come from. There were two men, and they pretended to be repairing an old rattletrap of a Ford. Said they were Tennesseans who had been over in Utah and were on their way back. The shooter said they'd been told there were bears in the mountains, and he'd taken us for one. There was nothing to be done about it, so we let them go. You remember, I went to the Stillingses to see you that evening?"

"Yes; Mrs. Stillings told me you came out."

"Well, on the way back to the hotel I saw that same Ford with the two men in it. They were going through town from north to south—which proved that they'd lied to us."

"Can you put it all together and make the pieces fit?" she asked.

"After a fashion. Those three men we followed all the way from Indiana are the bank robbers, and



*Landis tore fiercely at the gripping hands and fought to free himself from the gorilla-like grip.*

road; and as we were running down the next loop below, a big rock came tumbling down and barely missed us."

"Mercy!—how horrible!" she shuddered. "Was the stopped car a Fleetwing?"

Landis hesitated. While there was a shadow of uncertainty as to her acceptance of Canby as a lover, he didn't want to tell her that the stopped car was a Nordyke, or that, later, the car had overtaken and passed them, with Canby driving it.

"It was growing dark and we couldn't see the car very well," he evaded.

"Well?—did anything else happen?"

"Yes; we went on from Copah that night, and again the Fleetwing was ahead of us all the way across the Red Desert. At a little village called

of the hotels. We spent that evening with Mr. Starbuck at his house, and on our way back to the hotel we were set upon by three men—Mexicans. I was sandbagged and knocked out, but Wally beat them off and helped me to the hotel. The next day we thought we'd see if we couldn't find out what had become of the missing Fleetwing, and drove up to the place where we had seen the fire in the gulch. We left our car in the road and climbed down to see what had burned. It was a big car, so badly wrecked that we could hardly tell what it was; but I guess it was the Fleetwing."

"Another mystery! Is that all?"

"Not quite. While we were looking at the wreck somebody began shooting at us from the road on the other side of the gulch. We ducked and climbed

they think we've got something on them. That accounts for what's been happening to Wally and me; but it leaves you out."

"Maybe," she said; but she added nothing to the single word.

"Why do you say 'maybe'? I can see why these scoundrels might want to get rid of Wally and me; but the good Lord knows, you don't figure in it."

She had her answer ready and gave it. "We've been around together a good bit; you and I, and Wally and I; and they may think you've told me what you know, or suspect, about them. That would be enough, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps. But see here: we're wasting time sitting here talking about the 'has-beens'. This kidnapping can mean only [Continued on page 28]





*The accessories in this room contribute a great part of its livable character—and some of the major pieces also would surely carry Christmas pleasure to the home-loving family group.*

# For the House—and the Family

*A Practical Gift for the General Enjoyment Fits Into This Year's Picture*

By Katherine M. Caldwell

WITH the feeling that seems to be so definitely established that financially, we are looking up, Santa Claus is no doubt looking for much fuller co-operation than he might have expected.

However, he is probably quite in sympathy with the thought that a practical viewpoint might quite well be allowed to influence a lot of our gift-planning.

I would be the last to suggest—unless it were St. Nicholas himself—that we make Christmas so practical as to take out the joy! It is one time in which we feel really justified in our touches of dear extravagance. We don't mind even economizing for a while afterwards, if we feel that we have given genuine pleasure.

But there is no reason why delight and practicality can't go hand in hand. And there is probably no easier way for this to be arranged than to "give the house a present"—and at the same time, a gift to charm each one of its occupants.

With this thought in mind, I recently paid a little round of visits to shops that have really interesting furniture stocks, to some of our Canadian furniture factories, and even to an agent or two through whose hands a lot of our finer Canadian-made furniture passes. My object was to see just how much scope there would be for the gift-buyer who would like to make a purchase of this kind that would be right up to the minute, and very, very charming.

The result was that I have a whole list of things in my own mind that I should be delighted to think might be unloaded from Santa Claus' pack in my

own home this Christmas! For the gift that is to serve all members of the family, there is somewhat less scope than in the case of the young couple who are gradually and joyfully collecting one good piece after another; or to the family of older people, whose tastes and requirements would pretty much agree.

There are, however, plenty of things to delight all ages and all interests.

Take a radio, for instance. Is the old set in your home qualifying for honourable retirement? It might make its last gallant gesture in being turned in to your dealer on a new set. There are such delightful new ideas in the up-to-date sets, just the right thing for every household.

You have no doubt seen the enchanting little "grandmother clocks" that are one of the very latest ideas in radio cases. Shoulder high, slim, graceful and modern in line, yet with a gentle dignity that fits them delightfully into the period room, these new-form radios bring you at once a most captivating piece of furniture, an excellent time-keeper, and a receiving set sponsored by some of the best manufacturers.

Then of course there are all kinds of cases, good in design, woods and finishes—right down to the little table model that you can find a spot for some place (on your bookcase, desk or tiny table).

And if you happen to be well fixed in the matter of receiving sets in your house—wouldn't you love

to add one to the family car? The very idea is still intriguing—it reminds one of the lady "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes"—music wherever we go!

Just our passing mention of a little table, brings to my mind the many delightful types of small tables that are adding their bit of comfort and appearance to the modern home.

A tea table has always been a friendly thing—but at its best, it has never surpassed the little coffee table that has taken us all by storm of late. There seems to be such an air of intimacy and charm about the low table that draws cosily in to one's knee and carries the coffee tray or the small afternoon tea equipment with equal grace. In the latter case, it is often assisted by the "curate"—and the latter too holds its gift suggestion. I have recently seen delightful versions with holders for two or three plates—sometimes just a frame of metal, with the actual plates themselves fitted in (removable, of course, for washing).

Returning to our tables—these come in many woods and many finishes. Some of them cling to the period motif, with delicate cabriole legs—maybe a shell carving or a clawfoot—and a shallow rim; others suggest the little pie-crust table, and still others declare themselves extremely modern. Some take the form of a tray with a little folding stand—a type that often proves more convenient when space is at a premium. Again the tray or the table top will be metal—usually an engraved or enamelled brass; and sometimes the table will be of wrought-iron with a tiled top. They are all interesting.

[Continued on page 30]



# Taking Thought for Christmas

IT WAS a poet who wrote in a century now long dead, "So may December be kind to you, Paulus, and may you receive no worthless three-leaved tablets, and measly napkins, nor light half-pounds of frankincense." It must therefore be an old custom, this thoughtless Christmas giving! How it detracts from the beauty and the joy of it all to spend an hour or so wandering through a shop a few days before Christmas! Hasty consultations over bargain tables, "Will that do for Susie?" "How about a vase for Mrs. B—?" "Oh dear I owe Jill a really expensive present this year." "What a horrible time Christmas is!" And so it is if you take it this way, for it divests it of all the happy thought, the joyous expectation, the mystery, the satisfaction of feeling that you have "just the right thing." How pleasant in the leisurely days beforehand to sit down with pencil and paper, with thought both to the tastes of the loved person, and the state of your own pocket-book, and select with care the one perfect thing that will bring happiness.

It is quite true, as we often hear people smugly assert, that "it is not the intrinsic value of the gift, but the thought behind it that counts", but we have been forced to conclude that there might often be "value" where there was no "thought" when we gazed helplessly at the gifts that are showered on some of our friends. How often have lovers of pictures who would rather have a cheap print of a good picture than anything else, been offered an expensively framed monstrosity that must be hung, and is an eyesore everyday. How often have those who love the sweet alluring perfumes of violet and lavender been assailed with a heavy perfume, or the girl who longs for a handbag for everyday, been given a be-tinselled shoe bag from a bazaar. A little thought and these same gifts might have found a welcome somewhere else. And so this Christmas, when because of prevailing conditions we must more than for many years think before we spend, and give wisely where giving will mean much, we should make use of all the first aids and taking thought beforehand find the one perfect thing that will give the "Merry Christmas" that we wish for those we love.

Let's begin with Dad. Poor Dad, he never seems to need any nicknacks, and yet a hasty glance over his belongings may reveal so many things you might replace, and wouldn't he be pleased? If he still rejoices in a goodly head of hair, it's quite likely that he hasn't had any new military brushes since his wedding trip, and a pair of Steven-Hepner brushes would renew his youth. What about his desk? Has it any equipment other than the ancient brass inkstand that invariably holds impossible pens? Wouldn't a Parker pen desk set in a handsome colored finish modernize the dusky corner where he labors all the

daylight hours? If a thoughtful staff have already looked after his office desk, how about the desk at home where he ponders many an evening over figures and manuscript. Perhaps Dad is an enthusiast for bridge, or he likes the odd quiet game of penny ante. It's pretty sure that he needs new playing cards, and if you get Canadian or United States cards they will last out quite a few Saturday evening games. You might even consider a new card table; the old one is pretty sure to have a wobbly leg or a warped top, and if Kit will make a smart plain cover for it, Dad will feel that his family have put real thought into his Christmas gift.

Mother—the one person who always lends Jane her new silk stockings, and surreptitiously takes her perfume to sick Mrs. Hoyt, and yet longs in her still young heart for the pretty things that come so liberally to her daughters. Why not get Mother new lingerie—not everyday practical stuff, but something dainty in color, silky in texture, smart in cut, and at the best price your budget can afford? She'll protest at the extravagance, but her heart will sing. And stockings? Did any women ever have enough, soft, silky, luxurious, filmy stockings? And has it ever occurred to you how much Mother would appreciate the





By  
Hilda Hesson

delicate old-world charm of Yardley's lavender water, soap, perfume and powder? There is something irresistibly refreshing about these dainty toilet requisites put up on Bond street in London. And here's another idea, a real "family" idea this, a present that everyone will appreciate, but that Mother will look at and use with loving pride as long as she lives—and that is Community silver. It is quite likely that the silver drawer hasn't been replenished since brother Bill cut his new teeth on the teaspoons, and Kit dug mud pies with the soup spoon, and everything bears the battered dints and bends of the family history. How about eight of all the necessities, and a few odd pieces for special use? What a Christmas you would all have!

And then of course there is Kit—she's such an outdoor girl, such a girl for week-end hikes and golf and riding—what would she find more useful for her daily use than those velvety, creamy, beauty-making Elizabeth Arden creams. Skin that gets so much wind and sunshine needs these first aids so that "when winter comes" the soft texture of evening gowns will not shame Kit's complexion. She's the girl too for a Tangee lipstick, that wonderful natural softening lipstick that doesn't make your face clown-like, but just accentuates the mouth's soft beauty. And if she is like most Kits, she will love to own a Kodak, so that she may have a real memory of all her joyous outdoor days.

Any family that has two daughters as attractive in their different ways as Kit and Jane, know quite well that some day they will need a hope chest, and what could make a nicer joint present from mother and dad to the girls than a cedar chest. Handsome enough outwardly to be a real ornament and a handy place for books and nicknacks, inside it will hold not only the linens and treasures every girl thrills over, but the winter furs as well. A wonderful gift this that performs those twin functions of being useful as well as ornamental.

Kit of course is the outdoor girl, but there isn't a member of the family who doesn't love a picnic, even if it is one of those short-notice ones that can be organized for breakfast on the river bank, or tea in the park. One of the indispensables of such outings would be a welcome "family" gift, from everyone to everyone, a big Thermos bottle. How easy it is to fill with creamy piping hot coffee, with rich cocoa, for fall and winter days outdoors; to pour from its generous mouth ice-cold lemonade when the summer sun makes lemonade a drink for the gods. Yes—thinking it over, a Thermos bottle should go on the list of those who are "taking thought for Christmas."

Young Bill is a problem—he never seems to want anything but things for playing games, and he borrows, without leave, as brothers will, from desk and drawer and bookcase. A Waterman pen and pencil set would be something to show off proudly at school, something to save the family's pens, and an assurance of better looking exercise books for his distracted teacher. Bill's at the restless age, he wants to be out in the evenings with "the gang," but it's more than likely that if he could fuss around "getting Detroit" or "Toronto" or a continent-wide hook-up on the radio, that bedtime would come before he even thought of going out. A mantel model Mohawk radio doesn't take up any extra room, it has wonderful reception and would be a joy to the whole family, so why not unite on it for Bill's Christmas? Perhaps though a radio is already part of the family equipment, and a very personal gift that from pure pride of ownership would bring Bill home early, might be a Bulova watch. It would mean a great deal at his age to turn a casual wrist to see if it was going-home time. It's a great "first aid" to punctuality.

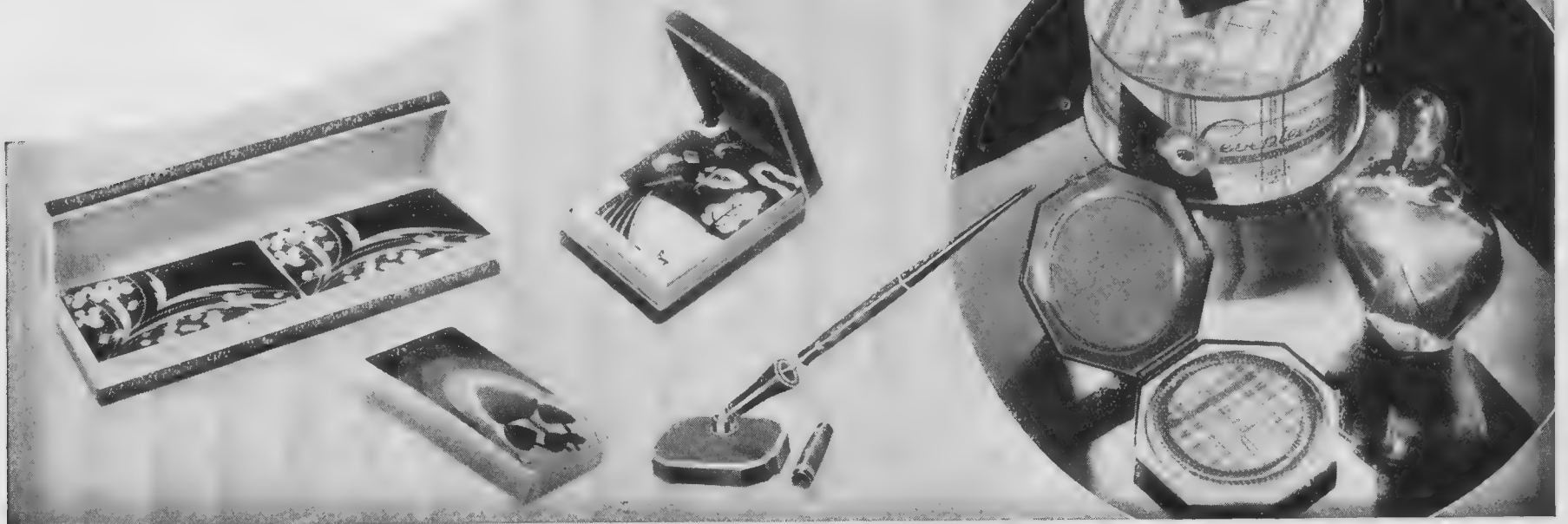
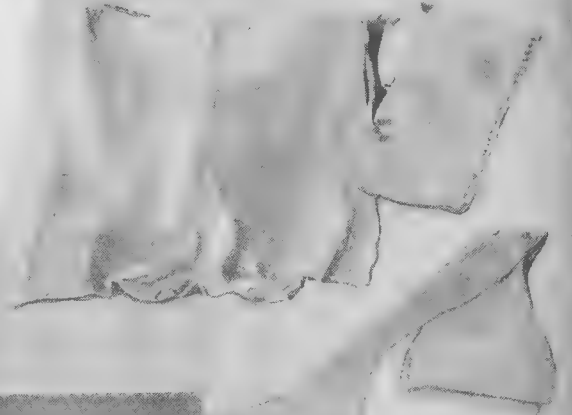
And now Jane—studious, quiet, letter-writing Jane. She never by any chance has enough writing paper for those endless rambling epistles that go off to all her "best girl friends" every week, and she would like better than anything else a goodly supply of Barber Ellis writing paper and one of those dainty pen sets designed to catch the fancy of young girlhood. And because she is

*"Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet!"*

she has the little vanities and suppressed desires of budding girlhood. Colgate's "Seventeen" perfume will convey to her just that subtle suggestion that you understand her, and what girl does not yearn to be "understood." She'll love lingerie too—not necessarily of the quality that you selected for Mother, but the dainty, smart, abbreviated undies with gay appliques in color that would rejoice any girl's heart.

A fairly typical family budget this, and it suggests the possibilities only that are contained in that idea of "taking thought for Christmas."

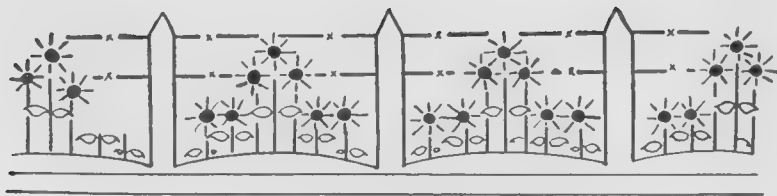
Just a few other suggestions culled from past experiences may give you ideas for friends, for relatives, and for households generally. Men at Christmas time are always a thought-provoking problem to their women-folk, for ties they dare [Continued on page 73]







Border Pattern with Gaillardia Motif



Sunflowers and Barbed Wire Motif

# National Embroidery

By Margaret Somerville McDonald

Designs by Annora Brown, A.O.C.A.

THE arts of weaving and pottery are so old that their origin is completely lost in antiquity. Legend tells us that the first weaver was a woman who dwelt in the sky. The Milky Way, so the story goes, is a bright green river flowing through the sky, in the midst of verdant pastures. The stars are sheep—herded by a heavenly herdsman. Beside the heavenly river the weaving woman lives with her heavenly herdsman husband, continually weaving wool from the sheep; silk and linen from that heavenly land of plenty. Her loom catches the glories of the landscape, and her art sings with perfection of craftsmanship, design and color.

A pretty story—left resting in the sky, so that mortals could look up and see the visions of the stars, and feel the wonder of the sky.

But the potter's wheel, we are told, fell down to earth—and there is no country old enough to trace the origin of how we really came to have woolen and linen coverings and accessories; or bowls, and vases, and pitchers. But all countries have had these things, and the design which decorates each separate one, is, in a way, common to all.

We are told in the Scriptures that very marvellous types of weaving and embroidery (or decoration) were used in the construction of the first Church—the Ark of the Covenant. Linen woven in different stripes, and dyed by means of the various vegetation, flowers, barks and the shell fish which gave the inimitable purple, were used as curtains, and designs were "tessellated" upon them. These figures of flowers, fruit, tree and star were not done by needle, but by the loom—the designs being cut out in geometrical shapes, and imitative of the various fruit and flora, and applied to the cloth in design—much the same as we do applique. But the threads used to outline them were of gold, instead of the black which is common today.

At the time of the construction of the Ark of the Covenant a great impetus was given to design—in all crafts. And the tessellated curtains bore the motifs of surrounding things, as the pomegranate, the lily, the rose, the star, the olive, the fig, and many other common things, while imaginative art was wrought in white, outlined with gold, on the purple curtains of the inner temple; and carried the design of the cherubim.

In the splendor of ancient times, even the sails of ships came in for a share, and when Egypt flourished, the sails of her ships were woven in chequered design, or were embroidered by tessellation, to mark her supremacy. But embroidery, in



Gaillardia and Prairie Grass

our sense of the word, originated in Phrygia, an extensive table land in Asia Minor, which was forced, at various times, to contribute portions of its territory to the Roman Provinces.

It was in Phrygia that the simple agricultural people wove their woollens and their linens from the fruits of their labor, and vied with one another for perfection of texture. Surrounded by many-colored flowers, and brilliant birds, and picturesque trees, a love of beauty and decoration was inbred. They found vegetation which could dye their threads and yarns, and their love of beauty inspired them to mark their weaving with the designs which daily faced them. It was the Phrygian who first used the needle in embroidery, and the original designs were quite simple and primitive—the single flower, or leaf, or star, or bird.

But so lifelike, and so true to form and color were these attempts at decoration, that the designs grew, and embroidery emerged from mere decoration, into an art, and spread itself through all the Continent.

The flowers, and leaves, and figures began to work themselves into definite designs—each design held meaning which all the artists sensed, and no article bore the testimony of the needle alone—art spoke from the fabric in messages of life, beauty, aspiration, and mysticism.

Most countries have a distinct type of needlework, and contribute their quota of loveliness to design.

Lace—we are told—would never have been, but for the appeal of the beauty of the skeleton leaves which challenged some needle worker to imitation. And rugs and carpets had their birth because the knees of worshippers grew painful with much kneeling.

HOWEVER true, or fanciful these conjectures may be—the fact is that we have, from every country, a national contribution to the universal art which so freely enters all the homes of every land.

Ireland is famed for her white designs of linen embroidery—notice how ubiquitous the shamrock is.

Denmark contributes an outstanding white design, "hedebo," in which can be seen the features of her landscape: the millwheel, the star, various leaves and flowers. This work is a mixture of both lace and embroidery.

Hungarian embroidery is splendid with rich colored silks and the fearless coloring of the actual flowers and vegetation.

Japan is at once chaste and gorgeous with her national needlework of cherry blossom and lotus flower.

Russian work is also colorful and throughout its designs features the star, the moon, the sun, and the cross, as well as the flowers and vines of daily vision.

Even the Indian, when we found him first, had his native art, and lacking thread and other essentials, he used the quills of the porcupine, and dyed them with the juices of native vegetation. Like other people, he too used bark and leaves, when he could not avail himself of the pliable palm leaf which lends itself to the raffia embroidery of Madagascar.

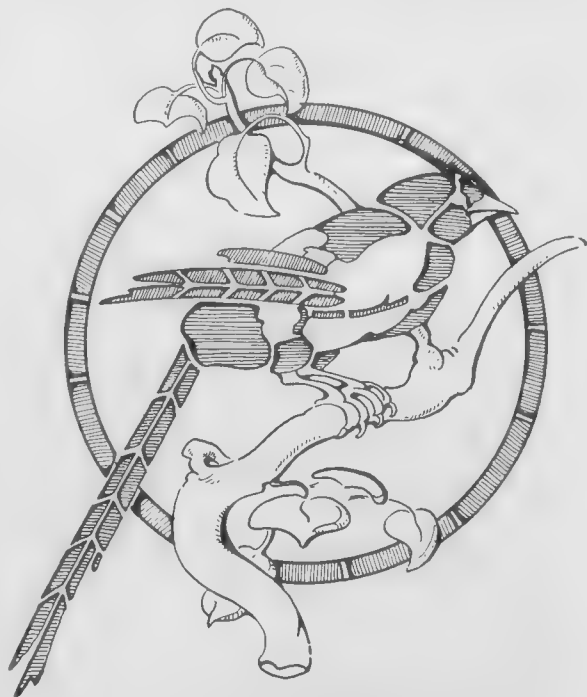
But of all countries which have given of their beauty to a universal art, surely none is more richly endowed with form and color than Canada. Yet, so far, we have not seriously set ourselves to making our embroideries a national art with a Canadian message.

Our trees, our graceful grasses, our birds, our varied landscapes and skylines, and all our myriad wild flowers—all lend themselves to the needle's craft and the artist's imagination. And it is only when the simple, commonplace everyday things become glorified in the observer's eye that native land means "home" and patriotism finds no other spot so dear.

There are really few of our flowers which cannot be worked in many designs: the original tessellate, or applique, which is so quickly and effectively made, the conventional, [Continued on page 56]

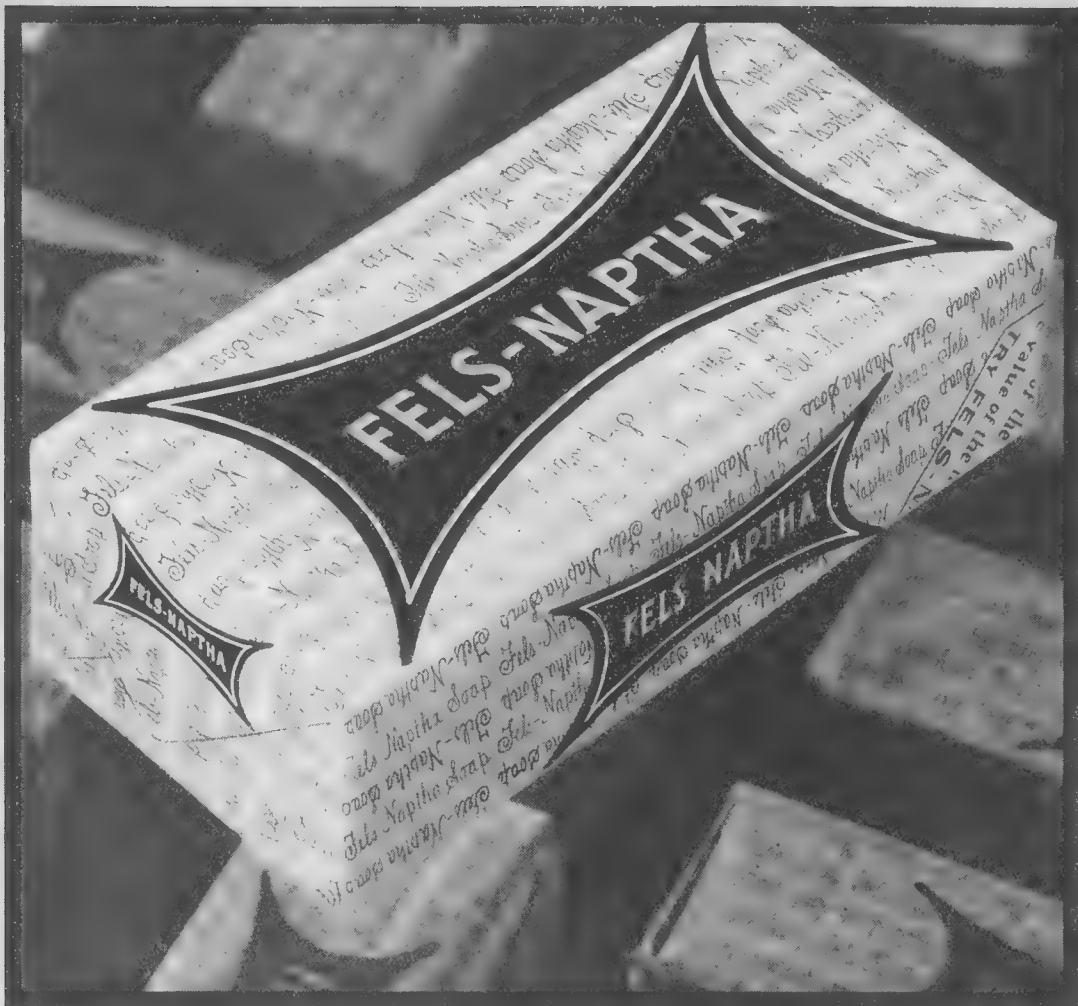


Gaillardia Cut-work Corner



Magpie and Balm of Gilead Cut-work Design





## CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN HELPER?

You'll never find it just by looking. For your eyes may see Fels-Naptha as only a fine, handsome bar of golden soap. But smell Fels-Naptha—and your nose will tell you there's another helper hidden in it. Naptha—*plenty* of naptha in each big golden bar!

It's this combination—the soap you see and the naptha you smell—that makes washing easier when you use Fels-Naptha. Working together, these two busy helpers coax dirt loose and wash it away. Even clinging grease is dissolved. Your things take on that snowy whiteness, that airy sweetness, that every woman wants her clothes to have.

Fels-Naptha works with such hearty energy that no hard

rubbing is needed—which saves you and the clothes. It works so quickly that you don't have your hands in water long, which helps keep them nice.

Another thing, Fels-Naptha isn't fussy about washing conditions. It does a beautiful job in hot, luke-warm or even cool water; in washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil. It is fine, too, for all household cleaning. It keeps the bathroom spick-and-span.

Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer—a few bars or the handy 10-bar carton—and try it. Just as the clean odor of the big golden bar reveals the presence of an extra helper, so the sweet freshness of your clothes will prove that Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in washing.

SMELL  
THE CLEAN  
NAPTHA  
ODOR



# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

*Send for this Chipper!* Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1931, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W.H. 12-31  
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Please print name and address completely



# The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 22

one thing—that the scoundrels are going to pull off another of their robbing stunts and want to make sure of having a clear field. We must get out of this and block their game, whatever it may be. I don't doubt but they've grabbed off Wally in some way, too—which puts it squarely up to us; or to me."

It will be seen that in all this talk there had been no mention of the black box of silence and its loss, and if Landis had been asked why he had not touched upon this phase of the mystery, it is doubtful if he could have given a reasonable excuse for his reticence. But in the back part of his mind there was an excuse. If he had spoken of it at all, he would have had to tell the story of its disappearance, which would have included the fact that his laboratory safe had been opened by someone who knew, or had discovered, the combination. And he was afraid she might remember that he had once shown her how to unlock the safe—which would leave an inference simply unthinkable.

"Do you know where this dungeon place is, or what it is?" she asked.

"It's an abandoned mine; abandoned a long time ago, at that. As to where it belongs on the map, I don't know. I was chucked into it through a door in a bulkhead, and, as I've said, I had wandered miles through it before I got here—or it seemed like miles. You won't be afraid to stay alone for a few minutes, will you?"

"No. But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to climb up and see where this rope leads to," and he groped around and found the bucket and the rope.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Just stay where you are until you hear me lift the bucket and drop it. Then climb in and shake the rope when you are ready for me to haul you up. Will you do that?"

"Yes," she agreed; and with that, he laid hold of the rope and began to climb.

Though he had spent most of his time after leaving college humped over a work bench in his laboratory, he had been sensible enough to keep himself physically fit, and the climbing of a rope dangling in a shaft that was small enough to let him get an occasional bracing foothold was a comparatively easy task. None the less, when he wriggled out at the top of the shaft and found, by groping around, that it was capped with a wooden windlass, he was willing to rest for a few seconds and catch his breath before giving Betty the agreed-upon signal by lifting and dropping the bucket.

At once the signal was answered by a shake of the rope and he began to wind, and in a few minutes he had drawn the bucket and its precious freight out upon the windlass platform and was asking Betty if the ascent had scared her stiff.

She said it hadn't; and when the candle was relighted it became apparent that they had ascended to what seemed to be nothing more than an upper layer of the rabbit warren of bewildering passages and drifts; these, too, with the dust of ages of disuse coating every object. Betty rubbed an inquiring finger in the dust, saying, "What makes everything so dusty?"

"Age. This is an abandoned mine, as I've said."

"Haven't you any idea where it is?"

"No; have you?"

"I'm trying to think," she said. "The only one I know of is down the river, a long way from Brewster. Wally and I saw it one day when we were driving. It's called the Wire Silver. It can't be that one; it's too far away."

"Wait a bit," said Landis; and then: "I've got it! Hasn't Bert Canby told you about his mine—the Quavapai?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Quavapais; the new one that is being worked now, and a much older one," and he repeated for her Starbuck's account of the ancient workings which had once been a show place for the

tourists and summerers at the Lake Topaz resort. "That is about where we are," he concluded; "buried somewhere in those old workings. Mr. Starbuck told us that there were so many of them that people sometimes got lost in them."

"Well?" she said inquiringly.

"We'll keep on going, at least, while the candle lasts. There must be some connection between these old workings and the new. You're not too tired to tramp, are you?"

"I'm not tired at all, now. And we *must* get out if we can, and as quickly as we can. We haven't been kidnapped and shut up in here for nothing."

That was the beginning of a long period of fruitless wanderings in a maze that seemed endless; pauses in cavern-like chambers with two or more drifts branching out from them to make a choice of the way still more confusing; up steep inclines and down; around crooking tunnels; through passages where they had to crawl on hands and knees. And with the passing time the candle grew ever shorter and shorter until at last Landis had to mount its final inch in its own drippings on a bit of flat stone to keep it from burning his fingers.

It was not until the inch had dwindled to a half-inch that the really desperate character of their situation gripped him.

With the light gone they would be utterly helpless; even more helpless than he had been before he had found the candle, because they most now be far deeper in the labyrinth.

"We are nearly at the end of things, Betty," he said soberly, as they came into another of the tunnel enlargements out of which three passages led in as many different directions. "You see how much there is left of the candle."

"And after it is gone?"

"We'll be just buried alive. If we can't find our way out of this place with a light, we can't hope to do it in the dark."

"I know; but I'm not afraid, Owen. It—it will be starvation, won't it? I don't want to die, but I'm not afraid . . . Where are you going?"—this as he was leading the way toward one of the branching passages.

"Anywhere; just to keep moving as long as we can."

"What is the use? The candle will last only a few minutes longer, at most. Let's sit here on this pile of rock and face it the best we can."

For a little while they sat in silence. Landis had slipped an arm around her, and in the other hand he held the sliver of rock with the expiring bit of candle on it. When he spoke it was to say, "I am to blame for whatever happens to you, Betty. If I hadn't brought you along . . . the devils, whoever they are, who kidnapped you wouldn't have left you to starve at the bottom of that shaft."

"Maybe not. But you mustn't think of that now. You did what you thought was best; we both did. Do you think they've got Wally, too?"

"I'm afraid there have."

"If he is gone, there is nobody to miss us; not very soon, anyway. The Stillingses will think I was invited to stay overnight with the Smiths; and the people at the hotel won't miss you, will they?"



"No, I suppose not. Mr. Starbuck is the only one who might do something, and he is away, as I have said."

As he spoke, the remaining bit of candle-wick fell over to burn flickeringly for a few seconds before it went out. By its dim light he looked at his watch and wound it mechanically, saying, "Half-past three! Heavens! We've been tramping the better part of the night!"

After a moment in the Stygian darkness that followed the extinguishment of the candle Betty said wearily, "I'm awfully tired; aren't you, Owen?"

"No; not very tired. But I know you must be. Put your head on my shoulder and go to sleep, if you can."

She did it, and after a little while he knew from her regular breathing that she had really fallen asleep. Making her as comfortable as he could, he meant to stay awake, holding her so that the merciful sleep might be undisturbed. But before long he felt that he, too, was succumbing; and after a few manful efforts to fight off the lethargy of fatigue, his eyes closed in spite of his resolve and he slept.

WHEN Landis awoke he could form no idea of the length of time he had slept. Betty was still sleeping peacefully with her head on his shoulder, and, sharp as was the desire to move and stretch and get the stiffness out of his muscles, he was unwilling to disturb her, telling himself that her sleep was a blessed opiate which would lose its effect all too quickly when she awoke.

It was while he was sitting motionless, with wide-open eyes staring into the more than midnight darkness, that he saw, or thought he saw, a singular phenomenon; not a light, but a faint thinning of the darkness, at a point directly opposite. At first he thought it was an optical illusion, and the thought was confirmed when he stared again and saw nothing. Then, in a flash, the faint thinning of the blackness came again, and his start at this repetition of the phenomenon awoke Betty.

"What is it?" she asked, sitting up quickly.

"I don't know. Look straight ahead; do you see anything?"

"Why—why, yes; it's a light! Is somebody coming for us?"

He rose stiffly and lifted her to her feet. "We'll see," he said; but he did not say it hopefully.

What they saw, when they crossed to the mouth of one of the passages leading out of the enlarged space where they had slept, was a thing that Landis, at least, was not remotely expecting to see. The passage mouth was the entrance to a long, gently-inclined tunnel, at the lower extremity of which, as if focused in the object-glass of a prodigiously extended telescope, was an electric light.

"What does that mean?" Betty asked, whispering as if she were afraid the miraculous light might disappear if she spoke above her breath.

"It means that my guess was right. We've been lost in the old workings of the Quavapai, and that light is in one of the new workings!"

She was silent for a moment; then: "You are not saying it all, Owen. Are you thinking that perhaps it was Bert Canby who had us kidnapped and locked up in this horrible place?"

"Why should I think so?" he evaded, adding: "Would he do such a thing as that to the woman he means to marry?"

"You can't tell," she said, and he thought she tried to say it lightly. "A good many people say that we are slipping back to the Stone Age as fast as we can, nowadays. But that doesn't matter. Now that we know where we are, we can get out, can't we?"

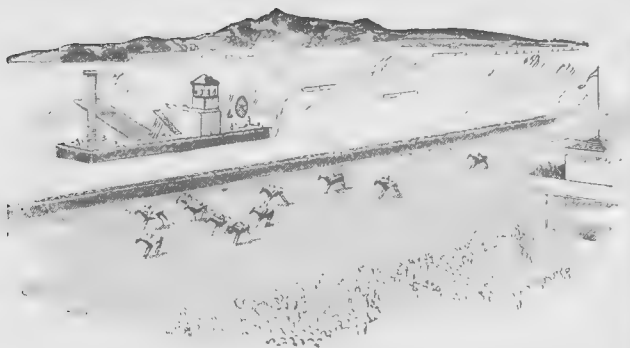
"We can try mighty hard, anyway. We'll go down and see what's at the bottom of this rat-hole."

Approaching the lower end of the inclined passage, they could see that the light bulb was suspended from the roof of a much larger drift, through which ran a miniature railroad track, and which their passage of approach entered at a sharp angle. Being by this time fully convinced that there was a huge conspiracy of some sort afoot, and that Canby was the moving spirit in it, Landis asked Betty to stay behind in concealment while he went on to investigate. She consented, merely urging him to be careful. [Continued on page 58]



# Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman



Belmont Park, the famous race course on Long Island

**Y**OU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races, at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester, dancing at exclusive New York night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men— young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews superfluous fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest, most wholesome care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"What needless extravagance," Mrs. Belmont frankly exclaims, "to clutter one's dressing table with bottles and bottles, jars and jars of complicated beauty preparations!"

"The simple, wholesome Pond's Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in less time, at less cost."

**Y**ES, for "practical home beauty care," as Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, this easy Pond's way "carries off all honors." Follow its four steps, and you'll agree with her:

**1—**Amplify apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

**2—**Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent. White or peach.

**3—**With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

**4—**Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!



MRS. MORGAN BELMONT of New York is the beautiful and brilliant wife of a son of the late August Belmont. Like many other lovely society women, she is devoted to Pond's four famous preparations for the exquisite care of the skin (at right).



Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening  
9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra.  
WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

MADE IN CANADA

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

DEPT. Z, 166 BROCK AVE., TORONTO, ONT.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



# Olympic Face-off

Continued from page 13

today as the fastest forward in amateur hockey.

Fancy of the fans at the Olympic fray will be caught by the tireless toil of sleek-haired Ken Moore, game as any Indian brave who ever roamed the prairies. With his arm in a sling, the bronze-skinned boy watched last year's championship playdowns from the side-lines—and he's aching for a chance to get back into the battle. Crucial games worry him nary a bit, for he is no tyro in title competition. Before he won membership in the Allan Cup he had played to a junior Canadian championship with Regina's crafty Pats—better than many a senior squad.

Fighting spirit of the Winnipeggers, attested to by Frank Fredrickson, is adequately illustrated in their battle from the bottom of the three-team Winnipeg league last season to the city title. But an abundance of further indication is contained in the gruelling stretch of eleven games through which it was necessary to plod to gain the Allan Cup. In almost every series, the Manitobans either lost or tied the opening game, only to come back to victory.

**F**IRST-HAND information on the likely line-up of contenders at Lake Placid comes from no one, perhaps, more authoritatively than from Ward McVey, powerful defence-star of the Manitoba Varsity Grads team which went undefeated through a high-test European tour last season. On the basis of his observations in all the hockey-playing countries on the continent, as well as in Britain, the Allan Cupper of 1928 figures that Canada should annex her fourth Olympic title—but not without a good deal of work.

"Canada will win at Lake Placid, I think," commented big Ward, after naming United States as the likely other finalist, "but not by a very great margin. The United States team will be in tip-top condition and will be accustomed to open-air play. The Canucks will have to stick to their knitting if they expect to win—but, barring bad breaks which may upset any hockey calculations, they should have the edge."

Margin of Canadian victory over United States in Olympic hockey, in fact, has never been phenomenal in actual goals. At Chamonix in 1924, when the Olympic Winter Games were inaugurated as a definite programme, Granites snowed the Stars and Stripes under a six-to-one defeat—but that isn't much of a blizzard. One of the greatest scoring machines ever assembled in amateur hockey, Falcons, won by only two to nothing against the Americans in 1920. However, in both these final matches, Canada held a wide edge on the play and would have sent the score mounting far higher had the United States team not concentrated its attention entirely on holding down the score, rather than on scoring.

A sketchy indication of the strength of overseas teams as compared to the hockey squads of Canada and United States is afforded by the scores of the last Olympic jousts in 1928, when Toronto Grads won Canada's third title at St. Moritz. With the United States not competing, Canada ran wild and defeated Sweden eleven to nothing, Switzerland thirteen to nothing, and Great Britain fourteen to nothing.

Although British and European teams, have undoubtedly improved remarkably in the last three or four years, they show no promise of ever

becoming a serious threat to Canadian supremacy, in Ward McVey's opinion. He considers the handicap of lack of ice for development of players will never be overcome overseas, though a rare individual might rocket into prominence with class enough to be a stand-out on this side. Natural ice is not available in Britain or Europe for any length of time, and there are few more than a dozen rinks with artificial plants.

Germany boasts the strongest overseas team, developed in hot-house style at the palatial synthetic-ice arena at Berlin. Next in line of excellence at the puck-and-stick game is Czecho-Slovakia, whose team was tutored last season by Blake Watson, Canadian doctor and member of the Manitoba Varsity Allan Cup team of 1928. Austria and Switzerland are next in line, with Poland developing fast. So closely matched, however, are the continental teams that tie-games are common and home-team wins almost invariable when decisions are reached.

"In hockey, England will not rate with European teams," according to McVey. "Although the English players have far more fight and determination than any of the rest; lack of ice has them tied to a post."

Unless financial assistance is forthcoming from United States officials, European entries in the Lake Placid Olympiad will be few, in McVey's opinion. During his travels on the continent in the early part of this year, he found that conditions had brought about decisions in several cases to refrain from entering the hockey tourney. The heavy expenses for sending ten or twelve men to compete in an event which they have practically no chance of winning stand virtually as an unsurmountable obstacle for European countries. Czecho-Slovakia, war-born little nation in central Europe, is regarded as one of the few likely European entries.

If Canada and the United States progress through to the final at Lake Placid, it is quite possible that the officials handling the crucial match will be European hockeyists. Neither nation would favor the Canadian-American split between referee and judge of play, it is believed. Should European refereeing actually result, some slight advantage may accrue to the United States, because of the generally more lenient interpretation overseas of the rules on body-checking. Body-checking has been a component part of the closely-defensive game played by United States teams against high-scoring Canadian crews.

**W**HILE the make-up of the United States team has not been determined, it is expected in Canadian hockey circles that the American six will be a speedy aggregation, with perfect defensive tactics and somewhat less efficient attacking style. The players will probably be selected mostly from eastern schools, where condition and stamina are regarded as of paramount import. Influenced by the professional game as played in the east, the Stars and Stripes team will probably specialize in close-checking, which tends to cut down scoring on both sides.

It is a high testimonial to the quality of Canadian hockey—and its quantity, too—that the Winnipeg team which represents the Dominion is not an all-star squad, but a league-entry which had a harder time winning the Winnipeg title than advancing

in any of the intersectional playdowns. Though it is permissible to select outstanding players from other teams anywhere in Canada to strengthen the line-up for the Olympic test, it is not expected that more than one player will be added to the Winnipeg roster.

"We will endeavor to keep the same team together for the Lake Placid series," promised Jack Hughes as the current season opened, "and there is no intention now to alter the make-up of the club materially." Appreciable reserve strength, however, will be added by the inclusion in the Maple Leaf club's roster of Walter Monson, brainy centre-star of Elmwood Millionaires, who gave the Allan Cup winners a neck-and-neck race for the Winnipeg title. Monson's highly-

developed scoring ability was the outstanding reason for the Millionaires' showing.

Coach of two Allan Cup teams within three years—Manitoba Varsity in 1928 and Winnipeg last year—Hughes is taking no chances on having his henchmen look on the Lake Placid grind as a set-up or a push-over. He and his mates on the club executive, W. R. Bawlf and Bobby Robertson and Johnny Myers, are dispelling from the minds of the Canadian team any such notions as "Nothing succeeds like success." They are convincing the boys that Canada's success in previous Olympiads has given them a mark to shoot at, but won't help them with the shooting.

And the Canadian champions, realizing they haven't even started on their real job, are toiling earnestly until the day they don the Maple Leaf.

## For the House

Continued from page 23

We have come to consider no chair in the living-room complete, if there isn't a table within reach. Unless it happens to neighbor one of the more important tables, it should have its own little elbow table cosily drawn up at its arm. I am not merely thinking of the smoker and its ash tray and supplies—but have in mind equally the convenience of a resting spot for one's afternoon teacup, for the work basket, or book that happens to be the affair of the moment.

Sometimes a small table will be a bit taller, and its principal mission in life will be to hold a table lamp.

So right here one suggestion produces another—for what could bring more cheer to a room or to the hearts of its users than a needed reading lamp? More and more, we are falling under the charm of artistic lighting—and it has always been granted that of all forms of lighting fixtures, the shaded lamp has the greatest opportunity for loveliness. How it can place a bright accent of colour just where it is needed! How it can carry brightness to the dull corner, draw it into the living part of the room!

Maybe your room is well-equipped as to lamps, but could well do with new shades.

It is very good form at the moment to have all the shades in the room matching; different sizes, of course—different shapes, probably—but the same fabric and colour used in all of them. And of course, the "millinery lamp-shade" is absolutely out! Fringes of silk and of beads and so on, are not a part of today's picture. They are not trim enough for us. We prefer the more tailored types—tightly drawn fabric, with mere pipings or folds or cords or flatly applied bandings or bindings, as their principal trim. Of course the fabric itself may be patterned—or sometimes the material that is used as a lining carries a design that is softly veiled by the outer covering—perhaps only to be revealed when the lamp is lighted. The really successful lamp-shade is the one which adds to the room both by daylight and at night—and always, it should cast a becoming light!

And may I just remind you that you may have the base for a very attractive lamp, in a vase that you may not even be using! Don't overlook the urn or pitcher type, as well as the vase that is jar-shaped or has a long slender neck.

And before leaving the always-interesting subject of lighting—would new fixtures for living-room or dining-room bring just the satisfaction your household would appreciate? If they are old and a little abject, you may be amazed at the change that new ones might make. The wrought-iron wall brackets and ceiling fixtures are fascinating; and of course there are always the brighter metallic finishes, the brass and silvered types. Many of these do not call for shades but are made with the candle fitting, in which the twisted "flame" bulb is fitted—you may have a yellow or warmer flame-tone, if you prefer.

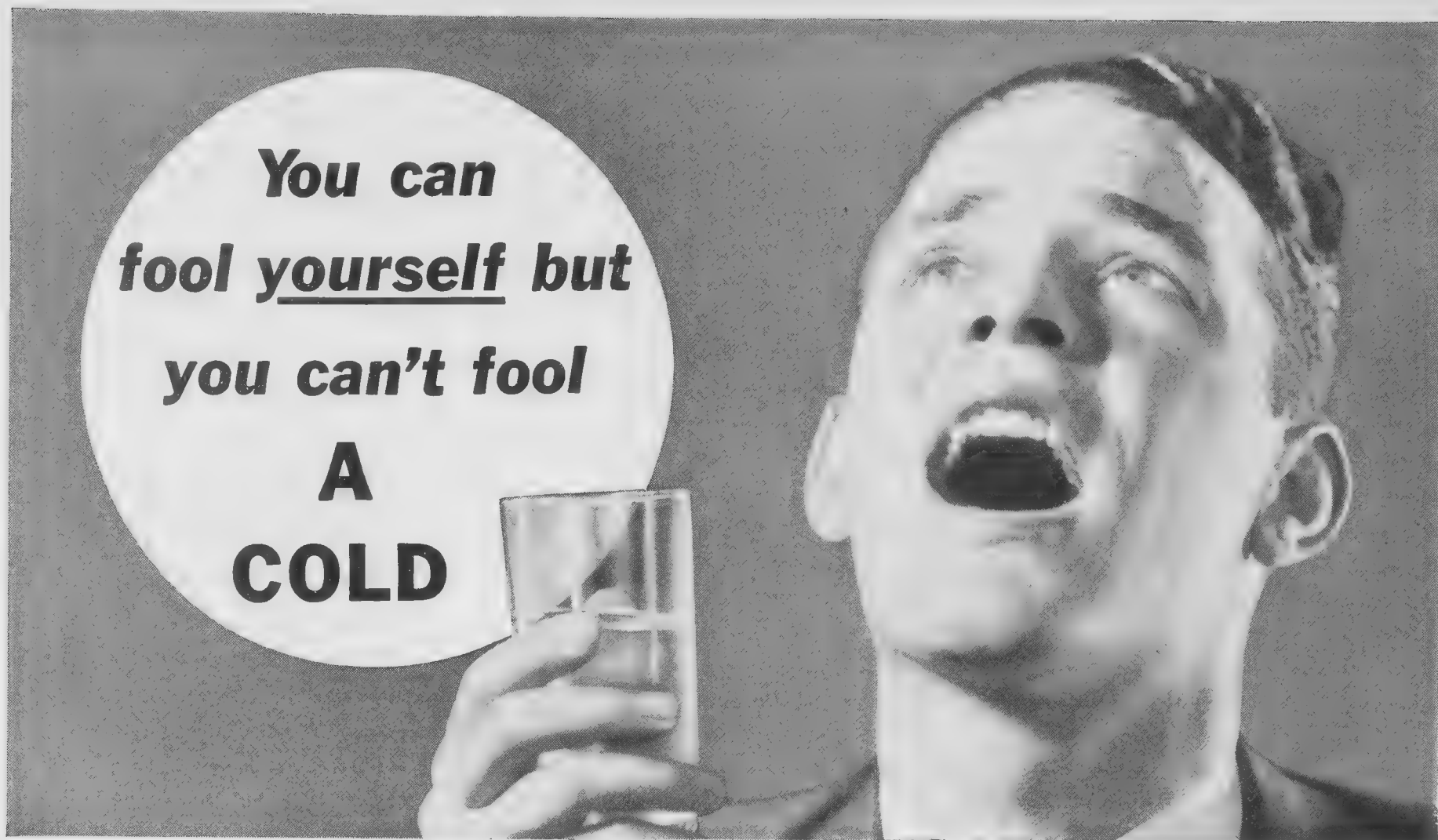
And for the spot which is served by neither a wall bracket nor table lamp there is the standing floor lamp—and for the most part today it is rather low in height, and adjustable.

To record the pleasant lamplight or daylight hours, would a new clock exactly fit your family's ideas? If so, you will no doubt make it an electric clock. This most dependable of time-pieces comes now in a wide variety of designs, suitable for every room in the house—including the kitchen! It wears a most formal face, to entitle it to a place in your living-room or dining-room; it takes on a delicacy that gives it a claim on your choice for an exquisite bedroom, and is very practical in all the popular kitchen colours, if it is to have a hand in the practical running of the house.

**W**HAT about your floors? Has the living-room lost its pleasant mellow air to an advancing shabbiness? Might it be that a new rug—or even a small rug or two to relieve a plain and not-too-pristine surface—would be the greatest source of enjoyment to everyone? Or would a new linoleum, in one of the rich-hued tiled effects for the entrance hall, make the hospitality of the whole family more hearty! After all, a floor is the foundation of any room—there is no overlooking its importance.

There is often an idea in just one more comfortable chair for the living-room—or new slip-covers for the chairs already in it. And perhaps new chair covers suggest new curtains—and I must say that this does seem a wonderful season in which to be buying such things. Not in years have I seen such bargains in good fabrics, as are being shown at the moment. [Continued on page 62]





# Gargle... Gargle... Gargle

You gargle grimly on. Why does your throat stay sore? Why does that cold hang on?

*Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that must be used full strength. We've discovered a new antiseptic that, even when diluted with two parts of water, kills germs in 10 seconds.*

**M**ILLIONS of garglers are wasting their time on weak and ineffective antiseptics. Stop gargling long enough to consider this: If you mix your mouth wash with water—as 3 out of 4 do—you *must* use one that kills germs when diluted. Then, and only then, have you a right to expect relief from sore throats or winter colds.

#### *A radical new scientific discovery*

Modern research laboratories have thrown away the old ideas on killing germs.

Now there's a revolutionary antiseptic on the market—Pepsodent Antiseptic. Its formula is a radical advance. It climaxes the best antiseptic study of 50 years. A germ-killing agent is employed unlike those now in use. It makes Pepsodent Antiseptic from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you use.

#### *Kills germs in 10 seconds*

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with one or even two parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills

germs in 10 seconds. That's where most mouth antiseptics fail. On the other hand, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon this new antiseptic is in your fight against colds.

#### **BAD BREATH (Halitosis\*)**

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when fighting colds and sore throats. For at the same time it overcomes breath odors. Tests show that P. A. checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than any other leading mouth antiseptic.

#### *New security against bad breath*

And please remember when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer! That's Pepsodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions. Immediately after use—95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs remains reduced by 75%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

#### *\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size*

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix such antiseptics with water is a waste of money. Pepsodent Antiseptic, contrariwise, can be mixed with twice its own volume of water.

Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes: 3 ounces for 25 cents—7 ounces for 50 cents—16 ounces for \$1. The larger the size the cheaper per ounce.

Combating a cold and checking bad breath are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe antiseptic is required.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

#### **Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic**

|                           |                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>Cold in Head</b>       | <b>After Shaving</b>      |
| <b>Throat Irritations</b> | <b>Minor Cuts</b>         |
| <b>Voice Hoarseness</b>   | <b>Blisters</b>           |
| <b>Bad Breath</b>         | <b>Loose Dandruff</b>     |
| <b>Cold Sores</b>         | <b>Checks Under-Arm</b>   |
| <b>Canker Sores</b>       | <b>Perspiration</b>       |
| <b>Mouth Irritations</b>  | <b>Tired, Aching Feet</b> |
| <b>After Extractions</b>  |                           |

New Standard Dictionary Definition:  
\***Halitosis**—A malodorous condition of the breath.

# Pepsodent Antiseptic



# Snow in the Pass

Continued from page 9

really needed me, I suppose, to help her out with her babies; but I knew Marian would feel so bad to have them separated, and I knew she trusted me more than she did anyone else. I told them all I thought I could make out this way, and they let me try. They'd lost a good deal, too. They were really glad to be rid of the responsibility. But maybe I was wrong. I was wondering if I ought to write and—say they could do things for us their own way. Yet it seems a pity, because as the children grow older, and we have our garden and chickens—everything will come out all right if we can only hold on. But now—"

She rose and adjusted her knee again to the chair, "I'm going to turn in with the babies and let you two have all the rest of the house, which isn't so hospitable as it seems, because there's only one upstairs room furnished and I've no blankets for that bed. But if Mr. Carter can be comfortable in those furs and Miss Carter can make out here by the fire, it may not be so bad."

Martha assured her that it would not be bad, but very, very good—much better than the snowdrift that they were preparing to inhabit when they saw her light—and went with her to help put the injured foot to bed, while Thomas took a hand lamp and went on a search for the one furnished room overhead.

He found it to be directly over the room he had just quitted. It was warmed a little by the stovepipe passing through it, and at first it seemed not greatly unlike other rooms; observed carefully, however, it was but a clever sham of packing boxes and chintz. Even the bed was nothing but a set of springs set upon boxes instead of a bedstead, and the pillows which stood up solidly with a courageous port, when punched proved to be full of beach leaves and corn husks instead of feathers, while the mattress was only a sack of husks, lumpy and rustly. Nevertheless he was comfortable and sleepy and glad to be alive.

As he dropped off he was drowsily aware that the snow was lessening and that the pallor of moonlight was in the room. When next he opened his eyes the moonlight was coming from another direction, and the moon itself, a quarter section, was sparkling in the frost of the window. Looking at his watch, he found it was already six o'clock, and he was desperately hungry.

It was a moment before he remembered Martha's report of the attenuated larder of this snow beleaguered house. Then like a blow came memory of an inventory she had hastily and secretly given him.

"One pound of salt pork, one bushel of apples, half a bushel of potatoes, cracked corn apparently ad lib, but the chicken kind, no coffee, no tea, or sugar, or flour."

To this he added the chickens and, oh, yes, eggs, of course. At least the little voice in the darkened room had made mention of a certain Peepsy who had something to do with eggs. The whole situation was a little funny, but mostly it was something else. Thomas sat up in his furs, the husks beneath him rustling crisply. The

unsympathetic moon looked in upon him—the moon that sees so much trouble and never does anything about it.

He dressed by the simple process of picking up his shoes, and stole with burglarious softness downstairs. Martha did not wake, and there was no sound from the other room. In the woodshed he found his snowshoes, strapped them on, and, finding a shovel that he had noted the evening before, put it over his shoulder and started out.

The mountain rose clear, yet phantomlike, before him. He could even make out a solitary pine leading out from a foothold so slight that but little snow found lodgment about its trunk. He thought he remembered such a tree leering at him out of the storm just at the moment he had wrathfully abandoned the car.

But the surface lay blank beneath the tree when he had reached it. How deep, then, did this buried treasure lie, and where then would one start digging for it?

Then he spied not a mound but a depression—a wave mark, like the dimple a brook makes over a bowlder or like the dent of a giant thumb. He tightened his mouth and burrowed into the calm depths.

The snow turned pink and gold about him as he came to the grips and to that Christmas tree which would never now wear glass balls and tinsel for the niece and nephew from New York. From this he worked down along the smooth black enamel and glass of the door. But by the time he had conquered the flying white powder sufficiently to get it open the whole world about him had blazed into blinding gold.

The hamper was heavier than Martha, by twenty-five, perhaps fifty pounds, so, since it had no feelings to be considered, he hitched a strap to one end of it and dragged it behind him. But the sunlit snow was now so bright that he had to keep his eyes shut to a slit and pull the visor of his cap low. Half blind and without raising his head, he retraced his own tracks and so, before he was aware how far he had come, he felt the blue shadow of the house cover him, and looked up to see the boy and girl awaiting him upon the white mound which marked the porch steps.

**T**WEEDLEDEE was half a head taller than Tweedledum, and her hair curled beyond her blue cap beautifully. Tweedledum had darker eyes and was squarer of jaw and snubbier of nose. Otherwise, in swathed corpulence, expression, and attitude, they were the same, and each held a small fire shovel. Shoulder to shoulder in statuesque immobility they waited until he was just six feet distant, then suddenly said in unison, "Good morning, Mr. Carter," after which they hopped a little, to indicate relief from tension and duty well done. Thomas was not thinking of his own manners just then, and his answer came awkwardly, but they covered his confusion tactfully by laying hold of the hamper. They would carry it, they said, quite all by themselves. So he took it by the middle and they added their weight and were borne along.

"Is it Christmas things?" asked Tweedledee, her soft voice broken with happy awe.

"Well," said Thomas thoughtfully, "that would be telling. And anyway it isn't mine."

"Is it Martha's?" Acquaintance would seem to have progressed since he left.

"I suppose it might be," he said judicially.

"It's to eat!" said Tweedledum in a shout of triumph.

"To eat, to eat!" rejoiced Tweedledee. "Then we won't have to eat Soggy Sally!"

"Who is Soggy Sally?"

"She's the oldest. She's a Brahma. We were going to have her for Christmas dinner, but maybe we wouldn't have anyway, because Anjy hurt her foot. So maybe she wouldn't be able to get down cellar to—"

Tweedledum broke off with a solemn look and kicked the snow frowningly. Plainly one did not care to speak of certain things.

Tweedledee, however, went on to make it plain.

"She does it down cellar after we're asleep," said she a little sadly, "then we don't see them until they're all clean and pinky yellow and ready for the oven. We don't mind. At least, not very much. Of course, it depends some on who it is. We aren't very fond of Soggy, still—"

"How about Peepsy? Has she laid that Christmas egg?"

The pair threw off the gloom occasioned by the momentary contemplation of Soggy's possible end, and answered partly in unison, partly in swift relays:

"We're just going out to the barn to see. We've made her a nest. And when we've dug a path to the barn we'll bring her in. But first we'll take the basket in for you."

Martha opened the door upon this colloquy. She was wearing a bungalow apron, and behind her the room had already thrown off its look of trouble, so that one saw what its character had been before the girl's mishap. Like the room overhead, it depended largely upon chintz for its expression, and now that the stove was black and the floor clean of ashes it seemed to smile bravely, as the girl herself was smiling.

She sat in a wooden rocker, working on some affair of bright scraps which she hid under a towel as the children came in. The hollows in her cheeks were even plainer by daylight, but, as to the foot, she insisted that it was almost well, and in spite of Thomas' most professional manner would let him do nothing more for it. Unless, she promised, it should feel worse.

"Well," said Martha, "the potatoes are about done. I knew, of course, you'd bring something back from the wreck."

A table was already set in the kitchen, and thither—Tweedledee and Tweedledum closely following with their shovels—the hamper was taken, opened, and made to disgorge heaps of sandwiches, a jar of marmalade, and the makings for hot chocolate.

"I couldn't mash the potatoes without butter and milk," whispered Martha, "and the salt pork was too precious to use up before I made sure you would bring something. Do you

know, she's shy about the neighbors! Too proud to let them know she's up against it, I suppose. But later on I wish you'd see if you can't get to that house where there's smoke and see if you can't find some milk for the babies. I don't believe they've had any for ages. Look at them now!"

Tweedledum and Tweedledee had ranged up side by side in front of the table with a glazed, hypnotic look, their eyes wholly engaged by the food. They did not recover consciousness even when their wraps were peeled off, their hands and faces washed, and handkerchiefs applied.

"You know," confided Martha, "they're not so fat as you'd think. But they haven't exactly suffered. It's plain they've been getting whatever there was . . . still . . . I wonder what she'd have done if we hadn't—"

"Don't!" said Tom, turning away to look out of the frosted window. Then they brought Jean in, in her chair.

And when she saw the food—just sandwiches and marmalade and cocoa and her own potatoes—she acted hypnotized, too. She sat back in the rocking chair and stared and grew white; took a spoonful of the cocoa which Martha had poured for her, smiled about at them weakly, looked at the children, already silently engaged upon the sandwiches; at Martha, and then, in a frightened way, at Thomas. Suddenly she pushed back from the table and tried to rise.

"Don't let them see me cry," she muttered, staggering to her feet, but she wasn't quick enough. Her weeping had its way—like ice going out in spring.

Being a cub doctor, Thomas understood. Being a woman, Martha understood perfectly. But it was terrible, especially when the children, after a moment of open-mouthed horror, joined in at the top of their voices.

"You see," she said, when the storm had subsided and the children, smiling but still wet-eyed and sob-shaken, were once more busy with their sandwiches, while she was being fed at judicious intervals with tea and

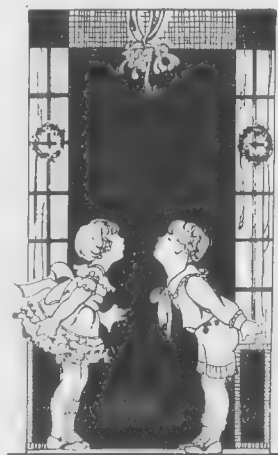
toast which Thomas has suddenly decided was a safer diet than chocolate for a person who had apparently been rationing herself just as near to nothing as was compatible with life—"you see, it came over me suddenly. You people, out of the world I used to know—it was as if somehow you had come from—them." She struggled again for self-control and won. "I've been a little lonely here," she said, "and not sure I was doing what they would have wanted me to do for the babies."

"Well, you were,"

said Martha sharply. "Now take this tea, and forget everything but that it's Christmas tomorrow."

The girl was leaning back now on Martha's shoulder, but Thomas was still at her side, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that after professionally counting her pulse which had leaped to a hundred and forty, then fallen back to a hesitant eighty as the storm subsided, he should keep the hand that lay so unresistingly in his. So thin—so marked with heavy work!

[Continued on page 54]





# The Perfect Gift

## TOILETRIES *by* YARDLEY



By Appointment to  
H. R. H.  
The Prince of Wales



C20/67 — Lavender Shaving Lotion, Shaving Stick in glass case with gilt cap, Brilliantine, Talc .....\$2.50



C20/71—De Luxe Set in genuine leather case, collapsible—containing Shaving Stick in new bakelite holder, Invisible Talc in metal container with gilt cap, Shaving Lotion. Provision is made in this case for complete shaving or other toilet accessories. Especially appropriate for gentlemen travelling .....\$7.50



C20/64 — Lavender Shaving Bowl and Shaving Lotion .....\$2.00



C16/70 — Lavender Perfume, Soap and Face Powder .....\$2.00



C16/82—Lavender Perfume in Wicker bottle with handle, Soap, Talc, Face Cream, Face Powder, Milk of Lavender.....\$5.00



C16/74 — Lavender Soap, Talc, Face Powder, Shampoo and Rinse, 6 Bath Salt Tablets .....\$2.75

YARDLEY  
SINCE 1770

•  
LONDON  
PARIS  
TORONTO  
NEW YORK



# YARDLEY LAVENDER GIFT SETS

ARE PRICED FROM  
85c TO \$10.00

ONLY A  
FEW ARE  
ILLUSTRATED  
SEE  
COMPLETE  
RANGE AT  
YOUR  
DRUG OR  
DEPT. STORE



# SO EASY to keep menus always fresh and inviting

— with these tempting summer  
fruits on your pantry shelf!



## DEL MONTE APRICOTS

Here's a treat—for any meal!

A delicious, attractive dessert. A breakfast fruit that's delightfully cool and refreshing. A salad that's wonderfully easy to serve—but mighty hard to resist!

Just be sure they're DEL MONTE Apricots! Selected, tree-ripened fruit, grown under DEL MONTE's own watchful care. Prepared for your use in DEL MONTE's own modern canneries. One quality—the best—in every DEL MONTE can!

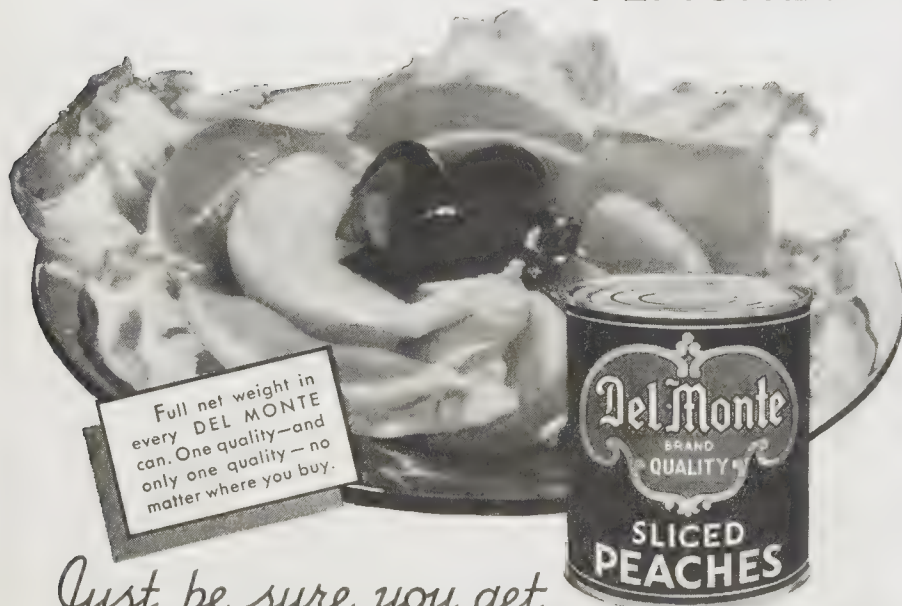
Peaches, too! You know how good they are—on any occasion!

But have you tried them sliced?

An extra convenience—hand-in-hand with tempting flavor. Ready for instant service—alone, or in dozens of easy dishes—shortcakes, salads, pies, puddings, etc.

A delicious, handy fruit you'll never want to be without!

## DEL MONTE SLICED PEACHES



Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

Just be sure you get  
**DEL MONTE**

## Some Canadian Christmas Feasts

By E. A. Taylor

ONE of the earliest Christmas feasts we have any record of was held in Quebec while Champlain was Governor of tiny Canada. We can picture the big log hall; the long table of roughly squared logs set on stout posts set deep in the earthen floor has a scarlet cloth spread on its upper end, with a large silver salt cellar. Here sits the seignior with his family and guests of rank, while below the salt are his tenants and servants, and anybody passing who wants a good meal. At the head of the table are rough chairs for the seignior and his lady, but all down the table are merely backless benches of squared logs fixed on posts. The table is set with a few odd pieces of silver plate, and an abundance of squares of birch bark, to serve as plates, with beside each a "bowl of polished basswood," Indian made, and a bark spoon (a few of these last have been kept in our museums, and must have required a very large mouth to enter). There are no forks, and everyone carries a knife.

Cakes of corn bread are placed at each seat, and then the first course is served, huge kettles of eels, salmon, and beans all boiled together. This is eaten from the bowls, which are then filled with "broth," a rich meat soup thickened with pounded nuts. Then come messes of boiled corn and peas, and baked squash, together with the olden Canadian substitutes for the roast beef of old England and the modern Christmas turkey; these are enormous joints of roasted venison with deep pies of baked squirrels, and for poultry, big dishes piled with wild pigeons, partridges, black birds, and owls! all baked together. (We might feel doubtful about eating the last named.) Dessert is cakes of maple sugar, and a sweetmeat of nuts and sunflower seeds pounded up and pressed together, with these a "sauce" is served, in the same bowls that had held soup and vegetables! The directions for making this sauce are to take dried berries (the abundant wild berries of Canada seem then to have been dried more often than preserved), over which you will pour boiling water, and when well soaked serve. This substitute for our rich Christmas pudding and pies does not sound very enticing, but it was doubtless much enjoyed by those early Canadians, after their heavy meal of fish, meat and bird.

The only Christmas pudding mentioned in those long-ago records was made at the keeping of the unfortunate La Salle's last Christmas. He had taken a large party of French settlers to Louisiana early in 1685; they suffered many hardships, and plots were made to murder the leader (he was assassinated in the March of 1687), but that Christmas, 1686, there was a truce between the gallant La Salle and the mutinous handful among his followers. They had abundance of fish and game, but were on a scanty allowance of corn bread. An extra ration of this, with messes of edible greens found in the neighborhood, formed a big feature of the feast that Christmas Day, held in the open, the tiny colony picnicing together. Then

came huge piles of fish, and all manner of birds and game native to the locality; everyone ate largely of these, but every thought was on the Pudding (it must have a capital "P"). This was made of corn flour, mixed with wild rice bought from the Indians in the neighborhood, and plentifully dotted with prunes. These last were very popular in early Canada, being imported from France, and featuring at all great feasts. Count Frontenac's great feast in August, 1690, when he made treaty with several Indian tribes, had for its chief dish "two oxen and six large dogs minced and boiled with prunes!" the big dried plums being especially appreciated by the Indians.

And they were no less enjoyed at La Salle's last Christmas. We would have relished them much more in his rice and flour pudding than stewed with beef and minced bow-wow at Frontenac's great feast. As of the three Christmas feasts—Christmas Day, December 25, Feast of the Circumcision, January 1, and Epiphany

(Twelfth Night), January 6—the second, January 1 (now our New Year's Day), was usually kept as the greatest in France and by her old ally, Scotland, so it is surprising that we have little record of La Salle's keeping of that January 1, but the writer of those ancient recollections of the great adventurer's last Christmas, seemed only to remember the pudding with prunes at Christmas, and then at Twelfth Night there was the cake proper for that festival. Today in our rushed living we have pushed Epiphany, kept in memory of the coming of the Wise Men to worship the Holy Child, on to Christmas Day, when the shepherds knelt at Bethlehem's manger, so pudding and cake alike are prepared for December 25, but in La Salle's day the three great Christmas feasts were kept carefully separate, each with its proper dishes, as the old song says, for Twelfth Night:

"Now, now, the mirth comes,  
With a cake full of plums."

And so La Salle managed to have a giant cake, "full of plums" (prunes) and though only made with coarse corn flour, he had kept for it some "dried orange peel." We can hope that he had some merriment that Christmas, kept according to ancient rules for twelve days, for in the next March he was to start back for Canada, and be murdered by mutineers, leaving an imperishable name as the first and perhaps greatest of the pioneers of the West.

THE second chapter of Canadian history—the raising of the British flag above Quebec, and the coming of the United Empire Loyalists to found Upper Canada (Ontario), and New Brunswick, brings in the old-fashioned English Christmas, or rather it brought it in in some cases, for many of the newcomers were from New England, and they brought the practical abolition of Christmas with the glorification of a November feast, Thanksgiving, in its place. So the immigrants from Virginia kept Christmas with zeal, decking their log halls with spruce boughs to which were fastened the [Continued on page 56]







## WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM



### David Manners

**M**R. MANNERS was born Rauff Akrom in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30th, 1905. His mother is a Manners, related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Cooper, and so he adopted the name for his professional career. Educated at the University of Toronto, he was prominent in athletics, and dramatics, playing leading roles in sixteen plays while in college. He never considered the acting profession seriously and everything worked out quite by chance. Going to New York he became a member of the Theatre Guild and thus began his stage career. Then he left the stage and passed through Los Angeles on his way to the South Seas. By chance he met the gentleman who was preparing to direct the film version of "Journey's End," and Manners was persuaded to create the role of Raleigh. It is his favorite screen role. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes.



# J. H. A. D. O. W. L. A. N. D



Belle Chrystall, British star, now appearing in "Hobson's Choice."

Joan Barry is an eighteen-year-old film find, described as having the most perfect English blonde profile yet seen in front of the English kliegs.



Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien in a scene from "Consolation Marriage."



Betty Stockfield, British International Pictures' newest star, who hails from Australia, is appearing with Seymour Hicks in "Money for Nothing."



A scene from the British picture "Money for Nothing." From left to right Edmund Gwenn, Seymour Hicks, Marcelle Røgez, Henry Wenman and Charles Castella.



Genevieve Tobin takes it easy at Santa Barbara. Miss Tobin will shortly be seen in the leading role in "Oh Promise Me."



## J. H. A. D. O. W. L. A. N. D



Kay Hammond, the blonde daughter of Sir Guy Standing, has been making sensational strides as a vamp and comedienne in British films.

Two great comedians, Bert Lahr of the stage and Buster Keaton of the screen, enjoying a pleasant afternoon.



Betty Amann, the beautiful English film star, who appears in "The Love-lorn Lady," defies bad luck.

Bette Davis who has just been cast in "Frankenstein" with Colin Clive.

Preparing to film an air scene in the aviation comedy "Sky Devils."



Karen Morley who will be seen next with Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."







# Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

"The what?" they asked, in astonishment.

Wun Lu, with a sweep of his loose-sleeved arm, indicated a kind of altar or *prie-dieu* contrived from a fern-stand and draped with a linen cloth on which stood—guess what? A toy Santa Claus in scarlet coat and cap with long white whiskers and jolly apple-cheeks! Tall candles, already lighted, stood on each side shedding a semi-religious glow over genial old Saint Nick and evidently the householders were expected to kneel and perform their devotions before the image, for was he not, *pro tem*, the white man's deity?

"Wun Lu ketchee cheap—five-and-ten," their major domo pointed out with some pride and in anticipation of praise for his thrift. He never could quite understand why his employers laughed so, but no doubt he persuaded himself that it was only the barbarians' way of showing their pleasure.

When Christmas comes to Hollywood the sophisticated Boulevard is transformed into Santa Claus Lane, flanked with imported evergreens that blossom with colored lights

bells, others posing as light-houses and featuring tall towers. Facades are gemmed with brightly-colored tiles and the counters are heaped with the multi-hued fruits, flowers, and vegetables of the tropics. Other structures boast frontages done in silver, crystal, and black lava. At the Yuletide season all artifice is merely accentuated.

HOLLYWOOD began life as a ranch of apricots and it grew figs as well. It was owned by a Mr. H. H. Wilcox who gave it its English name and the name was handed on to the town, which in due course, through the impetus of the motion picture, became a thing of mushroom growth so that today when you bird's-eye-view the place from one of the hills it suggests a modern Bagdad, with its glamorous towers and colored-tile roofs half-hidden in exotic foliage, with a distant smear of blue that is the sea. By night, when dusk has crept up through the valleys and lights begin to pepper the plain and the hill-slopes, you seem to be gazing down on a huge bed of live coals, while faintly to the ear comes the soft tolling of Mission bells. As to how Hollywood spends Christmas, apart from the ornate aspect of the city at this time everything is much as usual. Many parties are given but these are principally small ones. If the most successful party is one where no games are required then the best hostessing is probably done by Lilyan Tashman and Ruth Chatterton. Conversation is the order of the evening when either of these women entertain. Both seem to have a faculty for getting the right guests together and no artificial stimulus is needed to promote mutual interest and fun. Miss Tashman's house is rather small but she makes the most of it and when she cannot seat all of the invited ones she has a pass-around meal a *la buffet* style. Others who have a reputation for entertaining charmingly and apparently effortlessly are King Vidor, the director, and his wife, Eleanor Boardman. Mr. Vidor is responsible for the success of what is perhaps the current season's best picture, "Street Scene," a piece so arrestingly real that after you've seen it once you can't get it out of your mind, yet strangely too you have no particular desire to see it a second time unless for the purpose of studying its amazing technique. It has too much of the quality of heartbreak about it. A fact that renders it the more astonishing is that "Street Scene" was a Pulitzer Prize play, for we all know what usually happens to prize plays when they go to Hollywood.

There are always those who want to do the unusual and the outré when the season of peace and goodwill descends upon the Village, and a stunt that is popular is to motor up to San Francisco to eat one's Christmas dinner in the famous Fish Grotto. You won't get any turkey or plum-pudding there—just sea-food but plenty of that. A party of us from one of the studios set forth on this enterprise under the impression that we were being original but found on arrival at the fish emporium that

Betty Compson helping Director Archambaud in his pleasant task of directing the children in a recent Radio picture.

FOR the Ontario-born Mary Pickford the Road to Yesterday is paved with nice, crisp, crunchy snow. I have never forgotten her wistful look on the occasion of my first interview with her as she told me that her childhood memories of Canada always recalled keen winter days when the sun shone dazzlingly on white and shining snow hard-packed underfoot, and it was such good fun coasting on her new red sled.

"I can still hear the jingle of sleigh-bells and the squeak-squeak of the runners and can still remember that fascinating *crunchy* feeling my feet made as I walked. I love California of course," quoth Mary, "but with all its delights it has nothing like that."

Of like mind with Mary was a little Canadian boy in Pasadena whose lamentations were loud and prolonged when he learned that he wouldn't be able to make snowballs this winter. In vain his parents tried to point out the superior advantages of swimming and picnicking and picking Christmas roses in their garden. He was inconsolable and made a little prayer for snow when he went to bed. Next day his father took him to Hollywood where the miracle occurred, around the community tree, albeit the fall came in the form of bleached cornflakes via airplane. To show to his mother in case she should be sceptical, the little fellow carried a handful home in his pocket and thinking to improve the occasion with a timely moral his mother said: "You see, dear, Heaven never fails to answer our prayers."

"Yeh," the child conceded, grudgingly, "but it's awful tough show just the same. They must've run out of the regular brand."

FOREIGNERS are not to be altogether blamed perhaps when they misconstrue certain phases of our curious civilization. Two Hollywood friends of mine secured a Chinese boy to care for their apartment and prepare the meals. He was as bright as the proverbial dollar and so pleased with his position that he was indefatigable in his duties and even in anticipating the wants of his employers. After a short while they allowed him to do all the marketing. Christmas approaching, he begged them not to burden their honorable minds with details regarding the festive event. He, Wun Lu, would attend to everything and would order all the materials for the party they planned to give. Sure enough, when they returned to their suite on Christmas Eve he bowed them in with broad and beaming smiles. All was in readiness, he assured them. Everything was bought, from the turkey, which was stuffed and in the oven, to the place-cards. The ice cream and the flowers were in the frigidaire. Oh yes, everything was plenty ready. Nothing forgotten. Even the god was here.



James Gleason of the team of Armstrong and Gleason.

and are festooned with frost-dusted spangles and other scintillant conceits. In fact the whole city becomes a vast centre of illumination and even the ancient eucalyptus which is a landmark of the place is changed into a gay old monarch decked forth in jewels around which the children assemble to await Santa's descent by parachute, reindeer being out of character in this section of the world. In one shop-window may be seen a log-cabin made entirely of taffy with candy icicles hanging from its eaves. In another is displayed an airplane with Santa wearing goggles seated in the cockpit. As for the cake-shops they outdo themselves at this time with an array of delectable pastries so utterly tempting that the beholder no matter how well-fed nor how recently he may have dined, must share the sentiments of a small urchin with nose flattened to the glass front of one such place whom I overheard say to a chum in a heartfelt way: "Gosh! If a feller only had 'bout seven stummicks!" Crude commerce at all times is masked under exteriors that would enchantingly mislead. An ivy-adorned manor-house is really a clothier's and oil-stations are mosques with shining minarets and domes. There are open markets in every fanciful design, some with Mission



Robert Armstrong, who has temporarily split with Gleason to give Armstrong time to step out and co-star with Eddie Quillan in "Eddie Cuts In."



# The Spirit of Christmas in Modern Bagdad; Old Mission Bells Peal Out the Message of Peace on Earth, Amid a Snowfall of Mica-Dust Dropping Gently on a Jewel City

many would-be diners were ahead of us and so we were obliged to wait our turn. While killing time and working up a suitable appetite we "did" Chinatown and got so much of the odor of duck—roast duck, boiled duck, duck soup and something that was probably fricasseed drake—that even the prospect of dining on a whale would have been agreeable. Anything in preference to a bird.

The Fish Grotto has a definitely nautical atmosphere. It is designed to represent a ship tied at a dock and the entrance is paved with rubber tile so resilient that you pussyfoot along in a delightfully uncertain fashion like a landlubber negotiating the aft deck of a sloop in a hurricane. There is a porthole counter where the customers mount on stools but the more leisurely inclined pass on to the saloon. The café closely follows the lines of the old caravel of the time of Columbus and is bulwarked in oak, teakwood and Peruvian mahogany, while the anchor, hawser, chains, rope-cleats, rails, lamps, stanchions and other marine devices are all genuine ship's parts. An aquarium with submerged lights displays fine piscatorial specimens swimming through illuminated water and the ice grotto which flanks this is operated by electric refrigeration. The waiters are garbed as sailors of course and the dishes are not served so much as they are staged. Your terrapin soup or clam chowder make an impressive entrance to orchestral strains of "Barnacle Bill" or "Ship Ahoy," then takes a bow and retires in favor of the crabmeat salad, the spiced oysters or the lobster a la Newburgh, served on dishes that look like mother-of-pearl but probably aren't. Ship's lanterns swing overhead and one can almost catch the aroma of tar and backwash so sedulously is the illusion of the sea carried out in every detail. A pleasant surprise awaiting the diner is to find that he hasn't got that stuffed feeling which is the inevitable result of the conventional Christmas dinner. It takes a lot of tuna meat and devilled shrimps to substitute for roast goose and all its "trimmings."

The two larger Californian cities are known simply as S.F. and L.A. and it is a fact that little Hollywood couldn't get along without them very well, since not only are they the first to pass upon the merits of her output but they make you think of a pair of elderly aunts supervising the actions

of an obstreperous niece, more especially S.F. However such is the degree of rivalry, civic and artistic, existing between the two big cities that when S.F. is particularly critical of Hollywood doings, Los Angeles, her more contiguous "aunt," hastens to take her part. It is an anomalous situation with some amusing angles. Kipling said that the only disagreeable thing about San Francisco was having to leave it. The late Frank Norris used to say that there were just three "story" cities in the States—New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco which he regarded as the greatest of them all. Seated, like Rome, on her seven hills, she has a proud place. Modern as New

York and ancient as China her streets thunder with traffic and her docks are busy with commerce from the ports of the whole world, yet with her background of Mission history and the colorful days of '49 she is filled with the romance and enchantment of a stirring past that is distinctively her own. Her place in the world of the theatre is second to none, not even New York, and incidentally she has what is called the world's largest movie house. It cost five million dollars and seats five-thousand patrons. From L.A. to S.F. is a matter of from 415 to 450 miles depending on whether you take the coast or the valley route.

**MARIE DRESSLER**, Canadian-born comedy queen, who has made the most astounding comeback in the history of the screen, lives in a rather plain, two-storey red-brick house in Beverley Hills, and she has a housekeeper who has been with her for eighteen years—which looks as though one person at any rate must have believed in her, she says. One of her closest friends is a famous woman astrologer, which impels one to comment on the wisdom of such an association, for Miss Dressler does well to study the stars in their courses inasmuch as there would seem to be a powerful and unusual combination of astral forces guiding her professional destiny. An actress neither young nor beautiful and absent from the screen for fifteen years she recently declined a salary offer of ten thousand dollars per week. It was only about three years ago that returning from Europe she told ship's reporters in New York, in a voice that broke slightly: "I'm only an old woman that nobody wants." Now she is wanted by any number of people, including six film companies, a dozen stage-managers, and nobody knows how many vaudeville booking agents who would gladly cut one another's

throats for the privilege of signing her up on a long-term contract. Marie Dressler dominates every picture in which she appears, whether as a grand dame, a comic slattern whose specialty is riotous hiccoughs, or a figure of unrelieved tragedy, and it speaks well for her personal popularity that in spite of this thunder-stealing her co-workers without exception love and admire her.

Her real name is Leila Koerber and she was born at Cobourg, Ontario, on November 9th, it doesn't really matter how many years ago. She told me that it was in the town of Lindsay at the age of fourteen that she performed her maiden role—and was laughed at. The public's reception of her initial attempt, which was supposed to be a serious part, made her resolve to be a success on the stage if only to spite 'em. The public is still laughing at her, but she says she doesn't mind it now. Referring to her matter-of-fact list of biographical incidents one finds that her first actual public appearance was made at the age of five years when

This common-looking picture is actually the big climactic scene in what is probably the current season's most notable film, "Street Scene."

she posed as Cupid on a pedestal, at a church bazaar! She says that her childhood ambition, however, was to be a woman chariot-driver in a circus. While still in her tenderest teens she joined a roving light-opera troupe at a weekly salary of eight dollars, and that eight looked bigger to her then than the eight hundred did which years later she drew in the same theatre in Philadelphia. Miss Dressler's stage career is too well known to require comment. Her association with various leading opera companies and with such headliners as Lillian Russell, Eddie Foy, Adele Farrington, Weber and Fields, and Leo Ditrichstein, was fortunate and inevitable. It was Maurice Barrymore, father of the three famous Barrymores, who was responsible for changing Miss Dressler into a comic and after that everything was hers. She made many influential friends, among whom were Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the social leader, and most of the principal song artists including Calvé, Hempel, Schumann-Heink, Tetrazzini, Mary Garden, Scotti, Edmund Burke, and the late Enrico Caruso. She has frequently been entertained at the White House in Washington. She had made such a tremendous hit in a play called "Tillie's Nightmare," introducing the song that went round the world: "Heaven Will Protect The Working Girl," that in 1914 Mack Sennett signed her to play opposite Charlie Chaplin in a film riot known as: "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which did its bit in helping a war-torn world to maintain its morale during the first [Continued on page 42]



Miss Dressler has plucked more than one turkey in her time. Even now Marie rolls up her sleeves and cooks a meal herself whenever she feels like it.



Lilian Tashman in one of her superb creations.



# Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

the most of a small character part, "Sergeant Coggins," a retired "non-com" and caretaker of "the little flat in the Temple." Robert Williams is good as the artist with Casanova tendencies. Other roles are played by Olive Tell, Louise Glosser Hale, Alison Skipworth and O. P. Heggie. As you see, this is an exceptionally good cast, and the settings (the scenes are laid in England) are attractive and appropriate.

Left—Linda Watkins and James Dunn in "Sob Sister."

## "24 Hours"

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S novel, "24 Hours," (I believe it was called "Shattered Glass" when it first appeared as a serial) was the least convincing novel of his that I have read. Unlike his earlier novels, "24 Hours" was lurid and patently artificial, its characters rich in possibilities but lacking in development. Much of this effect was due to the close-packed plot set in a time period of twenty-four hours.

## "Sob Sister"

IN "The Front Page" and "Five Star Final" we saw something of the ways of newspaper men. Now it is the turn of the woman reporter, and in "Sob Sister" we have, as heroine, a reporter who is charming, but somewhat unscrupulous about the way in which she gets her "scoops." She falls in love with a reporter on a rival paper and they are about to be married when the document upon which he is going to base an important article for his paper disappears. He believes that the girl has only pretended to be in love with him and that her real purpose was to steal the document. After many melodramatic incidents the "sobbie" is proved innocent of the theft and the lovers are happily reunited.

Despite the wildly impossible and melodramatic turn to the end of the picture, it is entertaining. James Dunn, who gave such an able and sympathetic characterization of the role of the boy in "Bad Girl," plays the male lead in this picture. He has a pleasing personality and handles both his comedy scenes and the more serious moments very well.

Linda Watkins, a newcomer to the screen, is the sob sister. She reads her lines unusually well and is very pretty to look at. Minna Gombell scores again in a role very similar to the one she had in "Bad Girl."

## "Murder at Midnight"

GENTLE soul that I am, I do enjoy a good murder now and again—in book or play form only, you understand! I thrill with pleasurable horror over Van Dine's or Agatha Christie's or Edgar Wallace's cunningly contrived killings, and the more the author kills the better pleased am I. That is one reason why I enjoyed "Murder at Midnight." It is an unpretentious picture, but a generous one, for it gives us no less than five murders. In fact, there were moments during the story when I thought that either the film would have to end or there would have to be a new cast—the murdering was so fast, furious, and widespread. [Continued on page 42]

## "Devotion"

"DEVOTION" can be recommended for two reasons. First, it is well played by an excellent cast. Second, it has a pleasantly clear story.

This story, adapted from Pamela Wynne's sugary and popular novel, "A Little Flat in the Temple," is a variation of the Cinderella theme. Shirley, the heroine, has long been a drudge, put upon and ordered about by her whole family. She falls in love at first sight with a young lawyer, and, in order to be near him, disguises herself as a middle-aged woman and obtains the position of governess to his son. Comedy is derived from Shirley's difficulties in keeping up her disguise. But finally the hero discovers the truth and after a little more comedy and a bit of drama, the picture ends happily.

This slight and implausible plot is rather cloyingly full of "sweetness and light," but it is made bearable—even enjoyable, because it is so well played. The lovely Ann Harding, as Shirley, has practically a dual role, and she plays it extremely well. Leslie Howard, whose talent for urbane comedy has until now been wasted on such poor scenarios as "Five and Ten," has in "Devotion" the best light role that the screen has offered him. He plays it charmingly and movie-goers who have never seen him on the stage will be able to realize from this role why his performance in "Berkeley Square" was so popular and so highly praised. Dudley Digges, who has done such splendid work with the New York Theatre Guild, makes

Clive Brook and Miriam Hopkins in "24 Hours."

Several sets of characters were shown as their lives touched those of others in a series of intense crises.

The picture which has been made from the novel selects only one group of the many involved in the book, and briefly the story runs as follows: Towner, a wealthy New York society man is driven by his wife's indifference and infidelity to seek solace in drink and the favors of a girl who sings "torch songs" in a cabaret. One night he becomes dead drunk, and the girl takes him to her apartment and puts him to sleep on a couch. Her husband, a crook who had just got out of prison, comes to see her with the intention of blackmailing her and Towner. While Towner, unconscious, is locked in another room, the husband and wife quarrel, and finally the crook, in a fury, chokes his wife to death, and rushes away. Towner is suspected of the crime, but is eventually cleared of all suspicion, and the picture ends quite happily with Towner and his wife discovering that they love each other after all. Even this section of Mr. Bromfield's novel has been changed for the moving picture.

These famous football stars — Jim Crowley, Don Miller, Elmer Layden and Harry Stuhldreher — appear in "The Spirit of Notre Dame."

Right—Aileen Pringle and Clara Blandich in "Murder at Midnight."

Thomas Meighan, Hardie Albright and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Skyline."



# Shadowland Oddments

## Here and There

**J**OAN BLONDELL, featured player with First National, has crossed the continent fifty-six times and has visited Europe, Asia, and the Antipodes, as part of her father's show troupe. After a year in Hollywood she was seized with an attack of what used to be known as *ennui* and was advised by someone wishing to be helpful but unaware of her globe-trotting record to "try a little travel and see the world."

Marie Dressler owns a prize chow named Razzle. By no means the good mixer his mistress is, he remains aloof and unfriendly, regarding the world in general with an air of mingled suspicion and boredom. Maurice Chevalier owns a Sealeyham answering to the name of Zippy.

Seen in the window of a sea-food restaurant not long ago: "Special Today, Chevalier Shrimp Salad. *It Is Like That, Smile.*"

Seen on the marquee of a movie house: "Maciste In Hades. Based on Dante's Inferno. *Balcony Smoking.*"

Lawrence Tibbett, when singing, dines five hours prior to the performance, and lightly, a sample snack consisting of puree of spinach, two lamb chops, head lettuce (undressed), a slice of whole wheat bread and a glass of milk.

William H. Hazel, veteran cabinet-maker at the Paramount studios, was a private in the Confederate Army when Lee surrendered to Grant, at the close of the Civil War. Recalls Lincoln very clearly.

Marion Davies earned more money for her company last year than any other woman on its payroll.

Popular with the screen players is a brand of candy advertised as "the candy with a college education," the explanation being that the recipe originated by accident at a fraternity feast at Leland Stanford University. The chain of shops selling this specialty call themselves "confectaurants."

Six hundred college students recently interviewed by picture executives for jobs were reported to be lacking in personality, aggressiveness, and the ability to think!

Ruth Chatterton remembers when she and her mother had to live on \$10 a week.

The Chatterton family fortunes had vanished and the future star, then fifteen years old, was trying to get a job on Broadway, while she lived with her mother in a furnished room.

"During the weeks I searched New York for a job, we evolved a midget budget system. I was given twenty cents a day for carfare and lunch. The midday meal consisted unvaryingly of a chocolate soda. In the evening, I drew another twenty cents from the family exchequer and bought food at a delicatessen. An order of warm meat cost ten cents, potatoes were five cents and a dish of vegetables completed the meal. On week-ends we invested an additional five cents in dessert."

Miss Chatterton kept making the rounds of theatrical agencies until she landed a job in a play opening in Chicago. Her most vivid recollection of that three-month engagement in the midwest metropolis in "The Great Thing," is that the greatest thing she did was to eat plenty and often.

William Powell is a rubber band saver.

Greta Garbo never sees interviewers. Neither does Lil Dagover.

George Arliss once lost a peg front tooth in the middle of a performance. He has never broken a monocle.

Marilyn Miller loves to dance but hates to walk. She'll send for her car to go a block.

Edward G. Robinson is proudest of having been in the navy during the World War. He has never played in Peoria.

Barbara Stanwyck has outgrown an early ambition to be a missionary to China. She

Right—Greta Nissen, wearing a dashing sports outfit. She tries to make sport of Will Rogers in his forthcoming picture "Ambassador Bill," but Will turns the tables on her.



Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame is producing another sensational air picture, "Sky Devils." Here he is on location superintending the shooting of air scenes.

Will Rogers collects lariats; has many that are to him, at least, historical.

Warner Baxter since he was a boy has saved the theatre program of every show he attended; keeps those in which his name appears in a separate case.

The late F. W. Murnau interested Charles Farrell in good books and now he has a collection of first editions to which he is continually adding.

J. M. Kerrigan collects oriental art.

Ralph Bellamy owns a collection of fourteen old music boxes he has picked up in various cities of the United States.

Sally O'Neil collects dolls and ghost stories.

George O'Brien saves all his fan mail and estimates that he has at least four cords of it.

Alexander Kirkland owns a valuable collection of seascapes. Started the fad of collecting them when his grandfather, Rear Admiral Kirkland of the U.S. Navy, gave him one of his seascapes for which he was famous.

Greta Nissen collects amber beads, and has at least three dozen strings.

Old jewelry and trinkets intrigue Sally Eilers. She has nearly a trunkful.

Victor McLaglen's hobby is collecting old boxing gloves; owns the pair he wore in his fight with Jack Johnson.

To get tanned and stay tanned is one of Miraim Hopkins' greatest ambitions, due [Continued on page 42]



Lawrence Tibbett sometimes sings to the strangest audiences. Once a year he visits his brother, Jess Tibbett. Jess runs a borax mine in the heart of the Mojave desert, and on his visits "Larry" always sings to the miners and grizzled desert rats who live in the desolate region.



John Barrymore likes to be photographed from the left side and with a pipe. His clothes come from London and he declares the English tailors are the best in the world. His favourite indulgences are fishing and trap-shooting.

Eddie Cantor and Barbara Weeks in a scene from "Palmy Days." An anonymous admirer has sent Eddie a tremendous green and orange parrot. It can't talk. Eddie doesn't think it would say much if it could.



hopes to have two children and they are already named.

Kay Francis once ran a hundred yards in twelve seconds. Known as the best dressed woman in pictures, she dreads "fittings" more than any other part of her work.

Singing is about the only kind of art expression which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will not attempt. He once set up pins in a bowling alley for pay.

Charles Butterworth says that the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party is when the guests of honor show signs of going to sleep.

Constance Bennett buys every new Victrola record as it is issued.

Janet Gaynor owns one of the finest collections of Lalique in the United States. Began collecting it after a friend had brought her a beautiful vase from Paris.



Charles Farrell states that screen acting is the world's greatest profession if you succeed—and the worst if you don't. This well-known star has experienced both, and should know of what he speaks. His advice to ambitious but unknown youngsters who start out to win screen fame is: "Don't!"



## CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE—AND OTHERWISE—Continued from page 40

"Murder at Midnight" is neatly acted and well directed. There is plenty of suspense and entertainment in it, if you enjoy a murder-mystery yarn.

#### "Palmy Days"

IF YOU can survive the stridency of this picture you may find a few amusing moments watching the exuberant antics of Eddie Cantor. Except for his work, it is as dull as all the other filmed revues and musical comedies.

#### "Skyline"

THIS picture features Thomas Meighan and a good supporting cast, yet it fails, through deficiencies of the plot to hold one's interest very strongly. Mr. Meighan is excellent, as usual, and much of the camera work, showing the high buildings of Manhattan, is very fine.

#### "The Spirit of Notre Dame"

FOOTBALL fans will find a lot to interest them in this picture. The college background is colorful and the introduction has some actual pictures of the late Knute Rockne. Here and there the film lacks realism, particularly in the plays and in the appearance of the teams who sometimes look too spick and span to be real football players—which they really are. A timely picture if you are a fan.

#### "The Road to Singapore"

THE pictures this month are unusually dull. I had hoped that William Powell's new picture would be outstanding, but it is not. It shows Powell as the same old nonchalant charmer of women. The setting is in the orient which, according to modern melodrama and the movies, is over-populated with naughty Don Juans and neglected wives who are yearning to be seduced. In order to make the leading role more sympathetic for



A scene from the rural drama "Way Back Home," starring Phillips Lord, known to radio listeners as "Seth Parker"

Mr. Powell, the Don Juan finally realizes that Real Love (with capitals) has come to him, and he becomes thoroughly Regenerated (capitals, again) at the finale. Mr. Powell plays his part capably. It is the plot that is at fault.

#### "Sky Spider"

THIS story of the air-mail service has a good plot, and is well directed and competently acted. An unpretentious

picture, but one that will interest the whole family.

#### "East of Borneo"

WHEREAS "The Road to Singapore" had a plot that was a trifle hackneyed but not at all improbable, this second little screen opus to be set in the glamorous orient is so improbable and silly that it is quite entertaining. The plot is a very apparent echo of George Arliss' vehicle, "The Green Goddess," but it goes that play one better for improbability. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart are the hero and heroine—and what perils they do have!

#### "Penrod and Sam"

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN" and "Tom Sawyer" were such delightful pictures, that I went with high expectations to see the film version of Booth Tarkington's more modern story of the genus "boy." I was very disappointed. The children in this picture are so mature, so artificial, that they seem to be not children but wise and elderly dwarfs. The ingenious youth that was in the original story is entirely lacking in both the changed dialogue and in the acting. There are several appealing moments in the picture, but as a whole the charm of Mr. Tarkington's famous narrative has been lost.

#### "Riders of the Purple Sage"

ZANE GREY'S story is filmed once again, and as far as the photography goes, the scenes of Arizona are excellent. The story was not new, even when Mr. Grey wrote it, but it is harmless. Mr. O'Brien is good as the quick-shooting hero, and Marguerite Churchill makes an attractive damsel in distress. Noah Beery is the horrid, horrid villain.

## LITTLE RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD—Continued from page 39

difficult months of the great cataclysm that Germany forced on civilization. People would see their friends off for the Front and then slip into a movie house showing Tillie in order to try and forget for a while. It was an epic of a simple rural maiden in a gingham gown enticed to the wicked city by the wiles of a slick little dude who was after her money, and there was one scene where Tillie fell off the end of a dock, making no end of a splash. This was generally regarded as the big moment, or climax, of the entertainment, and nobody appeared to care what happened to the rest of the characters.

Later, Miss Dressler made one hundred and forty-nine speeches in aid of Liberty Loan drives, all in less than a month, constituting a record. She also later published her autobiography: "The Life Story of An Ugly Duckling," which was widely serialized.

"I proclaim Marie Dressler one of the greatest actresses of our time, and in fact of the century," stated a well-known motion picture executive at a recent public dinner at Hollywood.

"Well," conceded Marie, when the handclapping had subsided, "it's a lot of hard work just the same!"

I think it was Bill Haines who first told me about Miss Dressler's generosity and of how she was always helping folks on the q.t. "That woman has a heart as big as all outdoors," he said, "but I daren't go into particulars or she'd never forgive me. At that, I don't even know a sixteenth part of what she does for people but you can take it from me that she's the perennial understudy for Mrs. Santa Claus."

I lately heard a little story illustrating in a touching way her spontaneous generosity. Several years ago in a

little café in Venice one evening a blind soldier wearing the Italian uniform approached the diners, singing in hope of a few coins. His voice, my informant said, was nothing to write home about but it appeared to be his sole asset for making a living. Suddenly a big woman seated near where he stood sprang to her feet. She seized his shabby cap and began to pass it round, singing herself as she did. In five minutes it filled right up and she poured the largesse into the blind man's pockets. The emotional Italians cheered and called for more songs from the big woman. She obliged briefly and then resumed her meal. It was Marie Dressler, but only a few present ever knew that. The blind man had garnered as much that night as he had ever made in a month previously. He kissed his unseen benefactor's hand. "Go 'long with you!" said Marie, touched nevertheless.

## SHADOWLAND ODDMENTS—Continued from page 41

to the fact that her family would not allow her to expose her skin to the sun's rays when she was a little girl.

"When I was a little girl in Savannah, Georgia, my family made me wear big hats and stay out of the sun," Miriam related. "A milk-white complexion was proper. The very idea of a girl getting tanned provoked shudders. Ever since then I have had a terrific ambition to toast

myself a golden brown." As a result Miss Hopkins lives near the Pacific ocean and spends all her time away from the studio on the beach. The former stage star is an expert swimmer and averages two hours a day in the water.

#### DID YOU KNOW

That Lois Moran commutes between here and Europe on every opportunity? Trained to be a ballet dancer

in the famous Paris Opera, Lois has never gotten over her love for Europe and is planning another vacation trip as soon as she can find time between pictures.

That Dorothy Sebastian, before becoming a motion picture actress was a lampshade painter and that she still follows that profession in her spare time, but now for amusement?



You would never guess this fine old Southern-Colonial mansion, with its air of peace and leisure, to be the stirring hive of industry it is inside. This is one of the largest film studios—the R.K.O. Pathe.



# Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

## REFERENCE GEOGRAPHY

S.C., British Columbia: The reference geography that will probably best meet your needs is "The World," by three English scholars, C. E. Clowser, B.A., C. Midgley, M.Sc., and R. F. Bradshaw, B.A., It is not an expensive book; neither is it too large. In addition to general considerations of individual countries, it has an economic introduction in which are discussed earth history, mathematical geography, distribution of climatic types, distribution of natural vegetation, food crops, other raw material and forest products, animals and fisheries, minerals, power, transport and ports, occupations and population. There are numerous illustrations, maps and diagrams.

An idea of the style of the authors may be gathered from the introduction in which they explain that the word "geography" is derived from two Greek words, *ge*, the earth; and *graphe*, a description; but geography is the science which not only describes the surface of the earth and everything upon it, but also investigates and correlates the phenomena occurring on the surface in their bearing on the environment, activities and distribution of man. The elements with which the subject is concerned are therefore:

- The surface of the land.
- The rocks beneath the surface.
- The waters of the rivers and oceans.
- The atmosphere above the surface.
- The vegetation, animals and men upon the surface.

A. Wheaton & Co., Ltd., Exeter, England, are the publishers.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING

E.L., Ontario: Judging from the information that you supply in your letter, it would seem that "Essentials of Public Speaking," by Professor Frederick W. Orr, University of Washington, Seattle, published by the Macmillan Publishing Company, Ltd., Toronto, would give your study group the specimen addresses, outlines and speech plans that are needed for your winter's programme.

The idea of eight or ten young men meeting regularly in the way that you outline, for the purpose of developing the art of public speaking, is an excellent method of using some of the winter evenings, and we shall be glad to have a progress report from time to time.

Professor Orr's book is one of the most recent published and while it is adequate, it is not too difficult for beginners; at the same time, it contains material of considerable value for those who have already had some experience in public speaking.

"Essentials of Public Speaking" contains several full length specimen speeches, numbers of illustrative paragraphs, numerous questions and exercises, and some very interesting criticism blanks to be used at meetings for the purpose of estimating the effectiveness and quality of speeches as heard by the listener. Some of the questions asked by these criticism blanks are as follows:

Did the speaker's manner suggest conviction?

Did his words suggest conviction?

Did the speaker have a specific audience in mind?

Did the speaker have a definite purpose in mind?

Did the speaker tire the audience by repeating many things that they knew already?

Did the speaker recognize his time limitation and limit his speech so as to conform to that time limit?

Was the central thought of the speech plainly evident to the listener?

Did the conclusion follow logically from the discussion?

Did the speaker use a variety of methods?

Did he adapt his thinking and speaking to the size of the room and the audience?

## BOOKS AS ASSETS

V. B., Manitoba: The list of books about which you inquire has been sent under personal cover. You refer to the expense, but if these books are wisely used, the money spent on them may be regarded as an investment rather than as an expense.

In Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education, Mr. A. S. Noel, F.R.Econ. S., says:

"Moreover, books are not mere passing expenses. They are assets; they live on when the ink and paper that first gave them being have long been destroyed. The value of a book may be partially judged by its lasting qualities. The choice of books is directed by the permanent rather than the transitory nature of the contents. Those books that are not meant to serve the passing moment but to add permanently to knowledge are the more profitable assets. Their careful preservation provides not only for the possessor but for those who from time to time may have recourse to them."

You can secure from Society of Secretaries, 255 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg, any of the books recommended herein, or in previous or subsequent articles. You can write direct to the publishers, but as some of these books are published across the line, time and difficulty with customs may be saved by securing them through Winnipeg.

## LETTERS FOR MERCHANTS

A. M., Saskatchewan: This correspondent submits a problem of letters which faces, from time to time, many of the retail merchants in rural as well as in city communities. A merchant can wait for such business as comes to him; he can advertise; and he can send out letters asking for business. It is difficult, however, for many rural merchants to write the proper kind of business building letters, and those who wish to write such letters feel the need of a handbook or guide which will show the actual examples and tell how results may be secured.

The Robert Collier Letter Book, published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, is one of the most recent books on business promotion letters. The author was the head of correspondence departments of firms that have sold more than twenty-five million dollars' worth of merchandise by mail. This book should, to a large extent, meet the requirements of our correspondent and of those who may be similarly placed.

Some of the chapter headings are: Motives that make people buy; The ideal sales letter; The six essentials; Getting new interest into your letters; Word pictures that make people want your product.



## New Ideas for Christmas Gifts

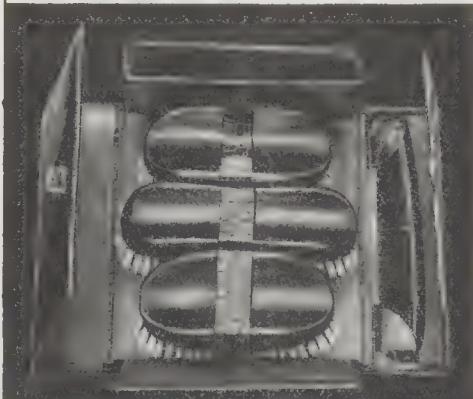
KEYSTONE toiletware, in beautiful sets or individual pieces, is one of the richest and most practical gifts you can choose for anyone. At the lower left is the Cleopatra design. Lower right shows a mirror in Ophelia pattern. Two of many beautiful Keystone designs. Made in five subtle shades of natural pearl, rose, green, blue or maize, French plate glass in mirrors. Long, first quality bristles in brushes.

## SUGGESTIONS

For her—a complete set, or two or three individual pieces of genuine Keystone toiletware. Sets are richly boxed in silk-lined modernistic containers.

For him—a travelling set of Keystone Military brushes, cloth brush and comb, in smart case. A real man's gift. In ebony, or tortoise shell.

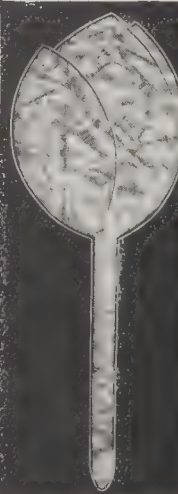
See the complete line of exquisite Keystone toiletware creations at your jewellery, drug, department or leather goods store, in sets or single pieces



Cleopatra Design



STEVENSON-HEPNER CO. LIMITED  
PORT ELGIN . . . ONTARIO



Ophelia Design



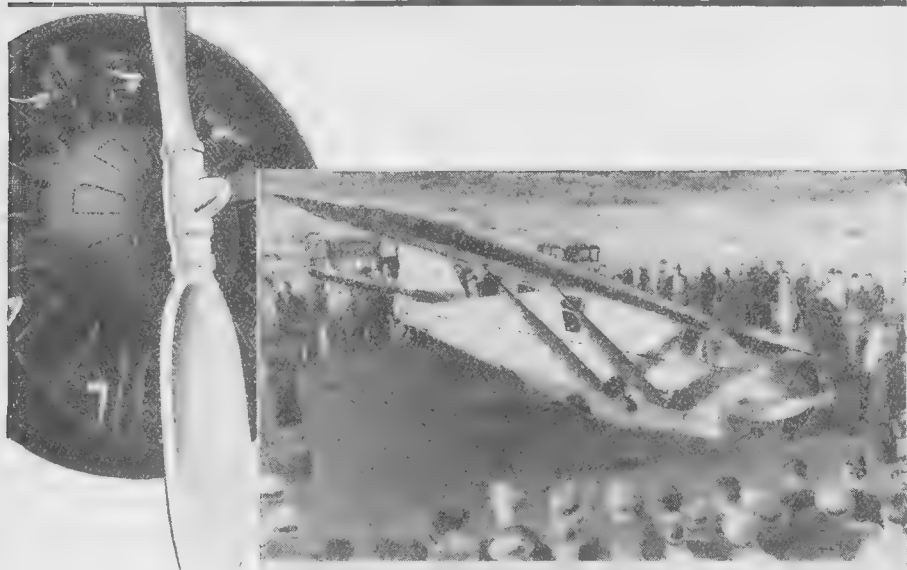
# Herndon and Pangborn

## using

# CHAMPION

## SPARK PLUGS

# conquered the Pacific



Champion-equipped Pratt and Whitney Wasp engine which powered the monoplane "Miss Veedol" on the first non-stop, trans-Pacific crossing by plane, in its flight around the world.

The intrepid character of Herndon and Pangborn is evidenced by the fact that they deliberately released their landing gear to lighten the load, soon after taking off, and landed the ship at Wenatchee, Washington, on its fuselage. Photo shows ship immediately after landing.

**F**ULL credit for the first non-stop, trans-Pacific crossing by plane belongs to the intrepid fliers Hugh Herndon, Jr. and Clyde Pangborn. Their epoch making flight added a new page to aviation history comparable only to Colonel Lindbergh's immortal flight.

They successively crossed the Atlantic, set a new record between London and Tokio, and spanned the Pacific. They encountered every extreme of heat and cold, fog, rain, sleet, and snow. The faultless performance of the Bellanca plane, Wasp engine and Champion Spark Plugs fully justified the confidence they placed in them.

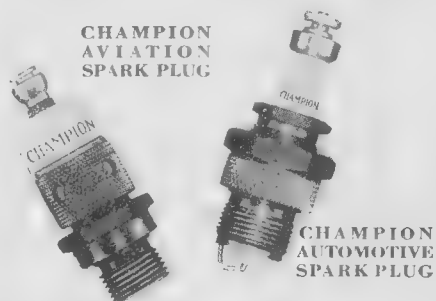
The absolute dependability of Champion Spark Plugs is traditional. It is under the severe stress of record making events like the Herndon-Pangborn flight that Champions dramatically demonstrate, under all extremes of both weather and service; that they are indeed Champions both in name and in fact.

The Champion Spark Plugs for your engine are identical in ma-

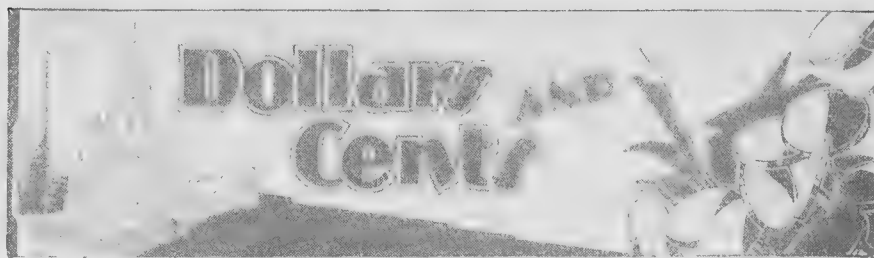
terials, fundamental design, and manufacture, to those used by the world's foremost drivers and pilots of racing cars, motor boats and airplanes. Because they make every engine a better performing engine, they continue year after year to excel and out-sell throughout the world . . . Champion Spark Plug Co., of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.



Hugh Herndon, Jr., left, and Clyde Pangborn, right, upon landing wired "Champion Aero A Spark Plugs used on our Miss Veedol flying across both Atlantic and Pacific oceans functioned perfectly in every kind of weather."



A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT



**S**INCE our last issue the British elections have been decided and the Nationalist party, under the leadership of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, has been swept into office with an overwhelming majority. The Cabinet has been announced with the Conservatives, as was to be expected, holding the majority of the appointments. The general expectation is that a moderate protectionist policy will be pursued and that trade and industry will be greatly benefited. Already there are many signs of a decided revival in business conditions and a healthy spirit of optimism has been engendered. This is of the utmost importance to Canada because of the large trade which she enjoys in the Old Country, particularly in the matter of agricultural products.

Of outstanding importance during the past month has been the steady increase in the price of grain. In one month values have jumped on an average seventeen cents, and in one week alone the increase was over five cents. On only one occasion was there any reduction, and that proved to be of a temporary nature. Dollar wheat is being freely talked of, and leading experts are now venturing the opinion that this very desirable state of affairs is by no means impossible of attainment. At the time of writing the prevailing prices are from one to three cents higher than they were one year ago. As one paper, in a United News despatch, states:

"In Canada the statisticians figure that \$60,000,000 has been added to the value of wheat there. They concluded that the Western Canadian farmer would profit by about \$23,000,000 on the 100,000,000 bushels still on his farms. A profit of \$36,800,000 was added to the 153,000,000 bushels in store in elevators, while the government wheat pool benefited by millions on the large amount of carry-over wheat it still holds."

Referring to agricultural conditions in general the Bank of Montreal, in its recent monthly letter, says that:

"Reckoning the carry-over on August 1st and the smaller yield of this season's crop, the Canadian wheat surplus for export will be about 88,000,000 bushels less than in 1930. The harvest now completed has been, upon the whole, a bounteous one in the central and eastern provinces. Following the revival of the overseas cattle trade, there have been heavy exports of butter and cheese to Great Britain, exports from the port of Montreal this season to October 17th being 733,446 boxes, an increase of 93,334 boxes, and of butter 146,807 boxes against 163 boxes last year."

On the whole there appears to be a well-founded belief that the worst is over and that next spring will see a decided improvement in all directions. The New York Stock Market, during the last month, has shown decided strength, perhaps largely influenced by the increase in wheat already referred to. The bond market has been exceedingly strong, and there have been many demands for gilt-edged securities and bank investments. Of note has been the increasing demand for silver, as a consequence of which the price has advanced materially. In view of the fact that silver is the currency basis for half the world this is of great importance.

It has a particular interest for Canadians, especially as our trade commissioners are working strenuously to develop our export trade with the East and with China in particular, where silver is the medium of exchange. Altogether it looks as if the heavy clouds of depression are showing signs of breaking, and perhaps it will not be long before the sun of prosperity once again sheds its rays on the world of finance and commerce.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Edmonton, Alta.

(Q) Would you kindly give me any information you can concerning Gold Seal Mines Ltd. stock. I bought 400 shares in this company in October, 1929, but have heard nothing of the Company's operations since.—Subscriber.

(A) Our information is that Gold Seal Mines Ltd. is at present inactive. The Company was formed to purchase some claims in north-eastern Manitoba from W. H. Walker of 1938 Hamilton St., Regina, and he could probably give you information on the present standing of the Company. Some surface work has been done on the claims, but apparently the work was inconclusive or the Company was unable to finance more elaborate operations.

\* \* \*

Fielding, Sask.

(Q) Would you kindly give me any information you can concerning The Nakamun Asphalt & Oil Co. Ltd. What value are the shares?—J. A. S.

(A) The Nakamun Company has been out of business for many years, and the shares now have no value.

\* \* \*

Prince Albert, Sask.

(Q) Will you kindly tell me through your valuable paper if the Champion Simmons Investment Corp'n. Ltd. of Regina, Sask., would be a sound investment for my money?—E. R.

(A) We understand that the Champion Simmons Investment Corp'n. Ltd. is a new promotion which has no record of successful operation. Until it has such a record its securities cannot be classed as a sound investment. The little information which we have as to this Company does not lead us to consider its securities attractive at present. If you cannot afford to speculate, better purchase Dominion or Provincial Government Bonds.

\* \* \*

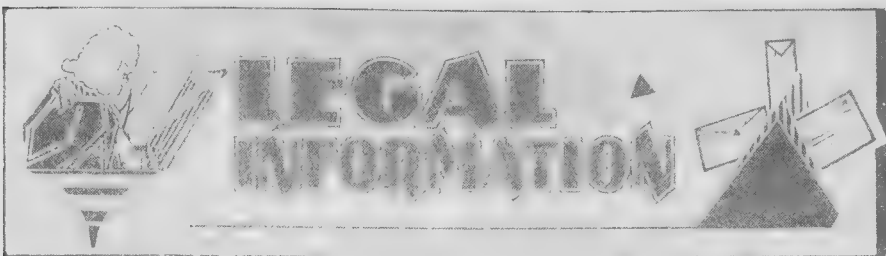
Garden River, Ont.

(Q) Will you kindly assist me through your Dollars and Cents column by finding out for me if the Canadian Radiak Syndicate is in the market, and is it any good. I have shares in it, they are \$100.00 per share. Did they take over Raysol Mineral Water of Ontario? The Radiak is a mineral water.—Anxious One.

(A) We have no information as to the Canadian Radiak Syndicate. We understood that the Raysol Mineral Waters was to be taken over by Ontario Mineral Waters Ltd., and that the Montreal Better Business Bureau and some of the financial papers were not very much impressed with the proposal to market the

[Continued on page 57]





**D**URING the past few months the marshes and the stubble have been resounding with the guns of hunters ready to bring down the elusive duck and the honking goose. During this season many accidents occur, sometimes causing injuries to be inflicted and even life to be lost. In all circumstances the law imposes upon men the duty of using care towards their fellow-men, and in particular imposes a very heavy duty of using care upon those who use dangerous weapons in and near populous centres.

A case decided in Western Canada fully illustrates this general statement of law. Two men were engaged in shooting through fields at the same time, but were some distance from each other. One of them, to whom for convenience we will refer as "A," had a valuable field dog, which was shot by the other party, whom we shall call "B."

The facts showed that "A" had just shot a pheasant, which fell in a ditch in the field. The dog ran in the direction of where the bird fell. "A" at that time was accompanied by another party who went for the bird and as he did the dog passed on up the ditch, appearing to be following the scent of a bird. "A" followed his dog and in a little time a shot was fired which later was shown to have been fired by "B," and which shot seriously wounded the dog. As "A" hurried on in the direction in which his dog had gone, he came across "B" who asked him whether the dog which he had shot belonged to him. "A" stated that it was his dog. "B" then said that a bird flew out of the ditch and just as he fired at it, a dog jumped out of the ditch and he shot, not the bird, but the dog. The evidence showed that the grass in the ditch was about five or six feet high and that "B" had heard and seen a pheasant there and that when he had shot at the pheasant, it was about seven feet up in the air. The Court threw some doubt upon this story, stating that it would be more than strange that in these circumstances "B" would shoot a dog following along a ditch, and came to the conclusion that "B" must have fired into the grass or the ditch.

In one part of his evidence "B" stated that he did not see the dog "until he had almost shot," which the Court interpreted as meaning that he had seen the dog before he had fired. In another part of his evidence he stated that he had not had time to deflect his shot, which the Court also interpreted as meaning that he had seen the dog, though of course momentarily. One of the judges stated that he believed that "B" had seen the dog and had hoped to shoot the bird notwithstanding the proximity of the dog. Further in his evidence "B" stated that he had not seen the dog at all, all of which contradictions led the Court to believe that he had been unduly negligent.

The Court also stated that firing into the grass was in itself a negligent act under the circumstances, as the spread of a shot would render it dangerous, not only to dogs and domestic animals, but even to children who might be playing about. It further added that great caution was required of persons having dangerous weapons such as a loaded gun and

that when engaged in hunting in a settled area the degree of care was proportionately high. Others were hunting there at the time and "B" must be affected with notice that there would be hunting dogs about. It could not be said that sportsmen ordinarily shoot hunting dogs in pheasant shooting, and "B" was consequently held liable for the damages sustained by the dog.

#### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) I have been told that if a friend invites me to take a ride in his automobile and has an accident in which I am hurt that I can claim damages against him. Is this correct?—A. E. P.

(A) Your information is partly correct. The liability of the driver in the car in which you are riding will depend on whether your driver was himself guilty of negligence. If the accident resulted wholly from the negligence of some other person, then you will have no right of action against the driver of your car. Your only right would be to claim from the other party who caused the accident. If, however, your friend was himself negligent and in this way contributed to the accident, you can claim compensation from him and any other party who through negligence contributed to the accident.

\* \* \*

Edmonton, Alta.

(Q) Is a person purchasing a house under the monthly payment plan, and who has paid right up to date all payments, entitled to take out fire insurance on his property in any company he chooses? The house is handled through an agent who up until now has had the policy made out in a certain company and forwarded to me for payment.

On enquiring, I find that another company offers cheaper insurance for same amount. Can I take out this policy instead of the one forwarded by agent?

A person who has been paying his house under above plan, and who now finds he cannot pay regular payments, can he hold on to his house by paying the interest on the principal until he is able to resume payments?—"Subscriber."

(A) We do not know of any law in force in Alberta which would require you to furnish to your unpaid vendor or mortgagee an insurance policy in the company which he dictates. On the other hand, there may be a special clause in your mortgage or agreement which requires you to place your insurance with a specified company. Apart from this, we think that you can ask your creditor to accept a policy in any reasonably sound company carrying on business in Alberta. Enquire from the mortgagee or unpaid vendor as to whether there is any special clause covering what insurance company the policy shall be placed in, and if there is no such special contract you can place the insurance practically wherever you desire.

The Debt Adjustment Act applies only to farmers in your province, and we do not know of any other statute which would compel any creditor to accept payment at a rate smaller than that required in your contract.



## SORE THROAT

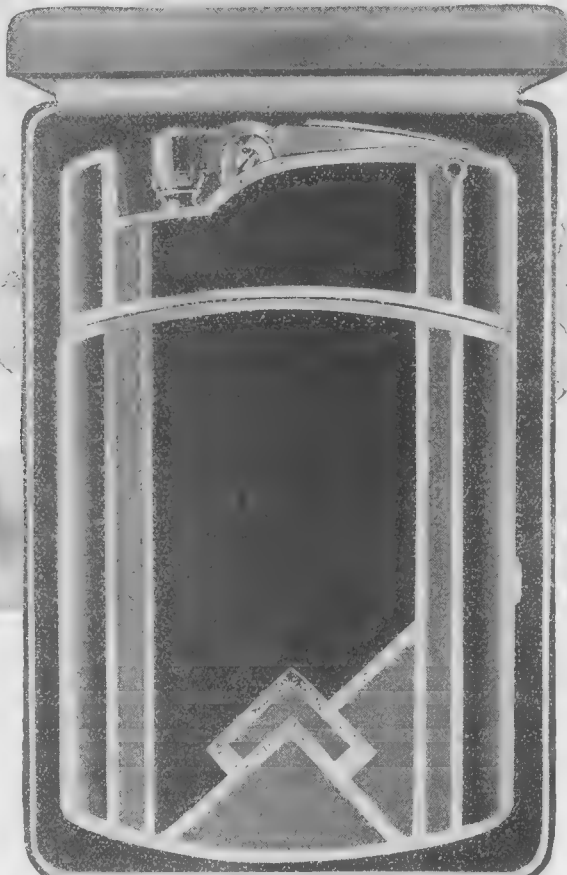
**A**NY little soreness in the throat grows rapidly worse if neglected. Crush three tablets of Aspirin in some water, and gargle at once. This gives you instant relief, and reduces danger from infection. One good gargle and you can feel safe. If all soreness is not gone promptly, repeat. There's usually a cold with the sore throat, so take two tablets to throw off your cold, headache, stiffness or other cold symptoms. Aspirin relieves neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, toothache, earache and other needless pain. Use it freely; Aspirin does not hurt the heart or upset the stomach. Physicians recommend it. Sold at drug-stores everywhere. It is important that you get Aspirin and not a substitute, so look for the name Aspirin on the package when you buy. Other things which you may be asked to try, do not act like Aspirin and do not achieve the same results.





— WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER —

*New*  
**RONSON** *Gifts*  
for HIM  
for HER  
for YOU



"A FLIP  
— and it's  
lit!"

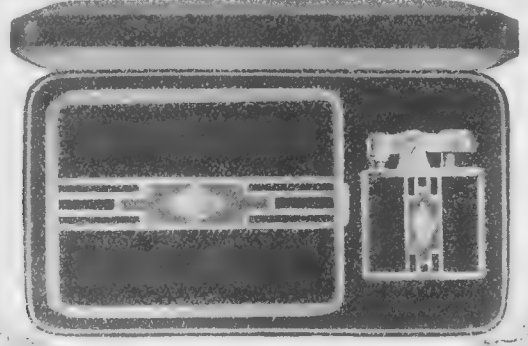
"RELEASE  
— and it's  
out!"

## RONSON LYTACASE

PATENTED OTHER PATS. P.D.G. TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

Buying a Ronson is making an *investment* that yields rich returns in daily satisfaction and lifetime dependability. New Ronson Lighters and Lighter Sets, and this newest Ronson creation which combines a smart cigarette case, in chromium and colorful enamels, with the most positive lighter action...all designed for utility and permanence. Each in regal gift case. Write now for illustrated catalog and name of nearest dealer.

THE PERFECT PERFUME SPRAY



**RONSON** *Perfume-Mist*  
PATENTED OTHER PATS. P.D.G. TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

Knowing women prize it as the "saving grace" of their precious perfumes. Just press the plunger for a fine perfume-mist...no waste. Few gifts are more warmly welcomed...few place so small a burden on your Xmas budget. Write for illustrated catalog and name of nearest dealer.

Made in Canada by

DOMINION ART METAL WORKS, Ltd., 64 Princess St., Toronto, Ont.

## The Siren's Christmas Gift

Continued from page 15

with infinite allurements to his—found that he had kissed her. In the confusion that followed, he forgot the negroes—forgot everything save that one tremendous fact—that he had kissed her.

How long they remained thus, he with his arm about her and she with her hand laid in some sort of frantic appeal upon his shoulder, looking into each other's eyes—how long this lasted they, neither of them, knew. They were brought to their senses by a universal burst of laughter and by the shrill voices of women and the strong voices of men crying out:

"Bravo, Bellamy, good boy, Archie!" And then they saw that the fifty guests, convulsed with laughter, were reseating themselves at the table, which they had left but a few moments before in alarm, and that Archie was bowing his acknowledgements with beaming face as though he had just perpetrated an after-dinner speech.

The negroes were nowhere to be seen. Monroe drew the girl back to her seat, grateful that the diners had never noticed them, and, no sooner had the company restored itself to semi-mirth, than back into the room poured the most orderly set of darkies that could be imagined, each with a grin upon his face a mile wide.

The diners rose and cheered them. The chief waiter looked as sheepish at this unexpected salvo as he now looked harmless, and again the guests turned to Bellamy and raised their glasses in a silent tribute to his genius.

Monroe grunted in disgust. "We're confoundedly slow," he said to Jocelyn Jeffreys. "I ought to have known it all the time. That razor fight was just one of Bellamy's sensations. He always has them at everything he gives."

The girl was still shivering. "It was worse than a joke," she exclaimed. "It looked too real to be a joke."

He held her hand for an instant underneath the table, and then suddenly a thought struck him, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, he rose in his place and extended his glance—a lone figure—toward Bellamy. "Bravo, Bellamy," he exclaimed, as though from the bottom of his soul.

The diners tittered at his belated acknowledgement, and he slumped into his seat again beside the girl.

"What's the matter with you?" she whispered.

He waited until his fellow guests had subsided into their customary consumption of food and drink. Then he turned once more to her.

"You don't seem to understand, Miss Jeffreys," he exclaimed, "that trick of Bellamy's got me what I wanted—a kiss from you."

The girl whitened perceptibly and turned the conversation back into its original channel.

"Would you ever give a dinner for me, Mr. Spendthrift Monroe?" she inquired. "How much a plate do you think I am worth?"

MONROE was tremendously impulsive and tremendously energetic as well. Two days had not elapsed before he had gained an entree to Miss Jocelyn Jeffreys's up-to-date apartments in the Belvedere, before

he was chummy with her companion, Miss Leonora Smith, a young woman quite as ungainly as Jocelyn was comely, and, in fact, it was on the evening of the second day after the Bellamy dinner that he had the temerity and the boldness to hand to Jocelyn Jeffreys a little leather case from Tiffany's.

"A belated Christmas present," he remarked genially, though with some strange fear in his heart that he was doing quite the wrong thing.

They were sitting, he and she, in her living-room, at the Belvedere. In the next room, reading the latest

novel, sat the discreet Miss Smith, always austere, always ugly and always on hand, but she was too far away to hear and the curtains between the rooms were so adjusted that she could be scarcely seen.

It was late, after the performance at the Gaiety, and Monroe had driven Jocelyn home in his car. She was leaning wearily back in an easy chair, her wraps thrown carelessly aside, fatigued with the night's work

and the day's too, for she had had a matinee, but her eyes showed that she was frankly pleased and freshened by his presence and his attention, and she started from her chair and met him with adorable gaucherie as he handed her the flat leather case that he had drawn from his pocket. She opened it and drew back at its exquisite elegance, for it was a string of pearls.

"Spendthrift," she exclaimed, "and who might this be for?"

"For you," he stammered, suddenly knowing that he had done the wrong thing, for the girl had frowned on the instant.

"Never," she returned coldly. "I wear no jewels and I never accept jewels from anybody, man or woman."

He flushed. "You will take these," he pleaded.

She shrugged her shoulders. "No," she answered shortly.

"I want to give you something," he insisted. "I'm a little crude—uncouth about it. What can I give you?" he inquired.

Again she shrugged her shoulders and was silent for an instant. Then she held out her hand. "We are friends," she said with gentle pressure, "good friends, are we not? Is not that enough?"

Monroe held her hand for one instant. "Flowers, then," he remarked. "I can bring you those."

But again she shook her head. "I never take flowers," she returned. "Gifts—what are gifts to me?"

He stepped toward her. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you never let anybody give you anything—not your best friends?"

The girl closed her eyes as though thinking hard, as though uncertain what to say next. Suddenly she opened them and glanced into his with a cool and calculating glance.

"There is only one thing that I ever take from anyone," she told him, quite in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "and that is—money."

He drew back. "Money?" he demanded, staggered by the coolness of her tone and by the mental attitude of a girl who is too squeamish to accept a string of pearls, and yet who

(Continued on page 47)



# The Siren's Christmas Gift

Continued from page 46

was ready and willing to receive their value in hard coin.

She noted the recoil and his sudden mental and physical retreat, and, as though to make amends, she followed him, talking volubly the while.

"You think me strange, do you not?" she went on in the same matter-of-fact tone of voice. "Perhaps I am—perhaps there is not another woman in New York of my—" she drew herself unconsciously to her full height—"of my social standing, who would say things like this to you. But I am practical, intensely practical—" She stopped here, and, as though to offset the calculating character of her words, she cast toward him a glance of bewildering allurements that belied them. "Do you like my voice?" she went on, switching off to something else.

"Like it," he answered enthusiastically. "Haven't I told you already?"

"Exactly," she continued. "And my voice, some day, shall be my fortune—possibly. But now, I am under contract. Oh, he took advantage of me, that big, fat, vulgar Ellenbogen of a manager. He knew three years ago that I had a voice and that I had no money, and so I tied my voice to him for almost nothing, for the advertising almost. For seven long years. What then? I am ambitious, I love society. I must live, and I love to live well, and to meet people, not like Bellamy, people like you. It takes money, does it not? Well, then, if my good friends want to give, let them give me money." She held up her hand as if in warning. "Let them give it in the right spirit and I shall receive it in the same way."

The whole thing staggered Wainwright Monroe. It shocked him. And yet there was that other side of the girl's nature that he could not shake from him. Something that held him in its grip. He felt different toward this girl than he had felt toward any woman he had known. What was it in her that stirred him to the depths? He had been in love before, so he assured himself, and love had been a mighty pleasant thing to him, no more, but this was something more. If it were love, it was a love that seared and burned him as though with a white-hot iron.

He could not grapple with it—he could not understand it, only, as he left Jocelyn Jeffreys that evening, he stretched out his arms toward her and pleaded silently for a second kiss, but Jocelyn Jeffreys eluded him with ten times more energy than did the Siren flee from the unwelcome kisses of the bald-headed row.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Why should I kiss you?"

"Why did you kiss me?" he demanded.

Again she shrugged her shoulders. "That was an accident at Bellamy's dinner," she exclaimed. "I was beside myself with fear, but now—it is quite different." She placed her hand lightly on his arm.

**M**ONROE gave her money after that, gave it in an embarrassed way at first, without noting the slightest trace of embarrassment upon her part. Gave it to her freely, because it seemed to please her, but never once did he try again to kiss her, and she seemed to like him the

better for it. And yet, through it all, there was something in her eyes that was leading him on—leading him on. She seemed, somehow, a Siren in real life as well as on the stage.

As time went on apace, she asked him for money, asked it freely, and always with the same phrase on her lips. "I take it in the spirit in which you give it, my good friend," she told him.

These were gay days for Wainwright Monroe. He lived as in a constant round of pleasure. Food seemed like manna to him—the wine he drank like nectar of the Gods. And it was all due to Jocelyn Jeffreys. He was with her most of the time—they ate together—rode together. He waited for her at the stage door of the Gaiety, and all the while New York snickered and laughed in its sleeve. Even Bellamy confided to his friends that "Jocelyn Jeffreys had got Rightie Monroe by the nose and was leading him a merry life."

Once Monroe proposed to her, but, with that calm little shrug of the shoulders, she rejected him immediately.

"There's one thing, at any rate, I'd like to know," blurted out Wainwright. "Is there anybody else out there in the future waiting for you?" For truth to tell Bellamy's tongue, piqued as Bellamy was with jealousy, had wagged a bit lightly in Monroe's presence, and Bellamy had insinuated, in his coarse and elegant way, that Wainwright's gifts of money were supporting some more congenial gentleman. It was not enough that Monroe had forcibly ejected Bellamy from his room at the Barristers in a fit of passion—Bellamy's insinuations still rankled, but Wainwright felt, somehow, that the girl, in the long run, would tell him the truth.

"Is there anybody else?" he kept repeating.

She shook her head. "There is something else, though," she told him. "Something, as you say, out there in the future." She clasped her hands behind her and gazed on past him into the vistas. "My career," she whispered. "The big life that waits for me." She drew her hand suddenly and wearily across her face.

"And it is so hard—so hard," she wailed, "here in New York."

This was the beginning of an idea that had been smoldering in Wainwright's breast. He knew nothing of music, except that it pleased him, and knew nothing of the comparative values of the voices of the Metropolitan singers, but in the voice of Jocelyn Jeffreys there was some vibrant melody that had ever stirred his soul, and he felt that she was one of those artists who in time would

be called "big." Monroe, in truth, was a spendthrift, but he had at least half of his fortune left. The spending of the other half had been a wonderfully pleasant exercise, but now a new object presented itself, an object that was as definite and helpful as it was pleasing to him. He would "make" Jocelyn Jeffreys—he would make her the best singer, the most talked-of woman in New York. He told her about it breathlessly—hopefully. He hardly noted that she had clutched him by the hand as he went on with

[Continued on page 48]

# a Beautiful Gesture

There is one gift that no woman has ever refused: Beauty. It is not a gift of a day, nor of a season. Beauty is forever cherished.

\*There is one woman whose name is known the world over. *Elizabeth Arden has made woman more beautiful.* Her life's work can be found within the bottles, jars and packages which bear her name. To give one of these is to give beauty. A woman could not hope for more. It is the beautiful gesture.

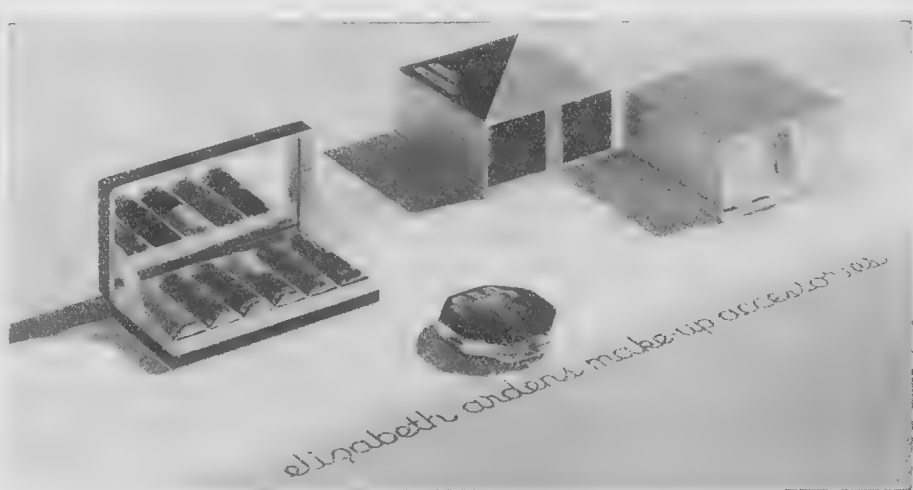


\*LUXURIES FOR THE BATH...The two lovely glass jars contain Powdered Bath Salts scented with Ambre, Allamanda, Jasmine, Rose Geranium or Russian Pine. \$5 the jar. In the gaily colored boxes are Venetian Dusting Powder, \$3, and Snowdrift Talcum, \$1. Three large cakes of delicately fragrant Elizabeth Arden Soap, in a box that will make a charming jewel case afterwards, are a fascinating gift. Jasmine, Allamanda or Amber scented, \$3 for three cakes.



\*TREASURETTE...all the essentials of an Elizabeth Arden treatment in a small leather case, \$16, \$18. Miss Arden's Famous Beauty Boxes come in a wide diversity of sizes, fittings and preparations, and range in price from \$3.85 to \$135.

\*ELIZABETH ARDEN'S FIVE FRAGRANCES...L'Amour, Le Rêve, Mon Amie, La Joie and L'Élan...are incomparably delightful. In many sizes, priced from \$15 to \$125. The twin box contains a combination of any two of the Five Fragrances, \$6.



\*ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MAKE-UP ACCESSORIES...The Arden Lipstick Ensemble, containing six smooth, indelible lipsticks in six smart shades, is the sensation of the year. The Ensemble, \$7.50. Each lipstick, \$1.50. Poudre d'Illusion, in seven becoming shades, is \$3 the box. The Ardenette, in black and silver, is \$4 for the single compart and \$5 for the double.

**ELIZABETH ARDEN** 691 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS: ELIZABETH ARDEN OF CANADA, LTD.

207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

PARIS • LONDON • BERLIN • MADRID • ROME

© Elizabeth Arden, 1931



Can. Pat. Nos. 280398,  
287924, 287925,  
298191, 307659



The original  
fan-equipped  
hot water auto-  
mobile heater

## If you have a Baby— or your friends have a Baby

GET YOUR

## WEED TROPIC-AIRE

● Why delay? The moderate cost of a Weed Tropic-Aire is not to be balanced against the health of your family.

● And with Weed Tropic-Aire flooding your car with pure, warm air, untainted by fumes or dangerous gases—you have no fear of zero weather and blizzards—no worry about chills and colds. You're as warm—as well protected—as in your own living room at home.

RIGHT NOW

● Weed Tropic-Aire Biplane Deflector directs the heat up, down, right or left. 2-Way Switch on the dash gives you the volume you wish.

● A letter or post card brings you illustrated literature with all facts regarding different models of Weed Tropic-Aire and which is best for your car. Write today.

Manufactured by

**DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited**  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

Makers of Weed Tire Chains

IT'S SILLY TO BE CHILLY

## An Art Gift in Colourgravure!

The "Daily Mail" says: "We have seen some capital work done by the Artistic Photographic Company Ltd."



The "Daily Mirror" says: "A triumph of colour printing has been achieved by the Artistic Photographic Co. Ltd."

Copyright

Produced in Colours



"IN LOVE"

From the original painting by Marcus Stone, R.A.

This beautiful Work of Art has been specially selected to introduce our works to your notice. Size: 29 by 21 ins. For cost of postage and packing only. Strictly Limited to One Free Picture only to each Applicant.

Of the Published Value of ONE GUINEA. Do not fail to fill in your name and address and send as soon as possible, as the edition is limited.

Under Royal Patronage  
Established over  
50 years.

**SIMPLY FILL UP THE COUPON BELOW** and send it to THE ARTISTIC PUBLISHING CO. (Incorporating the Artistic Photographic Co. Ltd.), 63, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1, ENGLAND, with 25 cents in stamps to cover the actual cost of postage and packing, on receipt of which the Gift Picture will be carefully despatched. Should the Coupon be destroyed, apply to the above address, quoting title of this journal.

ALL APPLICATIONS MUST BE SENT BY POST

**FREE** COUPON for "IN LOVE"  
Gift Picture  
Reproduced in Colours.

TO THE ARTISTIC PUBLISHING CO.  
(Incorporating The Artistic Photographic Co. Ltd.)  
63 BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1, ENGLAND

Sirs,—I accept your offer and enclose 25 cents in stamps to defray the actual cost of Postage and Packing. Please send me the Picture, together with Particulars of your other Fine Art Reproductions, no charge being made for the Picture.

NAME

ADDRESS

WES. H. MY Dec.

## The Siren's Christmas Gift

Continued from page 47

his recital, but when he finished the girl sprang to him and laid both hands upon his shoulders and almost sobbed for very joy.

"You are the best friend that I have ever had," she told him.

They sat down and discussed the details of his plan. His proposition was to go to Ellenbogen and to buy him off in order to release Jocelyn from her unprofitable contract. Then to employ for her, as her teacher, the biggest Metropolitan artiste that they could get.

After that, to buy her entries, at the cost of thousands, if necessary, as prima-donna in any big production that happened at the psychological instant to be the production of the hour.

"I'll see Ellenbogen at once, tomorrow," he exclaimed. But she checked him.

"Not so fast, friend Wainwright," she protested. "It's true you are a spend-thrift, but you are not a business man. Come, do you claim to be one?"

Monroe flushed and admitted that

he was not. "Even Bellamy owes me a cool five thousand and I can't get it back," he said. "You have no business head," she went on, her eyes sparkling, "otherwise your head is superfine—I like it—you have a good head—you have fine hair, my friend, hair that one would like to touch, to thrust one's fingers through, not like plaster-headed Bellamy, but the little bee of business—it is not there, eh? No, you furnish the money and I will do the business. I know the ropes."

And so it was arranged. And, with less hesitation than ever, this strange enigma called Jocelyn Jeffreys held out her hand repeatedly for Wainwright's cash. To him constantly she reported progress. She had gotten Ellenbogen down to his bottom figure and was already negotiating with an artiste at the opera house. Everything looked propitious. "Only," she told him, "it takes money, more money than we thought, and all the time."

"I wish I was worth millions," sighed Wainwright, "so I could buy you a theatre, like the rest of these millionaires do."

But she placed her hand upon his mouth. "Not that, not that, my friend," she said. "It is things like that that make too much talk, and, as for me, I am not to be talked about, do you see? It would be well, though," she continued, naively, "for me to have—say—well ten thousand dollars."

Wainwright actually whistled, but not audibly, only to himself. The girl at times seemed to him insatiable in her demands for more, and yet he could not refuse her. Bellamy had warned him a dozen times and a dozen times had been rudely thrust out of the Barristers with instructions never to renew the conversation, and yet through it all, such was the art of the woman that it seemed to him that he was having the time of his life. He had never lived, perhaps, more economically so far as his personal expenses were concerned. He had never lived more temperately, and yet he felt as though he were going the pace, and it was Jocelyn

Jeffreys who made him feel it. Jocelyn, who plucked his heart strings and his purse strings at the same time. All the spice of life seemed to be concentrated in this girl, whose nature was as frankly cold and greedy on the one hand as it was fascinating on the other. Her demands meanwhile upon him kept increasing, but her progress in the making of herself a star seemed correspondingly slow. He noted, as time went on, that there was a slight but ever-growing change

in her manner toward him. The more money he lavished upon her, the less friendly, so it seemed, the girl became, until at last—this strange coldness having grown almost imperceptibly into a barrier—he was met one night by Miss Smith, Jocelyn's grim guardian, with the curt statement that Jocelyn was "not at home."

"But I've got to see her," exclaimed Wainwright.

"She is not at home," persisted the cool and cruel Miss Smith, and yet,

at that very instant, Wainwright could have sworn he heard someone move inside the living-room.

He went out, considerably abash, met Bellamy, and made a fair attempt to drown his disappointment. He found, however, that while it was no easy matter to drown Bellamy, who was always ready for another, that his own feelings declined absolutely to be subdued. He found himself telling Bellamy about it, something, save for the drink, he would never have done.

"Well," said Bellamy, "you are a plain jackass. I always knew you were and this proves it. That girl has simply drained you dry—she's got every dollar that you had and then thrown you overboard."

"Not every dollar," said Wainwright, "I've got some left." How much he had left, in sooth, Wainwright did not know. He was startled one day by a curt note from his bank requesting him to call there at his earliest convenience between the hours of ten and three.

He attended at ten o'clock sharp, and the cashier caught him as he was passing into the bank and dragged him into a private room.

"Rightie, old boy," said the cashier to him, "you'll have to sell a mortgage or some stocks, I guess."

"What for?" demanded Monroe.

"Overdrawn your account about nineteen hundred odd dollars," said the cashier, "and I guess you'll have to build it up again. What have you been doing with all your money, anyhow, that you've checked out of this bank, Monroe? Keeping it in soap boxes at the Barristers?"

Monroe did not answer. He looked at the page in the ledger that was dedicated to himself, and allowed the fact to sink home that he was nearly two thousand dollars short. He was still brewing over this fact, when the cashier turned to another page.

"Monroe," he said, "I'll show you a tidy little bank account—an actress, too. What do you think of that, Monroe?"

Monroe looked upon the page and [Continued on page 49]





# The Siren's Christmas Gift

Continued from page 48

gasped. It was headed by the name of Jocelyn Jeffreys, and the credit side showed her to be possessed of more, considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars.

"Hasn't she drawn any of this?" demanded Wainwright.

"Not a dollar," answered the cashier.

"That's a funny thing," mused Monroe; "she must be tight as thunder."

"She's as good as gold," added the cashier, closing the book. Then he nodded seriously. "You had better sell some stock and jack up your account, and do it right away. We don't like these overdrafts."

Monroe turned pale. "I'll do the best I can," he said, forcing some lightness into his tone. And then he strode out, and walked the streets for hours.

"Sell a mortgage — sell some stocks," he muttered to himself. He had no stocks—he had no mortgages—he had nothing. He was two thousand dollars to the bad and no way to make it up, and, what was worse, she had done it. Bellamy was right, he had simply been a plaything—a catspaw. He had had money, the one thing she needed, and probably she needed it for somebody else.

"Well, she got it anyway," he muttered to himself. After that Wainwright went down into the depths. It did not take him long. He had no credit—his friends were of the kind that expected him to lend rather than to borrow. He sold his jewels, such as he had—left the Barristers, went into innocuous desuetude. He was literally down and out. In the midst of it all, he went back to Jocelyn Jeffreys. He noted that she had stopped playing at the Gaiety, but had failed to see her name in any paper. But he felt that he must see her, must make a final plea to her, if not for mercy, then for money. And again he was met by the redoubtable Miss Smith. "Miss Jeffreys," she told him glibly, "is out of town; she will not return for six weeks, at the very least. Good day."

The next weeks constituted purgatory for Wainwright Monroe. He had no business ability and no practical ability of any kind, save to spend money. He lived on the East side and nothing a day—he starved. Once every day he sought Bellamy at the Barristers to get back one thousand—a hundred, or even a dollar that Bellamy owed him. Bellamy simply cut him and sought the friendship of some more prosperous man.

Once, as he walked the streets, he saw her, Jocelyn Jeffreys, in a limousine with Bellamy. He could almost hear her high-voiced laughter through the beveled plate-glass window. She had cast him off forever, that much was sure.

ONE day the bellboy at the Barristers handed him an envelope. There never was any mail for him, as

a rule, but this time the unusual had happened. He looked at the envelope and gasped. It was in her handwriting. Hastily he tore it open, devoured its contents, and then fell back gritting his teeth. She had invited him to her Christmas dinner. Everybody was to be there. She had new friends to introduce to him. He must come, looking his best and feeling his best.

He went back to his East Side lodging, digging his nails into the palms of his hands as he went. Yes, she knew, she understood, she was laughing at him now—she was going to ask him there to make a laughing stock of him before her friends—the man that she had drained dry and had cast aside like some worn-out glove.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to him. He would go, not in the evening clothes that he had no funds to redeem from pawn, but he would go as he was—starving—gaunt—almost ragged. He would go and shame her before them all. At the very least, she was a thief—he stopped himself, as he uttered the word. Somehow he could not bring himself to say it. Somehow the memory of what Jocelyn Jeffreys had meant to him kept him from denouncing her in his own mind, yet his purpose to denounce her before her guests did not flag, and with it was a stronger and more impelling purpose, a purpose that led him for three days to go almost without food, that led him to step into a gun store and buy a second-hand revolver cheap. He was going to do something and he was going to do it at her Christmas party—something that she would never forget as long as she lived, and, as for him—well, he would not live to regret it.

It was, therefore, with some fiendish enthusiasm that he pressed the button at her door that Christmas night. He knew that entering it he would never leave that door alive. He braced himself to meet the cold and critical gaze of Miss Smith, and was staggered, when not she, but Jocelyn Jeffreys stood before him.

Jocelyn seized him impulsively by the hand and drew him into the centre of the room, into the full radiance of the light. Apparently she did not notice the pallor of his face or the fever that burned in his eyes, or the condition of his clothes. She forced him into a chair and began to talk excitedly.

"You are the first one, friend Monroe," she said, "the others have not come. Oh, we shall have a merry time tonight. Bellamy is my guest of honor, and as for you—" she laughed shrilly. "Do you mind if I place you alongside of Miss Leonora Smith? She is one of your staunch admirers."

He did not answer her. He had thought the moment he entered that room he would begin a denunciation—swift—terrible, but the manner of

[Continued on page 50]

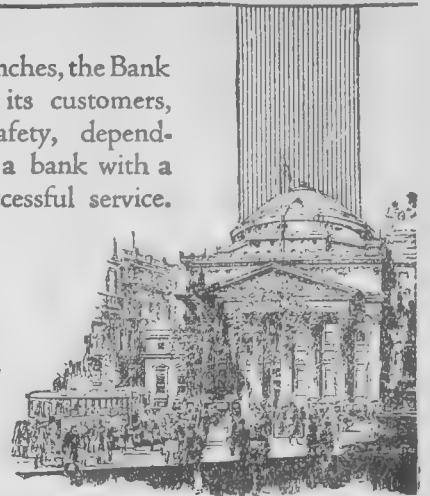
## OUR BRANCH SYSTEM PROTECTS DEPOSITORS

THROUGH its 650 Branches, the Bank of Montreal extends to its customers, wherever located, the safety, dependability and protection of a bank with a record of 114 years of successful service.

### BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$750,000,000



Head Office: Montreal

## A Lifetime's Peace of Mind

FEAR for your children's future... fear of passing on and leaving wife and loved ones to face want and privation, Isn't it worth 51c. a day to banish such fears forever from your mind?

"Only 51c. a day," you say? Yes... and if you are under 35 years of age it will be even less. For 51c. a day is the rate a man age 35 would pay on a \$10,000 Great-West Minimum Cost Policy—the cheapest permanent life insurance you can buy.

### The Great-West MINIMUM COST POLICY

enables you to carry more insurance than would be possible with any other form of life plan.

#### Premium Rates per \$1,000 of Insurance

| Age | Premium | Age | Premium |
|-----|---------|-----|---------|
| 25  | \$13.80 | 40  | \$22.35 |
| 30  | 15.80   | 45  | 27.50   |
| 35  | 18.55   | 50  | 34.40   |



**MAIL THIS COUPON**  
The Great-West Life Assurance Dept.  
Company, Winnipeg, Manitoba 4-1  
Without obligation, please mail complete details of your Minimum Cost Policy.

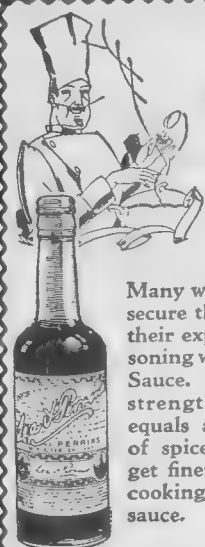
Name.....  
Address.....

THE **GREAT-WEST LIFE**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY  
HEAD OFFICE - - - WINNIPEG





**HOW  
REAL CHEFS  
GET  
THEIR  
FLAVOUR**



Many world-famous chefs secure the fine flavours of their expert dishes by seasoning with Lea & Perrins' Sauce. They find that its strength and blending equals a whole shelf-full of spices. You, too, can get finer flavours in your cooking with this famous sauce.

**LEA & PERRINS  
SAUCE** M13

**HAVERGAL  
COLLEGE**  
Day and Boarding School  
for Junior and Senior Girls



Ideal situation in spacious grounds. Sound education combined with healthy physical development. Individual attention. Courses from Kindergarten to Honours Matriculation. Gymnastics, Games and Swimming. Special Departments in Music, Art, Household Science.

For information apply to the Principal  
MARION WOOD, B.A.

**TORONTO CANADA**

**KLIM**  
FULL CREAM MILK  
IN POWDER FORM!



**"Tint  
GRAY  
HAIR"**



Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb thru safe, sure Brownatone. Used by thousands for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-33  
Windsor, Ontario

**BROWNATONE**  
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

"Best for You and Baby too."

**Baby's  
Own  
Soap**

**10 cents Individual  
Cartons** 8-31

## Come, Let Us Go A-Christmasing

Continued from page 18

will be! In the very earliest dawn the lights of the Christmas tree will twinkle merrily, the presents soon will be distributed, and then Christmas supper (which is really Christmas breakfast) will be greatly enjoyed, for in Finland it is Christmas breakfast that is the great feast meal of the day.

IF WE should drop into the Black Forest of Germany before Christmas time, perhaps we might be surprised to run into "Knecht Rupert" who will show an amazing knowledge of our good and bad deeds, but, if it is just on Christmas Eve that we come, we shall see a Christmas tree atwinkle with lights in every home and will think, with the German little people, that it is the dear "Christ-Kind" who dresses the tree for us. Perhaps, however, we will not go there this year, but, instead, will wait ourselves to Poland, and accept the invitation of some kind Galician friends to have Christmas supper with them. All the family have been to church, of course, and now every person is waiting for Father to distribute the consecrated eggs which are the chief dish on Christmas Day. When these eggs are eaten, then everyone will close his eyes and bow his head on the table, for then it is that Jacob's Ladder will descend from Heaven and the angels will come silently down to bless us and carry away with them all the worries that burden us. It is a happy thought for Christmas Day, isn't it? And after supper, the children will all go into another room, and there Father Christmas, the "Star Man," as they call him, will appear with gifts for all.

Now, here we are in Switzerland,

and there, dressed in a long fur robe, is Father Christmas going about with his wife Saint Lucy to help him. Did you know about Saint Lucy? All Swiss children know her well, for it is she who brings to girls their Christmas gifts. Legend tells us that she was a lovely Christian maid of Sicily who was martyred about the year 304, but how she came to be known as Santa Claus' wife is more than I can tell. In Alsace, a young girl with a crown of gilt paper, carrying in one hand a silver bell and in another a basket of candles, comes to the children at Christmas time. She is called "Das Christ-Kind," and she is always accompanied by Hans Trapp, an annoying person who wears a big bear-skin, has a long beard and carries a rod. He will threaten the naughty children, but when the maiden intercedes for them, if they can recite for her a verse of scripture, they will receive a nice piece of ginger-bread, and other nice gifts as well.

We should like to sail away on our Magic Carpet to all the many lands where Christmas comes so happily, if so differently than it does in our own land, but now the heartstrings of our own folk are tugging us home. We want our own Christmas tree and stockings; our own Christmas dinners and our own Christmas gifts; our own jolly Santa Claus, and the beloved voices of our own dear ones to wish us Merry Christmas. We want to go home—for there is no place quite so dear in all this great wide world at Christmas time. So, farewell Magic Carpet—and hail to our own good land again—and a merry, happy Christmas to all the great round world!

## The Siren's Christmas Gift

Continued from page 49

the woman and her magnetism prevented him even from speaking. With a rush, all his old feeling of tenderness for her returned, and he forgot everything but her, even the weapon in the right pocket of his coat. Suddenly, there was an almost unheard tinkle of an altogether unseen bell, and at that signal she rose, and, taking his arm, swept with him into another room—a room where there was a table set for two. She thrust him into a seat on one side and faced him on the other. "This is not my Christmas dinner," she said, softly, "it's ours, Monroe."

He looked wildly about the room. "Where are the rest?" he demanded, feeling that she had cheated him somehow of his revenge.

"There are no others," she returned. Then suddenly she swept to the serving table in the corner, extracted something from underneath a silver salver, and returned to her seat. "Friend Wainwright," she went on, her voice sinking into that matter-of-fact tone, "this is our Christmas dinner and this is my Christmas present." She tossed on his plate a long, thin, narrow slip of paper. It was signed by her and was drawn to his order. It was a check for nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

He stared at it gasping. "Wh-what does this mean?" he demanded.

For an instant she did not answer. Then with her eyes upon her plate, but with her hand stealing over the table to meet his, to clutch it in a soft and warm grip, she started on her story, in her low musical voice.

"Wainwright," she said, "do you remember a white mansion in the South, with tall fluted pillars at its front—a country place in Monroe, Virginia?"

He gasped. "My home," he exclaimed, "but mine no longer."

"Ah," she said, laughing, "sold under the hammer, was it not? Did you know I had been away—that I had been to Monroe?"

He shook his head. "I didn't believe that you had been away," he answered.

"I bought that place at sheriff's sale," she went on, softly. "I did it for a reason. Do you remember," she continued, "a little green house near the crossroads in Monroe, where there dwelt a little old-fashioned French music master? Do you remember him?"

Monroe started. "I do remember him," he said, "his name was—"

The girl stopped him. "His name," she said, was Jeffreys. Jocelyn. He was my father. Do you remember a scrubby little girl, who used to sit swinging on the gate in front of the music master's house, a little mite of a girl, many years your junior?"

Monroe ransacked his memory, and then, baffled, shook his head.

"That little girl," went on Jocelyn Jeffreys, "fell in love with you when she was as big as a peanut and when you were as big as a bushel of peanuts, and she always told that old music master that when she was grown up, she was going to marry that stuck-up prig of a Monroe, no matter how good he was. Do you follow me?"

Monroe told her he did, but he told it with his eyes, and in the same way, he told her to go on.

## DON'T Trifle WITH COLDS

Sluggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habit-forming. More effective because you chew it.

## Feen-a-mint



## PUT HIM OFF HIS PIPE

Indigestion and Acidity

"A few months ago, I had an attack of indigestion, heartburn and acidity, and had no appetite for meals, especially breakfast. I am a pipe smoker, and for several days I felt so ill I could not even look at my pipe. I decided to try Kruschen Salts. A few days afterwards I found that the heartburn and acidity had gone, and for the last five or six weeks I have been in my usual good health. I can now enjoy my pipe-smoking, and in fact feel about ten years younger."—R. P.

When your digestive juices fail to flow freely your food lies in the system and ferments, thus causing the distress of indigestion. The "little daily dose" of Kruschen first stimulates the flow of the gastric juices, and then ensures complete, regular and unfailing elimination of all waste matter every day.

## MAPS

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

## STOVEL COMPANY LIMITED

"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for All Purposes.  
Write for Price List

## Pimples You can't afford to have 'em!

Every pimple that mars your beauty is a discharge of poisonous matter. Take NR—Nature's Remedy—and rid your system of poisonous matter in the natural manner. Quite often pimples are the simple sign that your system needs this mild, safe, vegetable laxative to help it. Get a box at your druggist's, 25c; try it and look for remarkable results.

FREE Write for sample of NR and TUMS  
A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont.

## NR TO-NIGHT

TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Get Rid of Dandruff  
by using

## Cuticura Soap

assisted by

## Cuticura Ointment

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c.



## Santa Claus Still Lives

Continued from page 19

Boy Scouts. "However did you know anything about me?" she asks.

It's beyond her ken, but it's no mystery to the Boy Scouts. Through the Soldiers' Settlement Board and the Department of Immigration, the needs of these children are made known. Gladly the Scouts rush to the rescue: flood stores with discarded toys; hammer, and paint, and tinker them into new life; and send them forth messengers of welcome and ambassadors of goodwill. It is possible—who knows?—that in many lonely settlers' homes on Christmas day, where disappointment and misfortune have come, these unexpected bundles left by Canada's youth may prove the deciding factor in determining discouraged parents to face their problems with determination and hopefulness—to stick and see things through, conscious of the friendship of the boys and girls of our towns.

But long ago the Scouts have extended the sphere of their activities. Whilst the care of New Canadians is their main objective, they have been able to assist orphanages, Indian homes, destitute farmers and the workless of our cities. Last year they managed to provide gifts for more than seventy thousand children. This year they hope to reach one hundred thousand. Surely that is no small contribution to the well-being of this Dominion?

Now seventy thousand toys need a lot of collecting. Especially when most of 'em are broken and discarded and must be repaired and painted. Yet our boys and girls are doing just that!

IN CALGARY the largest theatre has been jammed with children—the price of admission to the special matinee being "one broken toy." In Regina, the Scouts have enlisted the aid of the school-marms so that desks have been piled high with gifts. In Winnipeg I've attended a concert staged in the spacious basement of one of the leading churches: the program evidently the result of weeks of careful preparation and the tables groaning with toys brought by those seeking admission. Down in Montreal there are special "Toyshop Services" in some of the churches—the Scouts collecting the "offertory" of toys. And in more than one city in Canada the Scouts travel free of charge on street cars, the better to collect their toys.

I met a teen-aged lad who secured a truck-load of toys. He went to the principal of his school and told him about the local toyshop. Evidently he told his tale well, for the principal made the rounds of the classrooms telling the pupils the message of goodwill.

Next day hundreds of children could be seen trudging through the snow to the school, their arms laden with as weird a collection of broken

toys as ever graced a junk yard. The desks of the classrooms groaned beneath the unusual burdens and the principal's sanctum sanctorum took on the appearance of a second-hand store. A large truck was requisitioned to carry the playthings to the toy-hospital where youthful hands coaxed them back to service—more than four hundred gifts to unfortunate kiddies.

What a democracy of youth this is! In Vancouver you can see the sons of slant-eyed Chinese working side by side with the sons of blue-eyed Saxon sires. In Winnipeg you can witness the amazing spectacle of juvenile delinquents working out their own salvation by helping others less fortunate than themselves. They come from some of the poorest and meanest homes of the city, do these wards of Judge Hamilton's, but they have in them the stuff from which good citizens are made and they gladly collect and repair toys side by side with the sons of bankers, doctors and politicians.

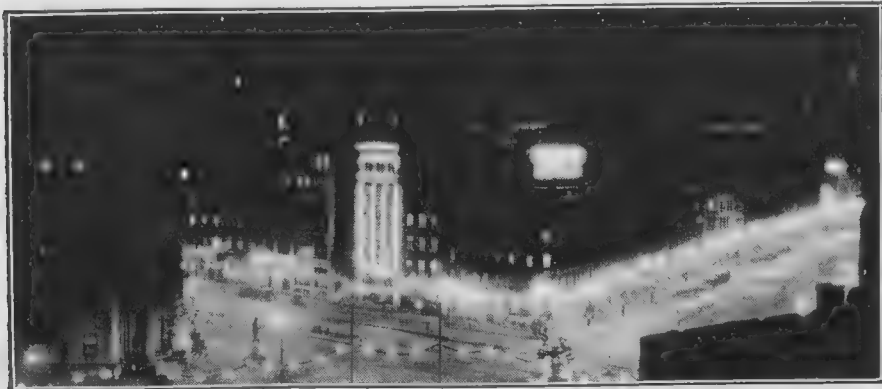
I talk with Mr. E. Mills, secretary of the Boy Scouts Association of Manitoba and presiding genius of the Winnipeg toyshop. Clean-cut and middle-aged, he has seen more than twenty years of service in this brotherhood of wooden staves.

"Yes! We salvage toys down here," he informs me. "This year we shall provide gifts for about two thousand children from this shop. But that's the least of our accomplishments. You see we salvage far more than toys here." And he glanced with a happy smile towards the long rows of boys busy at the toy-strewn tables.

Yes, indeed! Here is something more important than a toyshop, for here is a modern school of chivalry. Indeed a chain of schools that stretches from Cape Breton to Victoria. The charming answer of modern youth to those who say that the Age of Chivalry lies in the dead ashes of the past, to those honest but mistaken folks who insist that "youth is going to the dogs."

"There never was a child," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "but has hunted gold, and been a pirate, and a military commander, and a bandit in the mountains; but has fought and suffered shipwreck and prison, and imbued its little hands in gore, and gallantly retrieved the lost battle and triumphantly protected innocence and beauty." But why should not the boyish desire for adventure not serve as an impulse to a knight errantry of a modern kind?

If answer you need, then you'll find it in that far-flung fellowship which has brightened its frolics with "one good turn each day" and which is building the foundations of future citizenship by moulding the plastic mind of youth with such friendly acts of service as the chain of toy-hospitals across Canada.



Portage Avenue and Main Street, Winnipeg, on Christmas Eve

# LYRIC

## It's Here Waiting for You Your Christmas "Lyric"

ONLY a matter of days to Christmas and still uncertainty is holding your decision. You want a Radio . . . one you'll be proud to give and the home proud to own.

Step around to your nearest Lyric dealer. Cast your appraising eye over the new superheterodynes . . . see the beautiful cabinets . . . open your ears to the lovely tone-- Take your choice of style . . . set the time for delivery and Christmas, 1931, will be a joyous certainty.

**MOHAWK RADIO LIMITED, TORONTO**  
DISTRIBUTORS  
Robinson - Alamo, Limited      Electrical Engineers, Limited  
Winnipeg, Manitoba      Calgary, Alberta

|              |                      |
|--------------|----------------------|
| S 8. Console | \$ 75.00             |
| Super-       | 87.50                |
| heterodyne   | 97.50                |
| with         | 114.50               |
| spot-        | 149.50               |
| light        | 212.50               |
| tuning       |                      |
| \$149.50     | Complete with tubes. |

Battery-operated Lyrics also available

# SUPER-HETERODYNE RADIO

## At Last! KRYPTOK

### Invisible Bifocals

# FREE!

Let us send you these famous genuine Kryptok glasses, latest Style, New Comfort Spectacles with Clear Vision Lenses on 10 Days' Trial. The most beautiful spectacles produced in many years. Worn by multitudes of people. Popular everywhere. Distinguished in appearance. Leaves no mark on bridge of nose. Light Weight. Will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see FAR and NEAR with the one pair of spectacles. Beautiful case included Free. Perfect satisfaction or no cost!

## SHUR-ON On 10 Day GLASSES Free Trial!

### THINK OF IT!

Genuine Shur-on Glasses on 10 day Free Trial. If you are not amazed and delighted, if you do not think our spectacles at only \$1.98 better than those sold elsewhere at \$15.00, you can send them back. You don't risk a cent. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon. We will also tell you how to get a pair for yourself without cost.

Send No Money!

Mail Coupon Today!

Guaranteed non-breakable!  
DR. S. J. RITHOLZ OPTICAL CO.

FREE TRIAL COUPON:-----  
Dr. S. J. Ritholz Optical Co., Dept. KA553  
29-33 Melinda St., Toronto, Ont. Canada  
I want to try your New Comfort Spectacles for 10 days and learn how I may get them without cost.

Name ..... Age .....  
St. & No. .... R.F.D. .... Box ....  
Town ..... State .....





not Sick  
"just tired"

SHE plans a full day but is weary by noon. Evening finds her longing for bed. It isn't laziness, but *malaise*. That is the doctor's name for the mental and physical fag that robs one of all ambition.

And it's usually due to a condition so easy to control.

Too much acid in the system lowers your vitality. The least exertion brings on a headache, or else you are constantly catching cold. No appetite for food; what you do eat sours in the stomach. Bowels are sluggish, and the breath may be bad. Those are the signs that you require more alkali than is provided by the food you are eating.

Doctors frequently advise taking Phillips' Milk of Magnesia to remedy this condition. It does not take long to restore a proper alkaline balance this way, for it is an alkaline, and neutralizes many times its volume in acid. It's the scientific way—the physician's way—of doing what might require weeks or months of dieting.

Important: The remarkable results of this alkaline treatment aren't promised for all forms of magnesia, or every preparation which may have been labeled "Milk of Magnesia." Get the prescripional product known as *Phillips' Milk of Magnesia*, which offers magnesia in perfect colloidal suspension. (Made in Canada.)

**PHILLIPS'**  
Milk of Magnesia

the flame of happiness burning in Searl Stayton's eyes, though he grumbled at his mother's gleeful matchmaking prophecies.

The glow and the beauty of that romance had leaped across the sand spits and the length of the bridge until Hosea thrilled with it, as he tore off tickets in his toll house. Even the Light warmed with passion, and quivered across the inlet and the salt marshes like music written in fire. The wedding day was marked with a gold star in the log of Titania Island. Hosea even bought a new pair of trousers to wear and paid Joe Daly three prices to tend the bridge for half a day.

Emily had adored Charlie from the first, and the lonely little chap was overwhelmed at the joy of owning a mother who sang songs with words to them, who knew where the gulls stayed in the dark, who could build sand houses and run races on the shore, who best of all could love a lonesome little boy so much that it hurt. And now—after five years of that peaceful happiness, five years which had seen Charlie's body grow and strengthen and the bitterness go out of his father's face and Emily's youthful beauty take on a sweet, matronly charm—now Allie had come back!

"It ain't fair," mused Hosea to himself. "She's cheating. I guess she never learned no better. But she'd ought to be fair. She had her chance and threw it away, and now she's taking Emily's. And Searl—he's in a hard fix and it makes him dumb, same as ever. I reckon I've got to fix things some way, though I don't know how I'm going to do it. Can't condemn Allie for wanting to see her boy—the court gave her the right to see him any time she pleased—but I will say she's been condarned slow about it."

Hosea got up and went to the window. Bad sea running, but the bridge would hold. Timber and steel were true. Promises shattered, love burned out, those who needed you died or drifted away, but his bridge stood firm. Hosea decided that when you were old it was wisest to love bridges; but something in him which belonged to folks, and especially to these hot-headed meddlers snarling their lives ruthless, ached drearily.

"I reckon I've got to fix it," he sighed, taking down his old poncho from the wall. "I've got to fix it, somehow—and the wind's runnin' the sea like a wolf!"

HE LEFT the light burning, stoked the fire and let himself out cautiously, though the clamor of the wind muffled the opening of the door. On the bridge he could scarcely stand. He clung to the rail and beat his way across blindly, his old face stung to blistering by the angry spray. At the island end was a sluicing wash of tide water, foaming up over the bridge approach. Hosea considered his rheumatism, rolled up his trousers and waded in. The freezing brine sent a shock through his limbs as though he had plunged into flame, but he plowed grittily on.

"Ain't no sense—these young folks—no sense—spoilin' Christmas!" he grumbled to himself.

On Titania, the wind was a hurricane. Twice he stumbled and went down on his knees. But ahead of him the light lay bravely on the furious breast of the sea. Hosea made for the light.

The little house below the great tower was still. If Allie were still there, she slept. Hosea saw a little

## Goodwill to Wives

Continued from page 11

stocking hung hopefully behind the baseburner. "Ain't no sense," he muttered, shaking the water off like a dog, "ain't no sense—spoilin' Christmas!"

The winding stairs were cruel, endless. Halfway up, the old toll-keeper halted and sat down, holding his shaking knees steady with his fingers.

"Got to get up there somehow. I dunno how Searl makes it—him lame like he is. Got to get up there somehow—"

The last rounding flight was a breathless struggle. Ultimately, however, Hosea rested at the top, beating on the iron door with all his strength.

"Lemme in, Searl—you lemme in!"

Searl Stayton, half dozing, slid off the high stool beside the great white lamp. "What's wrong, Dock?" he demanded. "Your bridge gone?"

"Ain't nothin' of mine gone," declared Hosea, testily. "It's your wife that's gone—Em'ly. She's gone. You lemme tend light while you go and get her back!"

Searl Stayton stared and whitened. "Emily? Where's she gone?"

"She's over there—in my bed. She left while ago—account of Allie. She'll stay there till you get there—I fixed that."

"She left—on account of Allie? Why, Allie went back to the mainland—good while ago. She just came up to bring some things for the kid. She's going to marry somebody tomorrow, and go to Oregon."

"You didn't tell Em'ly that, did you?"

"Well, no. I ain't seen Emily since supper. I thought she'd gone to bed. Allie came up here a while ago—said she was leaving in the tender with Joe Daly. Emily's gone—!"

"If you're goin' to fetch her back you better start. Got a lantern? The tide's over the bridge."

When Searl had limped down the stairs Hosea swung himself wearily up in the high stool. Through the steel-guarded window he could see the writhing of the sea as it tore ahead of the wind across the spits. Great, ragged bulks of cloud scudded across the sky, and the rain came in gusts and then died. But steadily, through the rack and the chaos outside, went the white marching of the light. Hosea watched that flaming blade leap.

EMILY, too, was watching that light. Lying in his bed she could see the glowing beam slashing the storm so bravely, watch the flash of it as he watched it every night.

He looked out again at the sea. Searl would be on his way by now, limping along that wind-lashed road, stumbling through the boiling tide wash, falling perhaps, but going on. But suppose—suppose that Emily was stubborn. Emily was proud. And

Searl was proud too and still—suppose she would not come.

The wild wickedness of his thought turned him cold. There were ships out there somewhere—groping ships, bending harried masts before the drive of his Christmas gale—ships watching for the light.

"Five minutes," thought Hosea, numbly, "just five minutes." He bent his old head. His hands were icy cold. His heart almost ceased to beat. "Lord," he prayed, numbly, don't let no crew get foundered because of me. I got to do it, Lord—I got to keep these young folks from foundering!"

Emily Stayton was running along the bridge. She ran in frantic panic, her coat dragged on heedlessly, her shoes untied and flapping, her head bared to the cold, lashing rain. Halfway across the draw, she crashed headlong into a groping figure. Together they struggled for balance, and the torn sky revealed the two to each other.

"Searl! Searl! It's you—you're all right? You ain't hurt?"

"Emily—I was just coming—No, I ain't hurt. Are you coming back, Emily—coming back to me and the boy? She's gone—she went a good while ago—"

"Oh, I don't care—I don't care! I thought you were hurt—I thought you'd fallen, maybe—down those stairs! Searl—the light! Look—the light—it's out!" She pointed across the bridge.

"Out? The light out? Why—Hosea's there. Look—it ain't out, Emily—see there!"

Through the black wallow a white blade leaped. Emily Stayton stared and quivered, holding tight to her husband.

"It was out!" she declared, "I looked—back there—and it was out. It just came on this minute. I thought you were hurt or something—and I ran. Oh, Searl—I'm glad you're all right. I guess I must have been crazy. I thought I'd die back there—trying to get my shoes on—and the light out!"

"She's not coming back any more, Emily. She's going to be married tomorrow."

"Oh, I don't care. Poor thing! I'm not going to hate her—hold me, Searl, till I tie my shoes! We'll have to walk back. I've got the car over here on the bridge—but somebody stole the spark plugs out of it. Let's hurry, Searl. He might wake up—and there isn't a thing in his little stocking."

UP IN Titania Light, old Hosea sat on the high stool, staring out at the sea. Through the welter of the night the light streamed. But over in the east there bloomed a faint glow of coral and gold and rose. Dawn was coming—Christmas morning.

Downstairs Searl and Emily were asleep. And the little cedar, all brave in tinsel and glass, stood gloriously behind the base-burner, waiting.

Hosea turned out the light. Dawn shot up—a great wave of silver and opal.

"I wish I had some whiskers," thought Hosea Dock. "I'd pretend like I was Santa Claus. Good granies!—here 'tis Christmas, and I ain't got no present for Searl and Em'ly. Got to give 'em something for Christmas!"

And the old man went groping down the tortuous stairway in the dim light—a wise old Santa, all unaware.





## Little Pig Pork

Continued from page 16

THE Dutraw house, a rickety little cottage that Pete occupied rent free because it was called worthless, stood back from the main road a few rods, but not more than a stone's throw in a direct line from the Braisted home. Bill waded through the deep snow that covered his potato patch and approached the house from the rear.

Light streamed out through heavily frosted window panes. Bill went forward with cautious steps, in readiness for hasty retreat if the back door should open before he had seen what he had come to see. He reached a window, and, with his muffled chin brushing the sill, peered through a bit of glass that some freak of the frost had left clear.

Bill's range of vision included the cook stove, and the red-clothed table on which the Dutraw family ate. A babel of excited voices reached him. Then the six-year-old twins, Henri and Henriette, danced into view with the baby Baptiste between them. All three were looking backward.

There it was! Borne in the firm, work-hardened hands of Mrs. Pete Dutraw, christened Marie Clarisse, was the whole long strip of spareribs that had disappeared from the Braisted woodshed the night before. Mrs. Dutraw threw back the cloth and put the pork on the table. The children capered about it; Baptiste sucked his finger, droolingly.

Bill backed away from the window. Pete Dutraw would steal his little pig pork, would he? Bill's hands trembled as he tore off his mittens, blew on his rifle to warm a hand-grip, and then tip-toed carefully up the steps to the back door. He grasped the knob, turned it with great care, and suddenly launched himself into the room.

Mrs. Dutraw screamed, and dropped her roasting pan with a clatter. The twins and Baptiste fell over one another in squealing terror and found shelter at the skirts of Angelique, who was stirring something in a bowl. Pete Dutraw, pock-marked, swarthy, thickset, got slowly up from his chair in a corner by the fire.

"What for you come on my house like dat, Bill?" he asked.

"Ye know durned well what I come in like that fer!" shouted Bill, fingering the trigger of his rifle, and keeping a hawk-like eye on the rack where Pete's shotgun rested.

"Me, I dunno," answered Pete, steady, but watchful.

"Dunno?" echoed Bill. "Didn't you come a-sneaking into my woodshed last night and steal that sparerib of pork?"

"Dat pork?" Dutraw's tone expressed surprise and injury. "I buy him last fall."

"Mean to tell me that ain't my pork?" cried Bill. "Gosh durn it! Dutraw, I knowed every squeal in that pig!"

Pete had no chance to answer. The accusing finger of his wife pointed at him from across the room.

"Pete, you tol' me—" She stopped as her husband flashed a look of warning.

Bill had caught the glance from Dutraw. He dropped the muzzle of his rifle breast high and walked over to the table.

"My pork's a-going home with me," he said as he reached out his left hand and gathered the strip of meat under his arm, "and you—"

A wail from Baptiste interrupted. The youngster's hands were held out toward the sparerib. Henri and Henriette seized him with no gentle grip, but their eyes, also, were on the pink and white delicacy under Braisted's arm. Angelique turned from her bowl.

"Please—" The little girl stopped and bit her lips.

Bill's eye traveled to Mrs. Dutraw. She was looking at Baptiste and the twins.

At that moment Dutraw took a step forward and Bill's rifle was leveled instantly.

"You come along of me, and don't ye stop to arger about it, neither!"

Dutraw opened his mouth as though to speak, and closed it again. The twins

joined in a shriek from Baptiste. Mrs. Dutraw sank to her knees, her hands outstretched.

"Don't take my mans!" she pleaded. "We have hungry—and nossing! No bread, no potato, only the flour I borry! Don't take my mans!"

"Stop your bawling!" barked Bill. "And make your young'uns dry up!"

He stepped aside and signed to Dutraw with a wave of his gun barrel. The Frenchman walked stolidly out. Mrs. Dutraw, sobbing, crouched on the floor. Bill followed his captive and slammed the door.

"March your boots right straight over to my house," he commanded. Dutraw, hatless and mittenless, plowed silently through snow and darkness. He halted at the Braisted back door as the hounds gave tongue.

"Open the door and go right through the shed into the kitchen!" ordered Bill. "Shut up, Spot! Hunter!"

Blinking at the sudden change from darkness to light, Dutraw stood in the middle of the kitchen. Lib considered the occasion of enough importance to neglect her dish washing. Bill tossed the sparerib onto the table.

"Get the meat saw and a butcher knife, Lib," he commanded. "They ain't got nothing to eat over there but gravy!"

"Gravy!" Lib's voice was nearer to being streaked with emotion than it had been in half a score of years. "Gravy!"

She took the saw and a knife from the cupboard, and carefully measured off four ribs from the small end of the pork. The saw bit in. Bill wiggled.

"That ain't enough fer them hungry young'uns!" he protested.

"Shut up, you old fool!" growled his wife. "I know what I'm a-doing!"

Dutraw did not move. Snow melted from his leggings and formed little pools on the clean floor. The burr of the meat saw stopped. Lib picked up the big piece of pork, shortened only by four chops, and held it toward Pete.

"Be ye paralyzed?" she demanded, thrusting it into his limp hands. "Want me to hold it all night?"

Bill, who had been fumbling in the cellarway, backed into the room dragging a large sack.

"Here's half a bushel of pertaters", he mumbled, looking anywhere but

[Continued on page 56]



## A TIP FROM JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

### Her Choice



### Orient SILK STOCKINGS

*"The Gift She Really Prefers"*

Of course she will be delighted with whatever you give her because it's from you—but there are certain things she would really like to have!

The "ORIENT" hosiery creations this Christmas are more marvellous than ever and you can hardly blame her for wanting them.

A complete array of styles to choose from in the latest Paris colorings—\$1.95 down to \$1.00

On display at all better class stores. The best stocking values in Canada.

**Canadian Silk Products Limited**

*Largest Exclusive Producers of Full-Fashioned Silk Hosiery in the British Empire.*

## Keeping Abreast With Finance

AS THE Citizen of the West turns to the newspaper for world happenings, the magazine for relaxation through fiction and article, and the farm journal to become a more successful farmer, so has the business executive found "Canadian Finance" a necessary part of his reading to keep abreast of the financial world, both East and West. Dedicated to those interested in investment, banking, insurance, mining, trade and public affairs, the publication covers such a diversified field that the successful business man, no matter what his vocation, will find it of inestimable value.

Get the Canadian Finance habit. A \$2.00 bill will place a copy on your desk the first and third Wednesday of each month.

### Canadian Finance

FINANCE PUBLISHERS LIMITED

Stovel Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Branch Offices: Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, London, Eng.





## ASHES of ROSES

THE PERFUME OF HAPPINESS  
★ A BOURJOIS CREATION

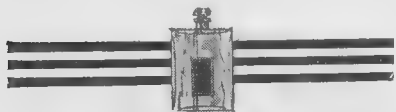
As effective as gay music, pleasing colors, or a perfect dancing partner, in charming away sadness, Ashes of Roses is the most tenderly wistful and personal Parfum. Known as the "Perfume of Happiness" it gives one a sense of radiant content.

Dainty French Flacon . . . \$1.00  
Larger Sizes . . . \$3.00 and \$4.50

POUDRE ROUGES CREAMS  
LIPSTICKS

Sole Canadian Distributors:

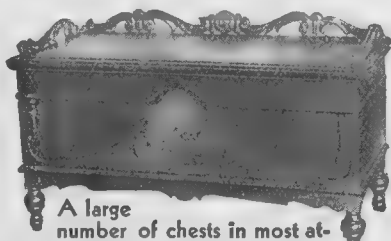
PAI MERS LIMITED  
MONTREAL



## Old Thoughts Renewed

There is always THE Christmas you will want HER to remember . . . to recall with particular pleasure.

## HEIRLOOM CHESTS



A large number of chests in most attractive designs. Ask your dealer, or write for our illustrated folder.

THE CHESLEY CHAIR CO., LTD.  
CHESLEY, CANADA

He thought of all the things it had been doing; of the constant care of the children, of the pitiful paper chains, of the grisly horror of its conquest of doomed and struggling chickens—"in the cellar when we're asleep." Once it must have been like the hands of other girls that he and Martha knew. Now it was like those of any working woman; chapped, calloused, the nails broken, marked with old and recent burns, chafes, cuts. But he thought as he looked steadily upon it that there was no fault in it at all.

His meditation was interrupted by an odd look from Martha. Whereupon his face took on a deep damask, and, defiantly releasing the hand, which had not seemed aware in the least of his worship, he strode to the window, where he stood, whistling and drumming on the pane for a long time.

THE wooden shutter of the window had been flung ajar and twisted askew by the storm, and now its black oblong was crowded with the sharp, peering faces of chickens, their yellow feathers and scarlet combs brilliant in the sunlight. But even as Thomas looked the foremost bobbed her head in a sort of salute, unfurled her wings, squalled and leaped. She sailed yelling across the space, landed in the drift just outside the window, and with outspread wings keeping her afloat upon that white sea, quietly settled down, cocking an expectant yellow eye up at him. But the children had recognized her voice and came shrieking:

"Peepsy, Peepsy, Peepsy!" they shrilled. "She flew! She's coming for Christmas!"

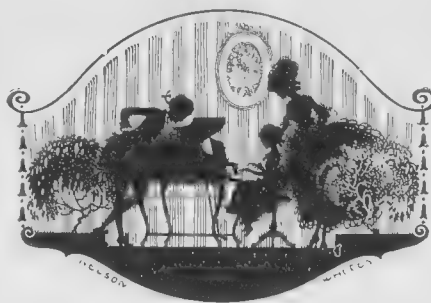
So the window was opened and Thomas pulled her out of the drift, and she was brought to the table and finished breakfast with the family, being held first under Tweedledum's arm and then under Tweedledee's. Not that she was especially hungry, for her crop, being felt, proved fuller than it should be for so early in the morning. It was mostly corn, for you could feel the kernels plainly, and as to her gizzard it was grinding away like a coffee mill. They carried her around and held her up to all the adult ears that they might be placed in turn against her silky back and hear her wheels go 'round.

"I suppose now they'll all come," sighed Jean, "though they're really better off out there. There's clover and weed seeds in the hay and corn, and for water they can eat the snow that's drifted in."

Even as she spoke, however, they began to arrive. Squawk, flap, and the soft thump of their feathery percussion in the snow, till all fifty dotted the drift and had to be brought in and carried through to the woodshed. Still, the situation had its advantages, for the children had to leave off getting under foot of the Christmas preparations and set about the construction of fifty nests. It was easier now for Thomas to slip out unobserved and make his journeys to the wreck without being put through the third degree on his return. As Jean remarked, it was exactly like the Swiss Family Robinson, and the way they got things out of their ship, and they were pretty nearly as alone as the Swiss Family Robinson, and as cut off from outside help. Not but that there were roof peaks and chimneys, but the windows were shuttered, the chimneys without smoke, the dwellers having made their southern flitting long ago. One feather

# Snow in the Pass

Continued from page 32



of smoke there was, however, and thither, when the sky had turned daffodil yellow and the smoke against it was a plume of amethyst, Thomas steered his snowshoes, bearing a tin pail and his purse. For the children, Martha said (but not in Jean's hearing), had got to have milk, and there wasn't going to be any more nonsense.

IT WAS a Darby and a Joan who, before he could knock, came to the door in a state of repressed but intense excitement and inquisitiveness. Their delight at the tale of the unhappy car was thinly veiled by their exclamations of sympathy, but their concern over Jean's foot was genuine.

"If I'd been a mite younger'n I be, I'd gone over thar, I says to my woman, sez I; that girl's nothin' but a kid herself. She'd oughta be looked after. But we thought likely she had folks sommers, and she'd been kind of boyish. We don't aim to be like city folks, my woman an' me. Still, I'd meant to see if she had wood enough. Didn't seem to me last fall she was getting in enough."

And then, as Thomas was paying for the milk, old Joan brought a glorious blueberry pie and asked him if he could carry it without spilling the milk. It wasn't very good, she said; she never was no hand with pastry, but she thought they might like it for their Christmas dinner. He took it reverently, for by its shape, color, and aroma he knew he was in the presence of one of the really great cooks of the world.

"I'll carry it as far as I can," he said, "but I never could get very far with a pie. It doesn't seem to last long with me, somehow, and I never even tried to carry one like this before!"

The old lady chuckled and filled his pockets with cookies.

As Thomas turned away into the jeweled glory of the evening, juggling the pail of creamy milk with one hand and the master pie in the other, the pure cold air was like music and perfume; the hollow of the valley was a cup filled with wonder.

Jean was looking out of a northern window when he came in sight bearing his rich addition to their Swiss family chateau's cheer, and so as he turned his face to the southwest and stood for a moment with the last glow of the sunset upon him she saw what no woman had ever before seen in Thomas—neither Martha nor his mother. And then he was at the door and the babies were clamoring at him, and Martha was relieving him of the milk and pie and unloading the cookies from his pockets so that he might wrestle with his snowshoes for the dozenth time that day.

But Jean sat very still, and let the lengths of paper chains drop from her hands to coil and mass about her like heaps of red and blue and yellow flowers. She had been feeling strangely weak since that hysterical giving way at breakfast time, and she was not quite sure she could bear all that

this Christmas was bringing into her scared and hungry life.

Of course they had carols in the evening; the babies joined in nobly, if sketchily.

Good King Wenceslaus looked out  
On the feast of Stephen

When the snow lay round about,  
Deep and crisp and even.

After which, the babies having gone off sound asleep while they were being undressed, the three grownups became almost hysterically gay over the tree, dressing it from tip to root in Jean's paper chains and showering it all over with gift shop trifles. A discarded doll had been painted and dressed and fitted with wings to fly at the top for a Christmas fairy, and Mrs. John's blueberry pie was reared upon a kind of pedestal and wreathed about with green to set off its rich, round face, and the cookies also were hung on tips of the twigs.

There were the rag dolls that Jean had made, gay in dresses that made up for any blankness of feature, while as to the expectant stockings, Jean told Thomas where she had been hiding butternuts and beechnuts against this contingency, and they put a lead pencil in each and topped off with some of the more wholesome-looking pieces of candy out of the box which Martha had planned to absorb on her way to New York. Oh, yes, in the toe of each they put their penknives, Tom's and Martha's.

Really, those were stockings that anybody might have been pleased to receive on Christmas morning, and as to the tree, they were all agreed when at midnight they swept up and made things tidy generally, it was the most tasteful one they had ever seen. Most trees are so overloaded. And who cares for "boughten" things anyway.

CHRISTMAS morning. It was still dark when the auto horn woke Thomas. At first he sat up with a hazy idea that the car had been brought around from the garage, then he remembered how they had clamped the horn on a chair exactly half way between the two cribs. For how can Christmas morning dawn without tin trumpets? So if there are none, one must get on as one can with substitutes. But it was a loud horn, not meant for indoor use. Its trump was followed by small chanting voices.

"Chrismis, Chrismis, Chrismis!" they sang. After this, smell of ham and muffins and coffee.

Strange, he thought, as he descended, how opulent and swaggering the house had become in the past twenty-four hours, that had seemed so cowering and desolate that first evening. He opened the door softly, and in their noise and busy hurry, they did not at first perceive him. The babies were raging joyously. They had no doubts that this tree was the best of all possible trees, and as to Jean, who sat near the window stirring something vigorously in a yellow bowl, she had grown young overnight, almost as young as her years. She was laughing as he opened the door, and he saw plainly at the corner of her mouth the place where another day or so of prosperity would put a dimple.

The box stove roared until the thick frost which the cold had fostered into a feathery plush began to melt in dark circles at the centre of each pane. Suddenly she perceived him, and the children hurled themselves bodily at him. He must re-examine every detail of the tree's splendor, [Continued on page 55]



# The Kitten That Wanted to be a Christmas Present

Continued from page 17

"I'll have to try some other way," it sighed; but just then—"Rap-tap-tap!" went something. "Oh, someone's come at last!" joyfully it called to the squirrels, and was just scampering off to find the tree that was being cut down, when mother squirrel called back:

"No—no, it's my friend the red-headed woodpecker, who often stays here all winter. I shouldn't wonder a bit if he can't help you, just wait till I call him over."

When the woodpecker heard the story he at once answered: "Sure—I'll be glad to do anything I can to help!"

He thought for awhile and then said, "Ah, I have it! Do you know what night this is?"

"Of course—Christmas Eve," they all answered.

"Would you be afraid to climb a very high tree—perhaps the highest tree in the forest?" asked the woodpecker of little white kitten.

"N—o!" bravely answered little white kitten; but they could see it did look a bit scared.

"It might bring you your wish—to be a Christmas present."

"Then, I shouldn't mind if I was afraid, so long as it brought me that."

"Perhaps we could help you to climb the high tree," suggested the kind squirrels, "you see we are used to running up high trees—suppose you catch hold of one of our tails."

"The very thing," laughed Mr. Woodpecker. "So, I'll call round here about nine o'clock tonight and you be ready. I expect you to follow me and do just what I say."

They gladly agreed.

It was a wonderful night this Christmas Eve: clear and frosty and bright, with thousands of little twinkling stars shining away up there in the dark-blue sky overhead that seemed saying to all the world, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

So, the kitten and the squirrel just loved chasing each other over the white snow and in and out about the trees, waiting for nine o'clock to come. And, at nine o'clock along came Mr. Woodpecker calling out, "Come along! Follow me—follow me!"

Away over the snow they scurried.

To the very highest tree in the forest flew the woodpecker and, lighting on a branch near the top, called out, "Up you come! Up you come!"

Up scurried the squirrels, with little white kitten after them. Up—up—up! It seemed to the kitten as though they should never reach the top. It's fur became entangled in the needles of the tree. It began to lose heart and say, "Oh, perhaps it's a foolish thing to do this—at night too! However can this make me to be a Christmas present?"

"Here, take hold of our tails for a bit and we'll go more slowly," kindly suggested two of the squirrels.

Thus encouraged on it went.

Already the woodpecker was hammering its loudest up there near the top of the tree.

"I'm hammering to attract attention," he called down to the others.

"Attention?" called back mother squirrel, "away up here in the sky—who on earth do you—"

"Oh, I expect someone to shortly pass this way," laughed back Mr. Redhead.

"Some—one—to go along at the tops of the trees?" timidly piped up the kitten in surprise, "And after dark—why, it seems—seems foolish."

"Now keep up your courage, kitten," chided the woodpecker. "And

listen to me, all of you. I want you to do exactly as I say. You squirrels get in a row here—we may have to wait sometime, so you'd better put your tails about your necks to keep you warm—and as soon as we all get in position all call out just as loudly as you know how, 'Here's a kitten that wants to be a Christmas present! Here's a kitten that wants to be a Christmas present!' I'll keep hammering away on the tree-trunk just as hard as I can. And you kitten-white, scramble up to the very point of the tree, over our heads—we'll see you don't fall—and scream out just as loudly and as pleadingly as you can, 'I want to be a Christmas present! I want to be a Christmas present!' and I bet that by midnight you'll have your wish."

So, the squirrels gave the kitten a little push up to the very tip of the tree and—there it was, its little heart going pit-pat, pit-pat! Oh my! what a big white world there below between the trees and away out and beyond! Away over the white fields it could see, softly blinking out, the little lights in the homes of girls and boys who were doubtless already tucked up snug and warm in their beds dreaming or thinking of Santa Claus and the lovely Christmas presents he would bring them in the morning—oh, if it could only be one of those presents! Then it looked up—how beautiful it was overhead too! The sky so big and such a deep, deep blue, and—such a lot of stars tonight! How kindly they seemed to twinkle down at little kitten! So, it fixed its eyes on the very brightest star of all and started pleadingly to call, "I

want to be a Christmas present! I want to be a Christmas present!"

And there below were the whole family of squirrels chirping out at the very tops of their voices, "Here's a kitten that wants to be a Christmas present! Here's a kitten that wants to be a Christmas present!"

Suddenly above the din of kitten and squirrels and woodpecker came a tinkle-tinkle! A rush! A noise! And out of the rush and noise and tinkle came a big, big voice:

"My—my! What's all this racket? Such a racket! Whoa Prancer—Whoa Vixen! . . . What on earth? . . . Whoa Vixen! Why, if it isn't—a white kitten! And—a whole family of squirrels and a red-headed woodpecker! Stand still, Dasher! till I see what it's all about and what they are saying . . . Ha! Ha! A kitten wanting to be a Christmas present . . . did I ever?" And if there wasn't Santa Claus. Yes, sir, Santa Claus, with his prancing reindeers and his red sled and his big pack of toys. Such a jolly Santa Claus with his red coat trimmed with white fur, his twinkling eyes, his fun-loving dimples . . . driving over the tree-tops!

White kitten's heart almost stood still.

"Certainly! Certainly!" laughed Santa down on them. "Why I have a letter from a dear little girl asking for that very thing!" And with a big swoop, with his fur-mittened hand, didn't he reach down, snatch up little kitten, drop it into his big fur pocket, and call, "On Prancer! On Vixen!" So, away over the tree-tops went Santa Claus with his prancing reindeers, hurrying on and on, and with him went little white kitten to be a Christmas present.

## Snow in the Pass

Continued from page 54

must—alas—listen to the marvelous voice of the horn again and again. It was Jean who tactfully diverted them. Quietly her question dropped into that maelstrom and silence succeeded.

"Has anyone seen Peepsy this morning?"

For Peepsy had been shut into a box in the kitchen the night before, and now, said Martha, the box was empty. Like an answer to the question a strident note of joy sounded from upstairs; steady, rhythmic, victorious. A footfall was audible in the silence, a small and stately stride that went and came about the bare floors overhead, passing from one room to another in a sort of march while the happy voice pealed forth:

"K'dawk, Dawkut!" triumphed Peepsy.

"I believe she has," said Jean in an awed voice.

As the meaning of this march and song came home to them the children, with their dolls under their arms, went upstairs to congratulate Peepsy and collect her egg, and as the halls were cold, Martha pursued them with sweaters, but Thomas stayed behind.

It was not a long hunt, for though the house was large, only Thomas' room, with its packing boxes and chintz, made any pretense of furnishing. A long hall ran down the middle, with four rooms on a side. Four for the hired help of the old prosperous days of the farm, four for the farmer's family. But the doors of all were shut, except for a three-inch crack in one.

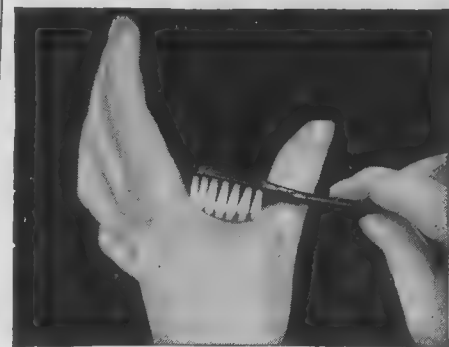
Opening this door wider, they saw a stairway leading up and followed it to a region of creosote-stained chimneys and a huddle of sap buckets and maple sugar pans.

And there, in a far, dusky corner, upon a handful of corn husks, lay Peepsy's Christmas egg, exactly as Tweedledum and Tweedledee had predicted.

They returned, bearing it with them and singing. Peepsy, however, had preceded them to the kitchen and was on the table helping herself to a bowl of mush. It seemed strange that the clatter of her bill upon the china should not have attracted the attention of Thomas and Jean. Even when, with a guilty squawk, she upset the bowl and flew down, the two in the next room made no sign. They did not even turn their heads when the babies stood in the doorway shouting the news and holding the egg on high. It seemed as though some spell was upon them, preventing them from seeing anything but each other's faces. It did not seem at all strange to Tweedledum and Tweedledee, however, that a gentleman should be holding both a lady's hands to his lips. They merely ran in and added themselves to this agreeable grouping.

Martha stood for a moment looking at her young brother with a smile half maternal, half wistful, realizing that he had passed to a new owner and was a boy no longer. Then she withdrew, inviting the babies to join her in the kitchen for a conference as to just how Peepsy's egg should be cooked for the Christmas dinner.

## BETTER SHAPE



## PROVE IT YOURSELF

Tek is different from old style brushes. It fits the narrow arch of your front teeth. No other brush does this as well. The right spacing of pointed tufts gives Tek complete brushing ease. Tek's Better Bristles keep that typical Tek spring even after months of daily use. Better Bristles and Better Shape prove Tek's Better Value.

TRY A TEK TODAY. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

**Tek** the modern tooth brush

Product of

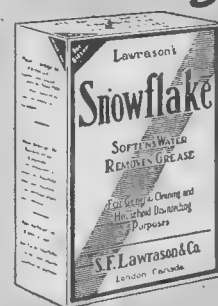
Johnson & Johnson Limited  
MONTREAL CANADA



## Her Blonde Hair brought him back

HE couldn't forget how her hair sparkled and shone . . . And so another lovers' quarrel is patched up—by Blondex. This special shampoo keeps blonde hair thrilling with golden lights—safely brings back true golden color to dull, faded blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Stimulates the scalp. Try Blondex today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores

Lawrason's  
**Snowflake**



At  
Your  
Grocers

Cleans  
Pots &  
Pans.

Sinks, Bath Tubs,  
Dishes & Floors.





## BABY'S SKIN

EVERYBODY envies baby his soft, velvety skin, and yet baby, too, has his troubles from chafing, skin irritations and eczema.

It is a positive fact proven in many thousands of cases that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a most effective means of relieving these skin troubles.

## chafing and eczema

When mothers witness the almost magical effect of Dr. Chase's Ointment in relieving baby's skin troubles, they learn to use it for themselves as a beautifier of the skin. With its use the skin acquires a delightful softness and fineness of texture, which gives it peculiar charm. Dr. Chase's Ointment is also an ideal base for powder.

# Dr. Chase's OINTMENT



LAME BACK? LUMBAGO?  
End Pain—Sleep Soundly!

FATHER: I'll never be able to sleep tonight with this pain in my back.

MOTHER: Here, pat on Sloan's Liniment. It eases backache for me in 5 minutes.

Don't let lame back or lumbago keep you awake again. Sloan's Liniment relieves pain almost instantly. No rubbing needed—just pat it on. Sloan's warms like sunshine, bringing fresh blood to the sore-spot. The pain disappears and you sleep soundly. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

# SLOAN'S Liniment



Warms Like  
Sunshine

which lends itself to lace as well as the needle, the white which is so durable, and the colored freehand which is so startlingly attractive.

One of the most beautiful flowers of the western prairie is the gaillardia. Against the brown road it raises a glorious head—never really realized till the needleworker embroiders its true colors against the shade of brown which is the road. Or if one would guard its delicacy from the wear and tear, how marvelously it lends itself to white embroidery and the effective cut-work. If one remembered the beauty of the skeleton leaf—how swiftly the same flower camouflages itself into delicate lace. Or if perchance, one looked on its loveliness and dreamed—how near to the glory of the sunset sky the wayside flower suddenly seems.

ART is only art when it can appeal to the inner sense which is part of all of us, and the plain flora, animals, birds and vegetation would do little towards making a national appeal, or making a country's contribution to the Universe, if the designing of these things and their workmanship, did not carry the unwritten message which is common language to all.

What is more common than to motor along a road which is hemmed on both sides by sunflowers? Then what is more articulate in a guest towel than the simple sunflower seen against the barbed wire fence along the brown road of the prairie. Immediately the "fancy work" of the guest towel subsides, and in its place comes a definite something of understanding between entertainer and guest, and a feeling of tranquillity.

red berries of the mountain ash, kept carefully to "make holly," for real holly, which grew so abundantly in their old home, refused to live in the snow banks and bitter frosts of a Canadian winter. The English plum pudding was only envolving then from the olden plum porridge—a thick meal soup with plenty of plums, sugar and spice. But the New England spirit put so heavy a damper on the nation-wide keeping of Christmas, that it hardly came to its own until the days of Dickens.

Still in the great immigration to Canada in the nineteenth century there is often mention of the way these folks from old England, struggling through the hardships of pioneer work in the Canadian bush, tried to keep the Christmas feast. One old diary says—"The chicken we had hoarded for Christmas has suffered so with the cold that it was little better than a scarecrow, and slaughtered for the dinner gave us hardly more than a few bones to pick. For vegetables we had only pumpkins, and we boiled the largest. Our luck in hunting had failed, and all our fishing through the ice only resulted in two small fish, which we boiled with the chicken. We were out of bread, but we had saved the last of the flour for a Christmas pudding, place of raisins and spice, etc., which we lacked, we put several cakes of maple sugar with the flour, and thought it a good pudding."

SPEAKING of Christmas puddings we have the famous one made in

# National Embroidery

Continued from page 26

Or again—how far do we travel without seeing the line of elevators against the prairie sky? What then is more natural than a line of elevators, either cross-stitched or worked in fillet lace on the towel which refreshes the traveller? Their colors of white and grey and brown and red, so softly woven; or their lines in simple lace so dreamily traced. And if we are inclined to be traditional, what depth of meaning the simple towel imparts when the opposite end to the elevators bears the simple phrase—"Bread is between us," stitched with hospitable care.

The rose, the bergamot, the lily, the violet, the convolvulus, the lupin, the wolf-willow, the larkspur, the cactus—what flower does not abandon itself with marvellous graciousness to the needleworker's art?

And who has not thrilled at the flash of wings of the magpie, the mallard, the house-wren, the kingbird, the ruffed grouse, or the goose which honks its seasonal ultimatum as the long wedge passes across the Canadian sky, from north to south, or back again?

When such motifs are wrought on household things by the artist's needle, they take on a symbolism which nourishes the roots of a nation's culture like streams of living water.

For embroidery which is art must be many things besides mere outline and color of the various motifs: it must hold many different meanings and moods if it is of real design, and the subtlety of understanding charm for those of other lands and cultures.

Each country has a definite perfume—unconscious though we may often be of this fact. No one who has visited Alaska is unaware of that clear odor of pine and twin-flower.

Who has not smelled the rose-laden air of Manitoba to the tune of clear-throated birds? What recollections the balm of Gilead and the wolf-willow blossom mingled in the Alberta river bottoms, bring to the memory of the Alberta pioneer. Each Province has its own alluring perfume. Each Province has its own distinct coloring of earth, and sky, and river. Each Province has its own particular contribution of flower, and tree, and bird and animal. And each Province has its own dye-pots hidden amidst the verdure; and each can reproduce those glories of the wayside as they appear both by day and by night.

For the night and its colors are apart from the day and its charms—and each country, and each Province in Canada has a night-lure all its own.

The real art in embroidery lies in being able to depict these subtleties: the glories of the wayside; the sky; the seasons, the animal and bird life; the charm of night and day; the romance of the commonplace things, adorning the commonplace objects.

In the accomplishment of this there is added charm and new meaning given to any country, and any home. Expensive pictures, and imported rugs and pottery are not within the financial range of all of us. But art lies all around us in unstinted profusion. Why not capture it on the ends of our needles, and rug-hooks, and pottery—so that, in these lean days, our houses may not lack for treasure, nor our country, for cultural wealth?

Canada has contributed a distinctive school to the realm of art. Her paintings are apart from all the rest of the world—and they give a national message. Why not follow up this success by a further contribution of a national embroidery?

# Some Canadian Christmas Feasts

Continued from page 34

the wilderness of the Rockies that Christmas of 1872; we can read of it in Grant's *Ocean to Ocean*, the Canadian classic telling how the great engineer, Sandford Flemming, with the "Doctor," Grant himself, and Terry the cook, went to survey the proposed route for a railway that should cross Canada, ocean to ocean; it was the genesis of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

And so the railway surveyors went on till that Christmas found them a thousand miles from even a trading post; but they must keep the old feast, and with a pudding! Game they had in plenty, also several bags of pemmican, the dried and pounded buffalo beef that was the mainstay of travellers, white as well as Indians, in those days that seem now so very far away. But their other stores were low; Terry reported sugar out, except some sticking to the bag, in which he purposed to boil the last of their flour with suet from a deer shot for Christmas venison; then some berries were found frozen under the snow, and went into the pudding together with "something" from the Doctor's chest which would spice the pudding, and which he guaranteed was neither nasty nor poisonous, but which he refused to name. We have only to add that the pudding was a success.

So they ate their venison, and the pudding, then drank toasts in milkless, unsweetened tea, to the Queen, "God bless her!" to the women they loved, and their little children, so very far away; and to Canada, the young

Dominion, not five years old that Christmas night. And not one of those men, big-visioned though three of them were, dreamed of what Canada and the great Northwest were to be in nigh fifty years—what Canada is today this Christmas of 1931.

## Little Pig Pork

Continued from page 53

at Pete. "They's a cabbage and some almighty nice winter beets on top."

Dutraw, comprehending slowly, opened and closed his mouth, but made no sound. Lib glared at him as she filled a ten-quart pail with fresh doughnuts and butter, and crammed a loaf of bread on top.

"Pretty note to go hungry right under a body's nose!" she snorted. "Christmas, too!"

Bill, uncomfortable to the point of misery, piled sack and pail into Pete's arms and shoved him toward the door.

"You go and cut a young fir tree the fust thing in the morning!" he roared. "And tell them young 'uns Santy Claus is a-coming hell-bent fer 'lection!"

Pete found his voice. The words came in jerks, and he breathed hard.

"Le bon Dieu bless—"

"You needn't swear about it!" sputtered Bill. He pushed Pete through the doorway and turned back into the room, mopping his forehead with a coat sleeve.

"Gosh, Lib!" he said, fervently. "I ain't ben so mad since I was treed by a bear up on old Hurricane!"



## Santa's Bed Quilt

By Emily Winslow

**B**EFORE Christmas Mrs. Santa Claus is always very busy helping Santa get ready for his visit to all the little boys and girls who expect him to bring them something for Christmas. But as soon as he is fairly started on his way south, she begins to catch up with her housekeeping, which has been neglected in the hurry of getting Santa away.

Nearly every winter she makes a new quilt for his bed. When he gets home from his trip he is very tired and the first thing he does is to have a nice long sleep, and he likes to have some warm quilts over him, for he always has his windows wide open when he has a sleep.

Now you see Mrs. Santa cannot make quilts such as other people have. It is very cold up there near the North Pole in the winter and the quilts must be thick and warm and Santa wants them very soft and light, too. So in the summertime, when they have a little warm weather and a big lot of blue sky, Mrs. Santa climbs to the top of a tall iceberg and peels off long strips of blue sky, which she rolls up very carefully and puts

away in a good safe place. She must do this in summer or she wouldn't be able to get any sky at all, for up there the blue sky is very scarce in the winter.

So the first thing she did after Santa left was to get out her pieces of blue sky and lay them down on the floor. Then she went outside and scooped up big armfuls of beautiful, soft, white snow and put a thick layer all over the strip of sky. On top of the snow she put another strip of that lovely summer sky and fastened them all together with some tiny stars which she had gathered from time to time and which she kept in a box near the roll of summer sky.

It made a lovely quilt, all that sky and the soft, thick snow and the little twinkly stars. But somehow she wanted it to be a little different this time from the quilts she had made before. She didn't know just what she could do to make this quilt any prettier than it already was, until, looking out of the window she saw some northern lights having a frolic in the sky; and she said to herself, "Oh, the very thing; I'll have some

of those, too." She went outside and ran very quickly and climbed to the top of the highest iceberg she could find and grabbed off a whole armful of those little northern lights. Holding them very close, so they couldn't get away, for they were trying their best to slide out of her arms, she ran into the house and dropped them onto the quilt, and because it was sky and just what they were used to, they settled down and were quite contented and didn't try to get away, but were soon playing around all over the quilt.

Do you know, they are just baby rainbows and they run around in the northern sky and dance and play hide and seek and tag and all those games until they are quite grown up and then, after a warm summer shower, one of them comes out in the sky, a big, bright, beautiful rainbow.

But these little northern lights that Mrs. Santa Claus put on the quilt always stayed small, mostly because they didn't have much room in which to grow, only the small strips of blue sky that made Santa's quilt, and Santa thought it the very nicest quilt that ever was.

## Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 44

mineral water, because they considered that the Raysol water was not likely to prove as satisfactory as the promoters anticipated. We have no record of the Radiak water. If the Radiak Syndicate was formed with the intention of exploiting the Raysol Water it would not be attractive to us.

\* \* \*

Vancouver, B.C.

(Q) Kindly give me what information you can regarding "Calgary & Edmonton Corp'n." Two years ago last summer I, with a number of my friends, invested in this stock as a pure speculation at \$11.00. Now the price in the open market hovers around 25c. In your opinion, would we be justified in buying more at the present price?—J. A. M.

(A) The general meeting of the Calgary & Edmonton Corp'n. Ltd. was recently held. The curtailment of production in the Turner Valley area has resulted in some improvement in the price of oil, and this will offset the reduction in the royalties paid to the Company. The surplus funds of the Company have been invested by the directors in Dominion Government bonds, and at the close of the year this surplus amounted to \$231,000.00. Since then a further \$30,000.00 has been added. The directors were considering the advisability of paying a dividend, but decided that under present conditions they would conserve the assets of the Company. The curtailment of gas production in the Turner Valley has affected the earning power of the Company, but it is probably one of the most satisfactorily situated of the

royalty companies. We are not sure whether we should recommend the purchase of any oil securities at the present time except as a speculation. On the other hand, of the companies in its class we think Calgary & Edmonton Corp'n. is one of the leaders in the Alberta field. The directors of Calgary & Edmonton Corp'n. are outstanding business men, and you can be assured that they will do the best possible in the interests of the Company.

However, if you are considering making a commitment in oil shares, we would be more favorably inclined towards the shares of distributing companies, such as Imperial Oil and British American Oil Company, who have had a long record of successful operation, and are paying dividends regularly. The shares of these companies are now at a comparatively attractive price, and as the companies deal in a very basic industry there is a good deal of stability to the companies' earnings, even under present conditions.

\* \* \*

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) I have a hundred shares of Interior Oil Co. Ltd. that I purchased in 1928. Could you inform me whether these are of any value. I have never seen them listed.—S. J.

(A) Our information is that Interior Oil Co. Ltd. is at present inactive. The Company had a contract with Lloyd's Petroleum Ltd. to drill ten wells, which were to be paid for from production. The latter company has so far been unable to finance

this work, and while they hope to be able to recommence operations next year, you will appreciate that it is difficult to finance such operations at the present time. The properties of Interior Oil Company Ltd. are in the Wainwright Field, and so far the developments in this field have not shown any great return for the speculator.

\* \* \*

Falmouth, N.S.

(Q) Please tell me what the stock is worth; who has it for sale; what per cent are they paying; and what amount of business since inception have the following: A. Ramsay & Sons, Montreal; R. C. Jameson, Montreal; Excelsior Color & Paint, Montreal; British American Paint Co., Vancouver; Flint Paint & Varnish Ltd., Toronto.—W. G. L.

(A) We regret that we are unable to give you the information which you have asked for. These companies are all private companies, privately owned, and it is practically impossible to obtain any statements from them. If you are interested in purchasing shares in these companies we would suggest that you write to them direct. The only company in which there is any public investment interest is the Flint Paint & Varnish Co. Ltd., which is a wholly owned subsidiary of Canadian Industries Ltd. If you are interested in purchasing the shares of a company in this industry we would suggest that the Sherwin-Williams Company is one of the leading companies in this field, and that probably its shares would be the most attractive for purchasers.

## Christmas Giving

By Isa Grindlay Jackson

Now tell me do you think it wise  
Exchanging bales of merchandise,  
And thinking thus to celebrate  
Our very sweetest, dearest date?  
True friends would never take it hard  
To be remembered with a card.  
Besides, with such don't we partake  
Of cheer and merriment and make  
The season one of toast and song?

Then why tag surplus gifts along?  
There are so many folks, you know,  
Who have no jolly place to go.  
And while most homes on Christmas Day  
Enjoy the universal ray  
Of happiness that wanders round,  
So many people can be found  
To whom the Christmas morning brings  
No bundles of surprising things.

They cannot give so do not get,  
A matter surely for regret.  
And lots of little girls and boys  
Have never yet had brand-new toys.  
And so this Christmas I suggest  
We find such folks and do out best  
Their modest wishes to supply,  
And thus in giving humbly try  
To honour—we forget, I fear!—  
The greatest birthday of the year.

## More Mothers each year check colds without "dosing"

**M**ORE and more mothers every year turn to the modern external treatment—Vicks VapoRub—for checking colds, coughs, sore throat and spasmodic croup.

Rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, Vicks acts through the skin like a plaster; at the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the heat of the body, are inhaled direct to the air-passages.

Mothers were first to appreciate Vicks because there is nothing to swallow and, of course, nothing to disturb children's delicate digestions as "dosing" is so apt to do.

Today, the whole trend of medical practice is away from needless "dosing" and Vicks is a family standby for the colds of adults as well as children in over 70 countries.

**VICKS**  
VAPORUB



OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

**Golden Glory**  
Fair hair gleams like spun gold when washed with Evan Williams "Camomile", the safe Shampoo.  
For your shade of hair there is an Evan Williams Shampoo at your drug store.

An Empire Product  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
Sole Canadian Distributors  
PALMERS LIMITED  
MONTREAL

**Evan Williams**  
HENNA  
SHAMPOO

## MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.  
The MENHENT COMPANY, Limited  
965 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



## The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 28

"You don't know what you may find down there," she said. "And if anything should happen to you—"

"Don't worry about me; I'll hurry back after I find out whereabouts we are, and the way out."

Reaching the larger tunnel he found it empty and as silent as the labyrinth through which they had wandered the better part of the previous night. But neither to right or left was there anything to indicate which was the way to go to reach the mine entrance. Though the working tunnel was lighted by lamps suspended from the roof at intervals of a hundred feet or so, it was driven on a curve which limited the view in either direction.

Since there was nothing to determine a choice, Landis turned to the left. Before he had gone very far he heard the rumble of a car coming along on the rails behind him and hastily crowded himself into a niche in the jagged tunnel wall. When the car came in sight he saw that it was pushed by a single man. There was a slight up-grade in the drift to make the man put his head down and brace to his work, so he saw nothing as he passed Landis' shallow hiding place.

Watching the car as it went on around the curve ahead, Landis had a curious shock when, just before it disappeared, the squeaky rumbling of the wheels stopped abruptly. It was not because the car itself had stopped; it hadn't; he could see that it was still moving, but as silently now as if the wheels and the rails upon which they were running were shod with velvet.

Convinced instantly that there could be but one reason for the sudden silence, Landis crept forward, keeping in the shadow of the left-hand tunnel wall, and pausing for the look ahead whenever he found a crevice in the roughly blasted rock big enough to conceal him. By the time he had measured the intervals between two more of the roof lights in this dodging progress the tunnel had straightened itself and the scene he was more than half expecting to see was revealed.

In the tunnel heading a number of men were at work; two of them shoveling broken rock or ore into the empty car which had just been pushed into place; others manipulating two big air drills which were visibly churning away at the rock face of the heading. But instead of the raucous clamor which these activities should have raised—the clattering din of the air-driven drills which should have drowned the loudest shout—there was a silence as profound as that of the grave!

Fully aware now of the use to which his stolen invention was being put, though he was completely in the dark as to the reason for it, Landis made a quick search for the hiding place of the black box. Knowing how it must be focused to produce the effect, he had little difficulty in discovering its hiding place. It was half concealed in a shelf-like niche of the tunnel wall, close at hand, the electric current for its operation being taken from the light wires overhead. A few yards beyond it there was the beginning of a side drift which had been driven a few feet at an angle to the main

tunnel, and was now used as a depository for tools.

With a glance at the men who were loading the ore car, Landis saw that his time for action was short. In a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, the car would be coming out. Reaching up quickly, he opened the slide in the black box giving access to its interior and did that which was needful to paralyze its delicate and intricate mechanism. Then, as the deafening, ear-splitting clamor of the chattering drills burst out in the heading, he leaped for the branching side drift.

Peering from this refuge he was able to mark the effect of the suddenly released din upon the men in the heading—which was most astonishing; whether or not they knew the means by which the silencing had been accomplished, they had evidently become so well used to the abnormal conditions that the sudden resumption of the natural order of things precipitated a wild panic.

While two of the men hastened to shut off the air pressure from the drills, the remainder came stumbling out of the heading, some with their fingers in their ears, to run blindly past Landis' covert and so on out of the picture.

A moment later the two who had run to stop the drills came along, but they were not hurrying. As they approached, Landis saw that they were armed. But that was not all. When they came under the nearest light bulb he saw their faces and recognized them at once as two of the three he and Markham had seen in the lobby of the Copah hotel—the tall man with the cauliflower ear, and the sandy-haired one—two of the trio who had driven westward from Copah that same evening to disappear so unaccountably and mysteriously from that time on!

"What the hell do you suppose went wrong with the machine?" the tall man was saying as they passed. Then he laughed gratingly. "You would have thought the Greasers had had a machine gun turned loose on them, the way they legged it."

"It got me, too, for a second," said the other. "I wasn't looking for it. Think it gave the snap away?"

"If it did, there'll be merry hell to pay. The Captain'll want to kill somebody. Today is the day when the big deal is to be pulled off. The 'come-ons' got in last night. The Captain 'phoned out to say that he had met 'em and got 'em on the string."

This was all that Landis heard; and when he looked out he saw that they had taken the black box from its niche and were trying to make it function, the tall man turning its dials while the other thumped at intervals upon an empty dynamite box as a sound test. Presently the tall one said, "It's no good; she's gone out blink; burnt herself up inside somehow, I guess." Then Landis saw him open the slide in the side of the box and direct the beam of a pocket flash into the interior; saw him do this and heard his low whistle punctuated by the single word, "Hell!"

"What for?" queried the box thumper.

"Smashed all to the devil—and not by itself," [Continued on page 59]



### Candy Insurance

Christmas candies... an institution in many homes... achieve perfection in taste and texture only when they are made at the correct temperature.



When you use a TAYLOR TYCOS CANDY THERMOMETER, uncertainty is removed... results are uniform... candies are delicious.

A Christmas gift that will be welcomed by all friends who make candy.

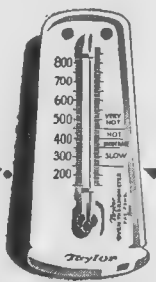
Cake or pastries are the delight you anticipated when a TAYLOR TYCOS OVEN THERMOMETER is used.



A TAYLOR TYCOS THERMOMETER for Deep Fat Frying is an invaluable aid in the making of croquettes, doughnuts, or French fried potatoes.

You will probably find these Taylor Tykos Temperature Aids... price \$2.50 each

At your dealer's, but if he can't supply you use the coupon below to order direct. Safe delivery guaranteed.



Taylor Instrument Companies  
Of Canada Limited  
Tykos Bldg. Toronto 2

Enclosed is (check or money order) for \_\_\_\_\_ for which please send me:

- ☐ Taylor Tykos Candy Thermometer.  
☐ Taylor Tykos Oven Thermometer.  
☐ Taylor Tykos Thermometer for Deep Fat Frying.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### ASTHMA

For bronchial asthma inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapor. Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapor direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. No long waiting for relief. Vapo-Cresolene soothes at once, restores normal breathing, brings restful sleep. Drugless, simple. Easy to use. Complete directions with every bottle. In successful use for 52 years. All drug stores.



**Vapo-Cresolene**

Send for Booklet No. 17 Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.



### SEIGEL'S SYRUP

THE REMEDY for the stomach

Don't wait till you're sick in bed! If your head aches, you feel out of sorts, bowels not just right, a bit liverish with back-ache—get a bottle of Seigel's Syrup. A few doses after meals will soon improve you, you'll enjoy your meals, have a new lease of life. Seigel's Syrup combines the medicinal values of 10 herbs, roots and leaves. Purely vegetable, absolutely safe.

50c and \$1.00

4-29

### COLONIAL PLAYING CARDS

MAYFAIR SERIES

Complete the Appointments of the Perfect Bridge Hostess

CANADIAN PLAYING CARD COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL

### The Western Home Monthly

Announces

The Selection of

Laura G. Salverson's

Two Part Novelette

Entitled

### "Ye Rebel Glory"

to appear in the January and February issues. This is a rollicking story of a girl who was strong enough to face the truth about the man she loved—a man who played a dangerous game. Readers will find an abundance of action, humor and intrigue in this fascinating story.

DON'T MISS IT!



# The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 58

either," said the investigator, replacing the box on its shelf. "You know the little fine wire coils that we couldn't make out what they were for? They're all twisted up in a knot."

"Say! Did you say something about the Captain wanting to kill somebody? You sure called the turn. Didn't he give orders that one of us was to keep a strict watch of that box every minute of the day or night while it was in here? And that isn't the worst of it. Do you know who smashed it? If you don't, I do, damned well! It was the fellow that made it—the fellow we locked up in the old Indian mine last night!"

"You're crazy in the head!" growled the tall one. "How could he get in here, I'd like to know?"

"How? There is only the one way—the chute that comes down from the old diggings back yonder a piece. That's how."

"I said you were crazy, and you are. That chute is a good two miles from the place where we locked that fellow up; and, allowing that he had a light—which he hadn't—he'd get lost a million times before he could find the way over here. I know; I've been through that tangle of prairie-dog burrows, myself; went through with the old Mexican geezer that's been here since the year One—did it the first day we came."

"I don't care a damn about what you did. He's the only—"

There were two empty dynamite boxes lying beside the railroad track, and Landis, looking on and listening in his covert, saw the tall man suddenly push the speaker to a seat on one of them, planting himself quickly on the other, and saying as he did so: "Cut out the chin music! Here comes the Captain with his gold fishes! We want to let him find us doing what we were told to do—keeping watch of that box!"

At the imminent risk of discovery, Landis craned his neck to enable him to see farther down the tunnel. A group of four men was approaching, the one in the lead carrying a flashlight. As the four passed under one of the overhead bulbs he saw that the light carrier was Canby; but the three well-dressed men who were picking their way over the mine-track cross-ties in Canby's wake were strangers.

As the four came up, Canby stopped and spoke to the tall man.

"Air quit on you, did it, Jim? It's all right. I was just about to send in to tell you to knock off for a bit until I could bring these gentlemen in and show them what we've got."

Landis reasoned instantly that this was said for the benefit of the three strangers. Canby must have learned from the panic-stricken miners the true cause for the stoppage. Why was all this cautious secrecy maintained? There was no answer to that.

"Of course, you can't tell much about a gold mine by merely looking at it," Landis heard the promoter say to the three as they stood in the heading, "though you can get some idea of the quantity of ore in sight. The assays tell the true story of the values, and, as you know, we have given your examiners a free rein. We have even gone so far as to clear our

own men out of the mine while your experts were taking their samples."

"You have done everything you agreed to," said one of the three. "There is only one thing that puzzles us a bit; and that is, why you are willing to let go of so good a thing as this mine seems to be. Maybe you can tell us."

Canby laughed easily.

"I can give you the reason in four words, Mr. Fleming; I'm no mining man. A year ago I thought I was, and I let a bunch of scamps stick me for the old Quavapai. I found out pretty soon that I'd been done in the eye, as our British friends say; but, on the other hand, the extent of the old workings was a sufficient proof that the mine had once been a producer. So I sent some good money after the bad, developing one of the old veins that seemed to have petered out. Here is the result; but, good as it is, it hasn't made a mining man out of me. My interests now are all in the East, and I can't ride two horses at once. There you have it in a nutshell."

There was more talk, most of it centering upon the natural advantages of the mine, its freedom from water, the ease with which the vein could be worked, the care which had been taken to drive a tunnel large enough to provide ample working space and to facilitate the removal of the ore. After a time one of the three said, "Well, I guess we have seen all we need to. We came out prepared to do business with you, Mr. Canby—as I told you last night—if we should find the property as you had represented it to be, and I think we are pretty well satisfied. I guess we may as well adjourn to Brewster and have our lawyers draw up the papers. What do you say, Fleming?—and you, Cautrell?"

There was no dissenting voice, and a moment later the group of four was passing the mouth of the shallow drift on its way out. By this time Landis was in a fierce fever of impatience, and his impulse was to rush out and tell the three purchasers that they were about to be made the victims of a fraud of some sort, risking the chance that Canby would undoubtedly denounce him as a madman and turn him over to the pair sitting on the dynamite boxes, and he was sensible enough to know that the charge might be made to stick—for the time being.

Besides, there was Betty to be considered. In urging her to stay behind he hadn't meant to leave her alone for more than the few minutes it might take him to plan their attempt to escape through the lighted tunnel. But now a full half-hour or more had elapsed. What

would she be thinking? The moment of hesitation cost him his chance to appeal to the three strangers. The group of four had gone on, and he could not reach it without running the gauntlet of the two armed men who were still sitting on the dynamite boxes, and who would certainly stop him if he tried to pass them. Hardly knowing what to do, he waited.

For perhaps five minutes after the sound of the footsteps of the retreating quartette had died away in the distant reaches of the tunnel, the two men who [Continued on page 61]



## TRAVEL

### CANADIAN PACIFIC



Take your winter trip during December. Fares are much lower and the return privilege longer on tickets to Eastern Canada, also to Central States points from Sask. and Alta. Two all-steel trains—fine equipment and service—direct route—excellent connections.

**TORONTO  
WINDSOR  
MONTREAL  
QUEBEC  
SAINT JOHN**

and other Eastern points

## WEST

**VICTORIA  
VANCOUVER  
NEW WESTMINSTER  
SAN FRANCISCO  
LOS ANGELES**

Winter on the Pacific Coast—Victoria—in Canada's Evergreen Playground—Tennis, Golf, Motor, Ride—Crystal Garden for swimming and dancing. Come when low winter fares in effect, during December, January or February.

Do not miss the Yuletide festivities elaborately staged for guests at the Empress Hotel.

Fourth Annual Empress Hotel Mid-Winter Golf Tournament

**FEBRUARY 22-27, 1932**

Special Winter Rates at the Empress

THROUGH CARS—SPECIAL TRAINS TO THE SHIP'S SIDE AT W. SAINT JOHN FOR OLD COUNTRY CHRISTMAS SAILINGS, LOW FARES DURING DECEMBER—BOOK NOW.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

Call, phone or write your local Ticket Agent or

C180

H. R. MATHEWSON, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

## In Bermuda Canadians prefer BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED

with their beautiful situations and atmosphere of genial hospitality. Accommodation and tariff to suit your preference. Service and cuisine of uniform excellence. Golfing privileges to all guests.

**BELMONT MANOR  
& GOLF CLUB**

A. P. Thompson - Manager

**INVERURIE HOTEL**

Geo. A. Butz - Manager

**FRASCATI HOTEL  
& GOLF CLUB**

Geo. A. Butz - Manager

For full particulars, address the managers or any Travel Agency.





# Softly Styled Models for Festive Activities



7254

7317

7322

7258

7320

7322. Satin or velvet may be chosen for this pretty model which depicts the covered shoulder and cowl neck with soft draped folds, and cascade folds on the overlapped sections of the skirt. Very pleasing is the fitted skirt yoke with its shaping in deep points.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35 inch material. The underbody of lining will require  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard. The tie belt of ribbon will require  $2\frac{1}{3}$  yards. This model will also be attractive in chiffon brocade or the new taffetas. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 4 yards. Price 25c.

7320. This attractive model indicates fitted lines. The waist is cut with a deep point at the centre of front and back, above yoke extensions of the front and back panels of the skirt, which is lengthened at the sides by flare sections. The panels have plait folds at the seams. The deep vestee is outlined by jabot revers portions. The fitted sleeve is trimmed with a flare that falls in cascade folds.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39 inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard for revers, vestee and flares. If made of one material without contrast  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

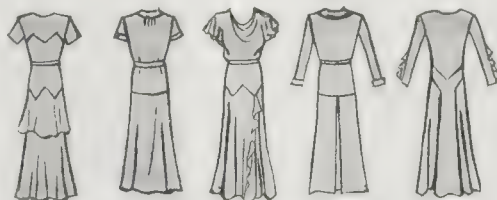
7254. Crepe or printed silk will be suitable for this design. It may be finished with the sleeve long and with a flare cuff as in the large view or short as in the small view. The fitted waist is attractively shaped in points. It has low placed flounce fulness in double tiers—the shorter (upper) flounce being applied at the hips in pointed outline. Velvet and Canton crepe, lace and net are also suggested for the dress.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress for an 18 year size will require  $4\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 32 inch material if made with long sleeves and cuffs as shown in the large view. With short sleeves the material will be  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards. If flounces are cut crosswise the dress will require  $6\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 32 inch material or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material for a size 18. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards. To finish with edging as illustrated or other trimming will require  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yards of edging.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7317. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 with long sleeves requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material. With short sleeves it requires 4 yards. Collar, pocket facings, belt, cuffs and tie as illustrated in the large view requires  $2\frac{1}{3}$  yard of 36 inch material. Price 25c.

7258. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material. For contrasting material  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard is required. Price 25c.



7254

7317

7322

7258

7320



# The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 59

were barring the way for Landis made no move, and his impatience to get back to Betty became a maddening obsession. Then the red-headed man got upon his feet and began where he had left off when the interruption had come.

"I'm telling you that the fellow we locked up—the fellow that made that back-action loudspeaker over there—is the one that turned hell loose on us a little while ago, and I'll make a ten-to-one bet he's hiding in that old chute right now. Let's go back and get him."

For the fraction of a second, for the time it took the tall man to get up and join the other, Landis delayed. Then the thought of what they would find in the inclined chute—Betty, waiting, bewildered and dismayed... His groping hand reached backward and fell upon a miner's shovel in the niche behind him, and with only this for a weapon he leaped up and darted out, Berserk-mad, to fall upon the retreating pair.

Fortunately for him the two men had their backs turned when he made his silent charge upon them, and before they heard him he had hit the tall man a smashing blow over the head with his shovel, knocking him sprawling across the rails of the mine track. But before he could swing the shovel a second time, the other man had whirled, drawn his Colt and fired. It was merely by a lucky chance that the heavy bullet struck the shovel blade and glanced aside to flatten itself harmlessly against the tunnel wall, but the chance sufficed. Before he could squeeze the trigger again, Landis was upon him, flailing at him with the shovel; perfectly skillless, but also perfectly mad with the madness that makes the fighting maniac invincible.

Driven back by the furious attack, the red-headed man tried to cover his face, at which a chopping blow of the shovel made him drop his pistol. At this he sought to close with the maniac, but now Landis lowered his clumsy weapon from cutting to thrusting, and the sharp blade of the digging tool caught the charging enemy just above the belt. That should have ended it, but it didn't. The stocky man gave a grunt and bent double over the thrusting shovel, but in falling he got his hands upon his lighter antagonist and dragged him down.

Dropping the shovel, Landis tore fiercely at the gripping hands and fought to free himself from the gorilla-like grip. Like grim death the red-headed one held on, struggling desperately for the breath the savage stomach thrust had deprived him of. It came at last, and when it did, Landis knew that the fight was lost; the man had him down between the rails of the mine track and was holding him with a knee and the half-paralyzed right arm while he groped with the other hand for the dropped pistol.

Past this, Landis' recollections were dim and confused. He remembered seeing the pistol upswung for a skull-crushing blow; that it had descended, once or a dozen times, he couldn't tell how many; that he had finally got a hand free to clutch at the merciless club that was beating his head to a pulp, and that when he did, there was a crash as if the roof of the tunnel had caved in.

When he struggled from under the inert and heavy body that was holding him down and got upon his feet, the dimnesses made him reel and stagger, but with a mighty effort he pulled himself together to do what remained to be done. In the struggle for the possession of the clubbed pistol the weapon had been discharged and the bullet had plowed a furrow through the red hair of the clubber. Landis did not know whether or not the man's wound was mortal, nor did he greatly care. With a grim determination not to give up until he had made a finished job of it, he rubbed the blood out of his eyes, rolled the wounded man over and made shift to tie his hands behind him with his own pistol belt.

That done, he did the same for the tall man, who had not yet recovered from the smashing blow given him at the beginning of the mad battle. Not content with this, Landis pulled down the wires which had supplied the current for the black box, and wound and twisted them about the feet and legs of his helpless captives.

There was only a little of the will-power determination left when the trussing was finished, but there was one thing more to be done, and he did it. Taking the black box down from its shelf, he laid it upon one of the cross-ties, and, with a fragment of ore for a hammer, beat and battered at it until it was reduced to a shapeless ruin.

Ten minutes later, dragging the ruin after him by one of its internal wires, he staggered into the mouth of the old working where he had left Betty, and heard dimly her cry of dismay or relief, or both, as she caught him in her arms. After which the waves of a deep sea of unconsciousness rolled smoothly over him and he knew no more.

**THOUGH** "taking the count" in the squared ring means only the lapse of a few critical seconds of time, there may be lapses more serious; as when one has been beaten over the head with the butt of a heavy six-gun. When Landis began to come to a realization of things as they are, he found himself in bed in a room in which the color scheme was spotless white and the atmosphere pungent with the clean odor of antiseptics. At first he had the impression that his head was encased in a metal helmet contrivance that was too small for him; but when he felt of the contrivance he found that it was a strapping of surgical dressings and bandages.

At his stirring, somebody tiptoed across the room to the bedside and he saw Wally bending over him and heard him say, "Thank God, Owen, old boy! We were beginning to think you were never going to come back to us! How are you feeling?"

"Like the morning after; but I guess I'm all here yet. What's the matter with my head?"

"Oh, nothing much; just looked as if it had been run through a sausage mill when we brought you out of the mine—that's all. You must have had the time of your young life with those two assassins."

"I did," said the Berserker, to whom recollection was slowly returning. Then: "Fill it out for me, Wally. What happened? And is Betty all right?" [Continued on page 63]

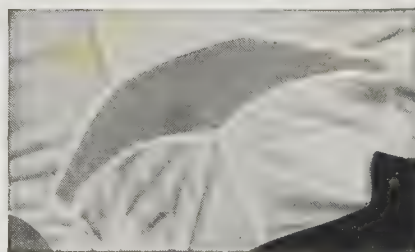


Christmas Gift selections are an easy matter once you see Novasilk.

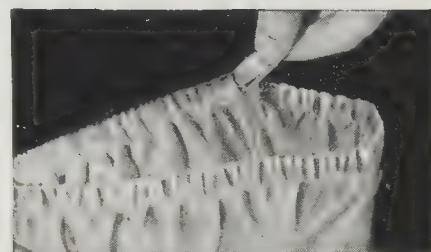
There's a wide variety of beautifully trimmed, exquisitely tailored styles in sizes to meet everyone's need, from mature woman to little miss.

Full range of beautiful pastel shades permits the assembling of a complete lingerie ensemble.

Stanfield's Limited, Truro, N.S.

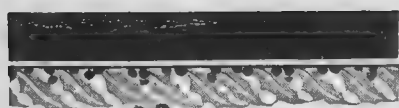


Long double gusset with cross crotch assures durability and a perfect fitting bobette or bloomer.



Free - running elastic, easily adjusted or replaced.

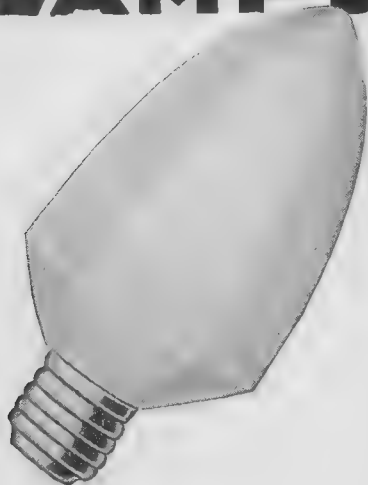




# Decorate

with

## EDISON MAZDA LAMPS



LET gay, colorful lights brighten your home — inside and out — this Yuletide season.

Your Edison Mazda Lamp dealer can supply you with decorative lamps suitable for Christmas trees, holly wreaths and every other purpose.

Listen to General Electric Vagabonds every Tuesday evening over Canada-wide network.

MADE IN CANADA



LM-31



## War, the Great Destroyer

Continued from page 4

especially let us be patient with their pet fallacies though in these days of schools and colleges this is somewhat difficult. This fallacy for instance.

War makes heroes. Even if war did make heroes, the cost per hero would be rather more than the world could bear. This is the old and rather childish fallacy of confusing cause with occasion. One night the 43rd Cameron Highlanders, my own battalion, were sent up to capture an impossible position. They went up five hundred and four strong. They captured the position and next morning they reported sixty-five rifles. The others lay in their tartans in swaths before the uncut wire. They were heroes every man, but heroes before they ever went to war. The war did not make them heroes. The war killed them. The army I knew was full of heroes in all ranks and in all the services, men and women alike. But the war did not make them heroes. War never made a hero. War was the occasion of their revealing to the world. The Titanic shipwreck, the Yellow Fever plague in the southern states, in the early seventies, the San Francisco earthquake and fire, all had their heroes, but shipwreck, plague, earthquake and fire we do not glorify as the creators of heroes. One would apologize for the insult to intelligence in dealing with this childish fallacy were it not that it still appears.

HERE is another apology for war. War is inevitable. War is a native instinct of the human heart and can never be eradicated. This is no fallacy. It is a denial of history. So men once spoke of slavery which from the dawn of history lasted to my own day. But today slavery is banished from civilized nations and only lurks under cover of the jungle among the savage tribes of Africa. So they once said of the duel. Today the duel is banished from civilized peoples, except when some silly French newspaper editors or fire-eating politicians take a pot shot at one another. These too would soon disappear if they were only better shots. So with every hoary evil. War is not inevitable. Give the civilized nations the

experience of another decade of *The League of Nations* and the nation that begins beating the war drum will appear as silly as and infinitely more wicked than the fire-eating Frenchman. To assert the inevitability of war is to deny the onward march of civilization, to negate the developing betterment of mankind, to proclaim Jesus Christ an idle dreamer.

TAKE this one too. Certain international differences can be settled only by war. What fatuity is this! Napoleon, who probably knew something more of war than its modern apologists, once said, "I doubt if war ever settled anything. War unsettles everything. The more I study the world the more I am convinced of the inability of Brute Force to create anything desirable." Thus Napoleon. He ought to know. Germany thought she had "settled" something in 1870. The answer to Germany is the Great War, or rather Germany's present pitiable condition.

The Great War "settled" nothing. The world is still struggling, victors and vanquished together, and will be for the next half century to "settle" the appalling "unsettled" condition of mankind.

UP FROM the jungle and the brute, mankind, for the thousands of years of its history, has toiled along its painful way to civilization.

Clogged by the dead weight of ignorance, thwarted by the fury of its own passions, its ascent has been agonizingly slow, yet by steady observation of its environment, by the patient analysis of its inner nature, the light of dawning reason has fallen upon its upward path and aided its upward climb. Experience, bloody and cruel, has inculcated the bitter lesson that the law of the climb is co-operation, that stark individualism ends in death, that altruism alone can lead to life.

The achievements in science, art and religion, within the unit of every civilized nation on the globe, are the result of obedience to the eternal law of love issuing in social effort.

Within the area of world relations the law of the brute, the law of force, more than any other influence, more than all other influences combined, has blocked the upward march of humanity. War has been the clog and the curse of mankind.

War! At every painful upward step, war has intervened and hurled the world down again to the abyss. And why not?

War dethrones justice and exalts wrong, scorning the law of right and acclaiming the law of might.

War defames the great virtues and glorifies the meanest vices of humanity.

War destroys the world's most precious possession, human life, with all the priceless treasures that enrich and ennoble it.

War deliberately plans and executes with calculated cruelty the slow torture of helpless women and little children.

War settles no inter-nation disputes, establishes no principle of inter-nation right, constructs no instrument of inter-nation peace.

War negates civilization, degrades man's loftiest ideals, paralyzes his noblest ambitions, mocks his finest imaginings.

War the implacable foe of religion, callously laughs at the brotherhood of man, impiously repudiates the fatherhood of God.

War with blood-dripping hands upon every battlefield of earth erects once more a cross and upon that cross nails afresh the Christ of God.

With my eyes I have seen that cross and its impaled victim, and under the shadow of that dreadful cross, I made my vow to Christ and to humanity.

And this is my vow.

Never again, for any cause so ever, by word or pen, by attitude or act of mine, shall I become an advocate of war, and should hell's monster, war, upon any plain of earth seek to erect once more that cross, I shall hold no nail for those tender hands, I shall guide no spear into that loving heart, for through the chambers of my soul I shall be hearing a voice, "In as much as ye have done this unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## For the House

Continued from page 30

I suppose I need hardly mention the folding card tables that grow in charm as rapidly as they do in numbers—carrying their chairs with them. Of course it is smart now to match them to your room's colour-scheme.

Or what would you think of some house plants—perhaps with a new pottery bowl to hold them? They don't promise permanence—but what a source of pleasure while they last! Maybe your choice would fall upon a wall bracket to hold a pot of ivy—there is no resisting the graceful trailing plants; if your mantel happens to be a wide one, you might like a pot of ivy for each end of it—it won't suffer from the fire if the shelf is long enough to keep it from too-direct heat.

Table appointments offer up another whole group of suggestions—the one that is most appealing, wherever there is room for it, being silver flatware. Here, again, opportunity does more than beckon—it waves us in frantically, for silver is abnormally low in price. To start a new set or augment one you have begun, might be your pet desire.

And lest we be accused of stopping

short of the limit in practical gift suggesting—when a year-round gift that would make the home a better and easier cared-for place, be the thought your family would respond to most readily? If so, this year's vacuum cleaners are very fascinating.

Think, too, of 365 breakfasts in the coming year, made far more enjoyable by a toaster that really shows what an electric toaster can do! Or if you have the toaster—what about one of the new type grills, to make breakfast a really companionable affair and the food that features it delicious, as only hot-from-the-pan food can be! (Great things, too, for the informal supper snack to serve one's evening guests, or for a cooked-at-the-table luncheon.) Percolators come in both urn and pot-spouted types—and there is the new electrically heated drip-coffee maker.

On and on we could go—but the thing to do, with the idea of an all-the-family gift appeals to you, is to spend pleasant times beforehand in discussing just which of the many possible gifts of this kind would bring most delight to you and yours—and which, throughout the year, would most often echo "Merry Christmas."



# The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 61

"She is; and what happened shortly after you blinked out was a charge of the Light Brigade; otherwise a sheriff's posse, with the sheriff and Cousin Billy Starbuck, and your humble, in the van, into the depths of Canby's mine. In due course we found you and Betty, and, a little farther on, your victims. You must have put up a whale of a scrap with those two fellows—both of them with guns and you with only your bare hands."

"Not bare—quite; I had a shovel to begin with. But never mind the scrap. Tell me what Canby and his gunmen were doing, or trying to do, and why they had my black box."

Markham sat on the bed's edge. "If it won't excite you too much. Let me have your pulse; if it begins to jump, I'll quit and call the—er—the nurse."

"Rats!" said the invalid. "Step on it!"

Beginning at the Hillcrest visit, Markham ran rapidly over the events of the kidnapping evening, the hold-up on the way to town, his leaving Betty at the Stillings' house and his return to the hotel in time to witness the arrival of the real Fleming, Cautrell and Martin from Louisville.

"At that, you knew there was something mighty crooked afoot, didn't you?" the invalid put in.

"Sure; but I had something else to think of, right then. The clerk had just told me that you'd been called over to Starbuck's office; and, knowing, or thinking I knew, that Starbuck wasn't in town, I went over to see for myself," and then he briefed the story of the bogus bookkeeper, and the resultant wild-goose chase into the northern hills, winding up with, "You see, they'd got you and Betty out of the way, and they came within one of doing the same for me; did do it, for the time being."

"But still you haven't told me the why," Landis complained.

"I'm coming to that. As I said, I was threshing it out with Stillings in the lobby of the hotel, and just as Stillings said, 'Lord, I wish Starbuck were here,' Cousin Billy walked in on us. Then I did what we should have done at first; gave him the whole layout, beginning with the theft of the black box. After I finished, it didn't take him more

than the hollow half of a minute to get busy. 'Canby's the man,' he said, just like that; and in less than no time he had the sheriff on the wire and a posse sworn in and we were on the way to the Quavapai—aiming for the mine because we learned that Canby had gone out there with the three Louisville men.

"As we were about to pass the Little

Alice, a man came running out to say that somebody was digging into the Alice vein from the south; that the men in the Alice had just heard the air drills as if they were only a few feet away. That settled it; and within the next half-hour everybody connected with the Quavapai was under arrest, and one of Canby's accomplices had weakened and told us that you and Betty were shut up in the old workings. At this, the posse split; half of it going into the old mine to look for you two, and the other half into the new workings."

"You found out the 'why' then?"

"Yes, we found out what Canby had done. There was no mineral in the Quavapai; there hadn't been from the beginning. But Canby was stuck, himself, and he framed it to stick somebody else. What he did was to drive a tunnel all the way through the mountain to tap the real stuff in the Alice. This was why he kept the place so carefully guarded against intruders. When his robber tunnel got so near that there was danger of the drilling and blasting being heard in the Alice, he was stumped until he happened to hear of your invention through one of his gang members who had spied upon you in your lab. There you have all the whys and wherefores."

"Then the three men in the Fleetwing were his accomplices all the way through?"

"Yes. It turns out that he is the secret head—and brains—of a criminal organization that is almost nationwide. He got the three Louisville magnates on the string and they agreed to buy the Quavapai if it proved to be as he represented it. The tunneling through the mountain had cost a lot of money, and Canby had put everything he had into it, including what he's been getting out of the Carthage scheme. If he could make the turn and sell the mine, he stood to clean up with a couple of millions, or more. But more money was needed, so he turned the black box over to his three yeggman and told them to pick up what they could in the way of ready cash on their way out here. And it was one of his little refinements of audacity to have them pose as the three Louisville magnates on the western trip."

"It worked," said Landis.

"Yes, until we butted in. When the three found out we were on their trail, they yelled for help, and Canby jumped in to try and balk us. You see, we were to be kept out of the way by any or all means until the black box had enabled the miners to get well into the Alice vein and the sale to the Louisville people had been made. After that, Canby could snap his fingers at all of us."

Landis made no comment for a minute or so. But after a little pause he said, "I'm mighty sorry for Betty."

It's a horrible ending to her little romance."

Then: "It was Canby who stole my box, of course. But who was the woman who helped him? Has she been traced?"

Instead of answering at once, Markham got up and went to close a window. "Too much breeze blowing on you," he said; "won't do to let you take cold." Then, while his back was still turned, he gave Landis the answer to

his question. "I don't think the woman will ever be found. But we can afford to let her go. I'll quit you now and send the nurse in. You've had enough excitement for one day."

Landis shut his eyes when Markham left him. He didn't want to see the nurse; what he wanted most was a chance to think; to try to remember what it was that Betty had said to him when he had reeled fainting into her arms. If he kept his eyes closed the nurse would think he was asleep and go away. [Continued on page 68]

# FOR CHRISTMAS

Nothing could be nicer than one or more pairs of **Weldrest** full-fashioned Hosiery. Available in all popular weights and shades

Ask for them at any of the better class stores.



Handsome tops of washable fabrikoid in modern designs or in green felt—chairs to match if you choose—many charming colors—a wide range of prices—special leg braces for steadiness—quickly set up or put away. In every way the best folding table made. See the new improved Houd at your dealer's.

34  
HOUD & CO., LIMITED  
London - Ontario

**HOUD**  
FOLDING TABLE SETS

# Real dyes give true colors!

FOR every home use, Diamond Dyes are the finest you can buy. They contain the highest quality anilines that can be produced.

It's the anilines in Diamond Dyes that give such soft, bright, new colors to dresses, drapes, lingerie. Diamond Dyes are easy to use. They go on smoothly and evenly;

do not spot or streak; never give things that re-dyed look. Just true, even, new colors that keep their depth and brilliance in spite of wear and washing. 15c packages. All drugstores.

**Diamond Dyes**  
(MADE IN CANADA)  
Highest Quality for 50 Years





# Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

## Planning the Holiday Menus

several other meals for which we must plan, for we will want to entertain the friends and relatives who are home for the holidays. It may be a bridge luncheon, a tea, a fire-side supper, a breakfast, or a hot supper after a vigorous evening out of doors, or a party for the small children.

The Christmas and New Year's dinner plans will centre around the meat selected, whether it be chicken, turkey, goose, or a roast of some kind, such as pork or veal or lamb. A tender, perfectly cooked roast of beef, with Yorkshire pudding and good brown gravy, tastes just as well as a turkey, and costs considerably less. For an informal meal, we usually begin with a soup, or cocktail or canapes, but why dull the appetites with a substantial milk



A few favors and decorations enhance the festive appearance of the Christmas dinner table.



IN SPITE of depression and "hard times," people must eat. In many homes this year, there will be no money to spare for luxuries, but there can be just as much real Christmas spirit without them. Let the children share in the planning and preparations. Decorations they make will be far more beautiful in their eyes, than anything we may be able to buy. Even as humble a food as the potato will have a magic flavor to the little four-year-old who has been permitted to help scrub it. The centrepiece for the Christmas table might well be a little Christmas scene, worked out by the younger members of the family, using tiny toys and dolls suitably dressed, or any winter scene would be suitable. At each place might be place-cards, candy and nut cups, or favors. Particularly suitable for nut cups, are little chimneys made of red construction paper, with the bricks drawn on it in white ink. Little sprays of spruce, tied with a gay red bow, and with a small Christmas candle fastened to it, add to any table. Or tiny Christmas trees may be put in wee pots, or stuck into gum drops or marshmallows. Funny little figures may be made from gum-drops, marshmallows, raisins, tooth-picks, etc. Not only is there the Christmas and New Year's dinner to consider, but there are

soup, such as cream of tomato or oyster stew? If a soup is served, it should be a clear hot bouillon or consomme. The cocktail may be of fruit, tomato juice, cranberry juice, etc. The canape is a small piece of toasted or sauté bread, covered with a highly seasoned appetizer, of fish, pickle, cheese, etc. Then follows the meat with its accompaniments, and suitable vegetables. A light dinner salad may be served as an additional course, followed by dessert, which might well be of a rather light, dainty variety, such as some form of ice cream or sherbet, or one of the attractive gelatin desserts. Cheese (with crackers) contains certain enzymes which help a very hearty dinner to be digested.

### CHRISTMAS DINNER

#### — I —

Consomme with Garnish of Pimiento Stars  
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing  
Garnish of Apple Rings and Tiny Sausages  
Mashed Potatoes Boiled Onions  
Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce  
or Charlotte Russe  
Raisins Nuts Candy  
Coffee

#### — II —

Tomato Cocktail  
Roast Fresh Ham Sauté Pineapple Slices  
Cranberry Jelly  
Potatoes on the Half Shell Glazed Carrots

Hot Mince Pie with Cheese  
Nuts Fruit Candies  
Coffee  
— III —  
Noel Canapes  
Roast Turkey or Chicken Gravy  
Potato Puff  
Celery Cranberry Jelly Olives  
Green Peas in Timbale Cases  
Rolls  
Gelatine Plum Pudding, Whipped Cream  
Candies Fruits Nuts  
Coffee

### CHRISTMAS EVE SUPPER

Cream of Tomato Soup  
Toast Fingers  
Cold Sliced Ham Mustard Pickles  
Crusty Rolls  
Steamed Pudding, Hard or Liquid Sauce  
Tea or Coffee

### A CHILDREN'S LUNCHEON PARTY

Floating Island Tomato Soup  
Chicken Sandwiches  
Christmas Tree Ice Cream  
Christmas Cookies  
Milk or Hot Postum  
Puffed Wheat or Rice Candy

### BRIDGE LUNCHEON

Grapefruit in Chilled  
Orange Juice  
Turkey a la  
King  
Molded

Cranberry Jelly  
Hot Buttered Rolls  
Olives Celery  
Poinsettia Salad  
Individual Plum Puddings Hard Sauce  
Coffee Tea  
Salted Nuts Red and Green Mints

### FIRELIGHT TEA

Chicken Patties Stuffed Celery  
Assorted Sandwiches Olives  
Little Cakes Salted Nuts  
Tea

### WATCHNIGHT SUPPER

Cranberry Cocktail  
Chicken or Tuna or Turkey Patties  
Hot Rolls or Biscuits  
Olives Candle Salad Celery  
Individual Mince Pies Candies  
Nuts Coffee

### THE SKATING PARTY

Hot Chicken Sandwiches  
Pickles Jellied Tomato Salad Cranberry Sauce  
Doughnuts Hot Mince Pie, Cheese  
Coffee

### CONSOMME

The consomme is made from beef stock, seasoned with vegetables, salt peppercorns, bay leaf, parsley and other herbs if wished, cleared, and the fat removed. To serve, heat to the scalding point, and on top, put tiny stars cut from pimientos, with a French vegetable cutter. [Continued on page 65]



Pulls you through-



"Camp" Coffee puts heart into you when you're tired. It's so strong and stimulating. Made in a moment by simply adding hot water, milk and sugar to taste.

CAMP

COFFEE

COLONIAL

PLAYING

Cards

MAYFAIR SERIES

Complete the Appointments of the Perfect Bridge Hostess

CANADIAN PLAYING CARD COMPANY LIMITED - MONTREAL

Women Wanted

to sew for us at home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling.

ONTARIO NECKWARE COMPANY

Dept. 203,

TORONTO 8. ONTARIO

MAGNET Sharpens Safety Razor Blades

Marvellous new discovery! Use one blade dozens of times! No stropping! Money back guarantee. Guaranteed 5 years. Sells for \$3.00.

Agents wanted—good profits—write:

E. PULLAN, LIMITED

6 Maud St. Toronto, Ont.



A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN

In every city and small town mothers are looking for a place to send their three to six years old children for a few hours each day. We want women (married or single) to organize local branches of the Canadian Kindergarten Institute in their own homes. Full instruction given by mail; previous experience not required and the remuneration is good. For full particulars address "Dept. W"

THE CANADIAN KINDERGARTEN INSTITUTE

Toronto (10) or 401 Kensington Bldg., Winnipeg

"I Love to Wear This Dress"



"It fits me perfectly and my friends all say it's the prettiest dress I ever had—that it looks like an expensive store model. You'd never think I made it all myself for less than \$10.00."

"It's really easy to make smart, becoming clothes when you know the secret of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing."

Just mail the coupon and we will gladly tell you all about the Woman's Institute Courses in Dressmaking and Millinery—how to make your own clothes and hats at tremendous saving, or earn \$15 to \$35 a week working for others.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited  
Dept. C-24 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking

☐ Professional Dressmaking

☐ Millinery

☐ Cooking

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Better  
Cookery

If one has no cutter, tiny pieces of pimento and of chopped parsley may be sprinkled on top of each serving of soup.

POTATO STUFFING FOR ROAST GOOSE

Hot mashed potato, 2 c.      Butter, ¼ c.  
Soft stale bread      Egg, slightly beaten, 1  
crumbs, 1½ c.      Salt, 1 t.  
Chopped fat salt pork      Pepper, ¼ t.  
or bacon, 4 tb.      Sage, 1 t.  
Finely chopped onion, medium, 1

Mix all together, and put in the goose when ready to be roasted.

APPLE RINGS

Select tart red apples, wash and core, but do not pare. Cut in slices, one-third to one-half inch thick, and drop into a syrup made by boiling for five minutes, equal parts of sugar and water. If wished, add red coloring or red cinnamon candies to the syrup. Cook the rings till done but not broken, carefully remove from the syrup and cool. The syrup will probably set as a pretty red apple jelly.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Charlotte russe, for some unknown reason, seems to be a dessert which many women are afraid to attempt, but is really very simple, and has the advantage of being one we make in advance, so does not require much last-minute preparation. It may be made in the sherbet glasses, all ready to place on the table, or in paper cases, or in molds from which it is turned out. The mold is lined with lady fingers (the rounded side turned to the mold) or with strips of sponge cake cut about one-quarter inch thick and one inch wide, and as long as the depth of the mold. Spaces the width of the fingers or cake strips are left between them. Fill with the Charlotte mixture and chill till ready to serve. If put in a mold, turn on the serving dish, place a hot cloth around the sides and bottom till the dessert will fall from the mold. Decorate as wished with fruits, whipped cream, etc.

The Charlotte mixture is made by soaking 2 tb. gelatine in ½ c. cold water for ten or fifteen minutes, then add to 2/3 c. scalded cream and stir over hot water till the gelatine is dissolved. Add 1 c. granulated sugar and 2 t. vanilla, and chill till it begins to thicken. Fold in 2 c. whipped cream and if wished, bits of candied cherries, nut meats, etc., and pile into the molds lined with lady fingers, or into sherbet glasses, and chill till wanted.

TOMATO COCKTAIL

Use either canned tomatoes, or canned tomato soup. Dilute the soup with an equal amount of cold water. Season with chopped onion, salt, pepper, a little sugar, vinegar from sweet pickles, Worcestershire sauce if wished, celery salt, any seasonings one likes, to suit the taste. Chill and strain into small glasses or cups, from which the guests may drink it. The top may be sprinkled with finely-chopped parsley.

SAUTÉ PINEAPPLE SLICES

Remove canned slices of pineapple from the juice and drain. Cut in halves if preferred, and brown on both sides in butter in a frying pan. If wished, the fruit may be dipped in flour before browning. Arrange around the meat on a hot platter.

NOEL CANAPES

With a star-shaped cookie cutter, cut the required number from ¼-inch

[Continued on page 66]

STRENGTH  
UP YOUR SLEEVE

Everyone knows that stamina—strength in reserve—is as important as muscular strength.

Bovril not only develops the muscle and the frame; it develops stamina by storing up a fund of energy in reserve.

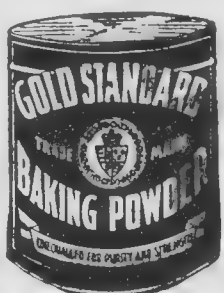
BOVRIL

Builds Strength in Reserve

67M

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING DIFFERENT?

THE SHADOWLAND SECTION OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY GIVES YOU INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS AND REVIEWS OF THE VERY LATEST PICTURES, INTERVIEWS AND AMUSING INCIDENTS IN HOLLYWOOD.



It Costs No More—Sometimes less—Than Other Baking Powders In Buying

Gold Standard

Baking Powder

PREMIUM COUPON In Every Gold Standard Package Get Your Premium Catalogue

You actually receive double value because of the failures you avoid in using "Gold Standard"

"It Raises the Dough"

The CODVILLE COMPANY Limited. WINNIPEG



# A Cooking Spoon for you FREE

from

# OXO

LIMITED



Just send  
50 OXO CUBE  
Red Wrappers

to OXO Limited

Dept. L,  
1910 St. Antoine St.  
MONTREAL

Strong 13 inch Aluminum Spoon  
(BRITISH MADE)

This offer expires  
April 30<sup>th</sup> 1932



slices of bread. Cover, after sautéing in butter or toasting and buttering, with any highly seasoned mixture, of red, green and white, such as chopped pickled beets, or pimentos, green pickle, chopped egg-white or cottage cheese. Lay on lace paper doilies on the plates.

#### CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

|                         |                             |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Gelatin, 1 lb.          | Currants, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.  |
| Cold water, 4 lb.       | Raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.   |
| Scalded milk, 1 c.      | Dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.     |
| Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. | Nut meats, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. |
| Chocolate, 1 square or  | Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.      |
| Cocoa, 3 lb.            | Vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.   |

If wished, 2 beaten egg-whites may be folded in, or water may be used in place of milk, and spices added, with any combination of fruits liked. Set as any other gelatine dessert, and serve with whipped cream.

#### FLOATING ISLAND TOMATO SOUP

On top of the servings of hot cream of tomato soup for the children, put "islands" of whipped cream, which may be sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

#### CHRISTMAS TREE ICE CREAM

Bricks of ice cream containing Santa Claus, Christmas trees, etc., in a border of white, may be bought, or the children may be served dishes of plain ice cream, or other dessert, in the top of which are stuck tiny Christmas trees made by shaping a green gum drop with the fingers till it resembles a spruce tree. Moisten the surface slightly with egg-white and sprinkle over it very tiny colored candies, to represent the gifts. Use a tooth-pick for the trunk of the "tree."

#### TURKEY A-LA-KING

Cut cold roast turkey in small cubes. Re-heat in a rich cream sauce, or in a sauce made of part chicken stock. Add chopped red and green peppers and canned mushrooms, and serve on toast or in patty shells.

#### POINSETTIA SALAD

On the centres of individual beds of lettuce, or of lettuce leaves, arrange little round heaps of yellow egg-yolk, or crushed pineapple, cheese, etc., with salad dressing, depending upon the "petals" used. Around them, radiate strips of pimento, or very stiff tomato jelly, or slices of cooked apple or canned pears, simmered in red syrup till they are colored red, to represent the poinsettia.

#### CANDLE SALAD

On lettuce leaves, place slices of pineapple, with halves of straight bananas standing on them. On top of the banana, put a red cherry for the flame, and down the side drip a little salad dressing. A handle for the candle-stick may be made of a curved bit of candied peel.

#### FRUIT CAKE

|                                |                             |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Butter, 1 c.                   | Flour, 3 c.                 |
| Brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. | Allspice, 1 t.              |
| Eggs, 4                        | Cinnamon, 1 t.              |
| Fruit juice, 1 c.              | Cloves, 1 t.                |
| Nut meats, 2 c.                | Cherries, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. |
| Raisins, 1 c.                  | Candied pineapple, 1 c.     |
| Figs, 1 c.                     | Citron, 1 c.                |
| Salt, 1 t.                     |                             |

Cream the butter and sugar, and add the beaten egg-yolks, then beat vigorously. Sift the spices and salt with 2 c. of the flour, and add alternately with the fruit juice, which may be any combination liked. Dredge

the fruit and nuts with the remaining cup of flour, and add, after folding in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in a slow oven, at about 275 F. for about four hours.

#### A GIFT OF CANDY

A dainty box, or basket or jar of home-made candy is always an acceptable gift, and need not mean an undue amount of work or expense, and is certainly more wholesome for the children than much of the candy which we may buy. If some of it is to be given away, it should be packed in dainty containers and attractively tied up. If pretty boxes are not obtainable, they can easily be made by pasting fancy paper on plain boxes. All kinds of inexpensive bowls, jars, etc., may be used, and later, will be splendid as vases, perhaps.

Candies made with gelatine, or those like butterscotch, taffy, peanut brittle, are much better for the children than the rich fudges, creams, and bonbons.

#### BUTTERSCOTCH

|                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Sugar, 1 c.                | Vinegar, 1 lb.           |
| Molasses, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. | Boiling water 2 lb.      |
| Vanilla if wished, 1 t.    | Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. |

Boil till a little dropped in cold water becomes brittle, pour in a shallow pan, well buttered, and when slightly cooled, mark in squares with a knife. If using a candy thermometer, boil the syrup to 248°F.

#### GUM DROPS

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Gelatin, 3 lb.               | Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.      |
| Cold Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. | Corn syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. |
|                              | Lemon juice, 3 lb.           |

Boil the sugar and corn syrup to the soft ball stage, add the gelatin, soaked in the cold water, and the lemon juice, cook a minute or so longer, and let cool for a few minutes. Have ready a pan into which has been sifted corn starch to a depth of an inch and a half. In the corn starch make depressions with a clean thimble or a round knife handle. Pour the syrup carefully into the hollows and let harden. Shake off the corn-starch, and soften each candy very slightly over a little steam, and roll in granulated sugar.

#### TO DIP IN CHOCOLATE

The most satisfactory results are obtained by using the specially prepared "Dot" chocolate for dipping. Melt it in a double boiler over hot but not boiling water, and drop each centre in it, till coated all over, and remove with a fork or a dipper made of a piece of wire, giving a little swirl on the top as the dipped candy is placed on oiled paper, or platter. Cream or fondant centres, pitted and stuffed dates, pieces of crystallized ginger, are all excellent centres.

#### CHOCOLATE CARMELS

|                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Sugar, 2 c.            | Chocolate, 2 squares |
| Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. | Vanilla, 1 t.        |
| Molasses, 4 lb.        | Butter, 4 lb.        |

Melt the butter, add the sugar, milk and molasses, stir till boiling and boil for 7 or 8 minutes, add the chocolate, and stir till melted, when the boiling point is reached, boil again for about 7 minutes. Remove from the heat and beat till creamy, add the vanilla and the nuts and raisins if used, and pour into a shallow greased tin. Cool and mark into squares.



# The Christmas Card

By E. A. Taylor

THE Christmas card seems to be one of our modern additions to Christmas. Some one hundred and thirty years ago, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, if we had gone into the private schools of that day (our present system of free Public Schools had not even been thought of) we would have seen little Master John, or, in another school, little Miss Mary, toiling over their "school piece" or "Christmas piece;" the thing in question is called by both names in old records and was simply a sheet of writing paper of good quality, headed by a sketch by the head master or mistress, showing in black or colors, a bird or flower, with a scroll inscribed with "Christmas," or some other word appropriate to the season, the whole surrounded by elaborate pen and ink flourishes. Some of these, the paper yellowed by time, but the ink hardly faded, are still preserved. And below this heading the chosen pupils wrote in their best style some note to their parents, usually eulogizing their school in formally stilted language; of course dictated by the teacher. But the handwriting is beautiful; indeed in those days long before typewriters, while the great many could not write at all, the few who could, in many cases wrote genuine copperplate hand; we have seen specimens of this in old diaries and letters preserved in our college and private libraries.

One diarist of those days speaks of the "charity boys" (boys educated at some school founded to give free tuition to a selected few) taking their "school pieces" round their parish at Christmas time, showing them from door to door, as proofs of their progress in chirography, and asking for a penny. It is said that in some cases these boys begged or bought "Christmas pieces," written at schools where the handwriting and teaching was ahead of what they possessed. Boys were always capable of undue "smartness" in all races, lands and ages.

It has been suggested that these "Christmas pieces" are the ancestors

of our Christmas card, for it was knowing of them that suggested to Joseph Cundall, an artist in old London, the idea of sending out cards at Christmas. His cards were first sent out to his friends the Christmas of 1846; they were the size of a lady's visiting card, having words of greeting printed on them, with a colored design done by hand. Mr. Cundall seems to have been ready to fill orders for these, and may have done so, but the custom was not general till 1862, when the *Publishers' Circular* of that Christmas advertizes that "Goodall & Son" have brought out a line of Christmas cards. These were the size of the ordinary visiting card, with the words printed — "A Merry Christmas," or "A Happy New Year." Soon a robin or holly spray was added, embossed and colored, and in 1868, much larger cards were advertised, having figures and landscapes, among which are "Little Red Riding Hood, a Hermit and his Cell and many other subjects in which snow and the robin play a part."

The Christmas card had evidently come into its own that Christmas when the Dominion of Canada was but one year old, though neither "Red Riding Hood" nor "A Hermit and his Cell" represents our idea of a Christmas subject. The writer of this article has a Christmas card bought and sent out, according to the date on its back, at the Christmas of 1873. It is a little larger than a lady's visiting card, and shows a small fat plum-pudding, which a robin, smaller and fatter, is contemplating; beneath are the words — "Merry Christmas."

Today the Christmas card industry has grown to an enormous size; it is impossible to tell the numbers of the cards prepared each year, from the simple card with robin or holly, selling "five for five cents," up to the costly and artistic production shown in the high grade art stores; but all alike have, in cheery doggerel or poetic verse, the same thought, "Merry Christmas."



## Meet the MAN you want to be



The modern world offers its prizes to the man who stays young. It's not your age that counts. It's your physical condition.

Intestinal inefficiency puts the stamp of age on 8 out of 10 men before their time. Those headaches, backaches, listless afternoons are nature's danger signals. Intestinal inefficiency is making you grow old. It's time to do something!

The highest scientific authorities in the country are again urging the use of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, as the best and safest way to combat intestinal inefficiency. It furnishes the "bulk"

which gently exercises the intestines and the vitamin "B" which tones them up. In addition—Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains large quantities of iron, which builds rich red blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold in red-and-green packages.

Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.



**HELPS KEEP YOU FIT**

JANUARY'S issue of The Western Home Monthly will contain the annual outstanding Travel Section. Be sure you purchase this number. Its beautiful illustrations and stirring description of other countries cannot fail to rouse that wanderlust spirit.



### What Do You Think of Christmas?

By Jessica E. Money

And what do you think of Christmas, my dear,  
Are you tired of the laughter and all the good cheer,  
The tree, and the presents delightfully near?  
Then sit in a corner and dream—with me.

And what shall we dream of together, my dear,  
Shall it be of a life having never a tear,  
A picture of sunlight with no shadow near?  
Then sit in a corner and dream—with me.

And when we have dreamed thus together, my dear,  
Shall we be very happy with no one to cheer,  
Having nothing to do but sit comfortably here?  
Nay—up from our corner and out—with me.

And when we have found the way, my dear,  
Shall we follow the path by the stars made clear?  
For the Child of Mary—the Christ is here,  
And it's up from our corner and out—we'll be.



## VIROL fortifies school children against colds & epidemics

Lady Principal of Girls' College writes:-

"I found the children benefited greatly from Virol, and were very free from colds and other infections during last winter."

**The way to fortify your own children against infection or weakness is to give them Virol regularly.**

Children love their Virol in porridge or milk, or on bread-and-butter, biscuits, etc.

Sold in tins 16-oz., 8-oz., and 4-oz., at all good stores.



# Boilfast

## SEWING SILK

### at any Notion Counter



**BOILFAST**  
**50 YARDS**  
**COLORS**

If you want your next bit of sewing to be a truly pleasant experience—get Coats' new Boilfast Sewing Silk in the shades you require. You'll find Coats' silk smoother and stronger—spun so as not to snarl, break or fray—delightful to use in any lustrous fabric—and available in more than a hundred shades. How pleasantly this new silk sews—how firm are the seams it makes! Remember—Coats' Boilfast—a better silk than you ever hoped for, in 50 yard spools.

Five cents a Spool

## J. & P. Coats' SPOOL SILK

MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,  
MONTREAL  
Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

# The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 63

He heard her when she came in and crossed the room, and was inclined to be rebellious when he felt her sit down on the edge of the bed. That was an odd thing for a nurse to do, he thought; odd and decidedly out of place and unprofessional. When she continued to sit there, he opened one eye a sixteenth of an inch to see what she looked like. Before he could determine, a low voice said, "Don't be so bashful, Owen, dear; it's nobody but me."

"Betty!" he gasped, coming wide-eyed. "Did—did Wally mean you when he said 'nurse'?"

She nodded. "I've been waiting. The doctor said you might be yourself again some time today. Is your poor head hurting awfully?"

"It feels as if I'd lost it and got a cracked dinner pot in its place. What day is it? I forgot to ask Wally."

"It's Wednesday—the day after, you know. It was yesterday you had that dreadful fight in the mine."

"Ump! I guess it wasn't any more dreadful for me than it was for those two thugs. Did either of 'em die?"

"No; they are both alive—and in the jail hospital."

He looked away from her when he asked the next question.

"What became of Canby?"

"He is in jail, too."

"You poor girl!"

"Why am I poor?"

"I shouldn't think you'd need to ask. Weren't you going to marry him?"

"No; not if he were the last man on earth."

"But, Betty—"

"I know. Wally has told you his story, and now I've got to tell you mine. I'm going to tell you just what happened, and then you'll hate me. You know now why Bert Canby wanted to get all three of us out of the way night before last and yesterday, don't you?"

"I know why he wanted to obliterate Wally and me. But you—"

"He was just as much afraid of me as he was of you and Wally."

"Afraid of you? Why, Betty—I've been looking every day to see you wearing his engagement ring!"

"Foolish!" she said. "Is that what you've been thinking?"

"It is what everybody who knows you has been thinking."

"Then they haven't been thinking right. He was afraid of me, as I said; but not half as much as I was afraid of him."

"But you came out here with him in his car."

"Yes; with Daddy along. And we hadn't come very far before I was glad Daddy had accepted his invitation. In just a little while I knew there was something terribly wrong going on, and that you and Wally were mixed up in it some way. After that, I tried and tried to find out what it was; why you and Wally seemed to be trying to catch up with three men ahead of us, with Bert trying to get to them first."

"Well, you know now, don't you? It was that black box of mine. We were almost sure the three men had it. Wally has told you about the box—my noise-killer—hasn't he?"—and when she nodded assent: "There were three banks and a mine commissary blown up, wrecked and looted, on the way out here, and not in any of the places did anybody hear a sound."

"You think those three men stole your invention? Where did you keep it?"

"In the safe in my workshop."

"When was it stolen?"

"On the night when the Little Theatre company played *Candida*.

Do you remember, in the first interlude, how the orchestra made a queer break, right in the middle of a passage?"

"We all noticed it."

"I had the box with me, and I had it switched on for a few seconds to show Wally what it would do. After the play, Wally went with me to my lab and we talked about it. Wally thought I had my fortune made, but I was afraid, even then, that the thing might be put to more bad uses than good ones, and I told Wally so. Just before he left, I put the box in the safe and locked it up. In the morning the safe was open and the box was gone."

"What did you do then?"

"I phoned for Wally and he came right over. We found the tracks of an auto in the alley, and footprints between the line fence and my shop."

"What kind of footprints?"

"There was only one that was plain; it was the print of a woman's shoe in the soft earth under the lab window. Wally made a plaster cast of it, but I don't know what he did with it."

"I know."

"You do? Did he tell you?"

"No; but, just the same, I know. He went straight to our house and went up to my bedroom and compared the cast with one of my shoes."

"What? Good heavens—you must have dreamed that!"

"No, I didn't dream it. There was nobody but Olga, the maid, in the house when Wally got there. Daddy was with his classes, and I had run across to the Oglesbys on an errand. Olga told Wally I'd be home in a few minutes and showed him into the living-room. When she got back to the kitchen she thought she heard somebody run upstairs. She slipped up the back way and saw Wally. He was in my room and had one of my shoes in one hand, and in the other a white thing that looked like part of a shoe. She told me after he'd gone, and then I knew."

"You'll have to make it plainer. My old head isn't functioning very well, just now. What did you know?"

"It all came to me like the dim recollection of a bad dream. I seemed to see myself kneeling before your safe and opening it and taking something from it. Don't you remember how you once showed me how to work the combination?"

"But, Betty! That's simply impossible. You couldn't have remembered the combination."

"No; I'd forgotten it almost as soon as you showed me; and I don't remember it now. But don't the psychologists tell us that the subconscious mind never forgets anything?"

"You're getting in too deep for me now. But it's all perfectly ridiculous, anyway. You wouldn't do such a thing as that!"

"Of course I wouldn't—not willingly. But can't you imagine me doing it unwillingly?"

"No!"

"Then I'll have to tell you some thing I thought I'd never tell anyone. You know Bert Canby drove me to the theatre that night, don't you?"

"Yes."

"After the play, he took me to Pozzoni's for supper. I was awfully tired, and before the supper was over I began to get so sleepy that I could hardly hold my eyes open. When we left the restaurant I can just remember Bert's helping me into his car; and after that I can't remember anything until I seemed to come

awake as he was helping me out at our front door."

"Damn him!" gritted Landis out of a full heart. "If they ever let him out of jail I'm going to kill him! Did—did he hypnotize you?"

"I haven't wanted to believe it; it's too horrible. But I'm afraid it's true, Owen. At first, I thought I'd just dropped off for a few minutes while he was driving me home. Then what Olga told me about Wally and my shoes scared me, though I didn't know then that your safe had been burglarized, or that anything had gone wrong. But when I went to my room that night and looked at the clock on the dresser, I knew we hadn't come straight home from Pozzoni's. It made me furious to think that anybody had the power to turn me into a puppet—a plaything! That is why I didn't object when Bert invited us to drive out here with him. I meant to make him tell me what he'd done to me—or what he'd made me do."

"But he didn't tell you, did he?"

"You'd know he wouldn't. Every time I asked him about that drive home, he'd laugh and say that I went to sleep, and that he just drove around town for a while to let me have my nap out. Since we've been in Brewster I've felt that he was trying it again—trying to get the control, I mean. I could feel his will pushing hard, hard against mine, and now I know why. He was afraid I might remember."

Landis was silent for a little time after she stopped. Then he said:

"I'm pretty badly up in the air, Betty. You see, I've been thinking, all along—with everybody else—that you were in love with Canby. I was sure of it. Now you've left me sort of gasping. But I—I'm awfully glad, you know—for Wally's sake."

"For Wally's sake?" she said, with the quaint little grimace that had always made him want to kiss her. Then she laughed—giggled. "I wonder if there ever was another man so maddeningly, so exasperatingly—oh, I can't find words for it! Have I got to tell you right out plain that there has never been anybody but you, just you, always, you dear, dense, absent-minded, self-forgetting dreamer? Haven't you known that?"

"My God!" he breathed, "have I been that stupid and blind, Betty? But you know, don't you, that I've always loved you, and that I haven't told you so only because I wanted to be able—I mean, I was waiting until I could offer you something more than my love and a bare living? And I haven't any more than these to offer you now, for there'll be no more experiments with things like the black box. Then Canby butted in and I thought I'd lost you."

"Foolish boy!" she said softly; "don't you know you couldn't lose me if you should try ever so hard?" Then: "Listen—here comes the doctor making his round! If he finds me here instead of the nurse that I bribed to let me in, he'll murder me. Kiss me quick, dear, and let me run. And don't you dare have a temperature when he comes in!"

But after she had fled, and the house physician, bearded, fierce-eyed and savagely professional, had come and had applied his thermometer—to read it with a frown and a growl—Landis grinned and said: "Never mind a bit of temperature, Doctor. If you'd been through what I have, you'd have a hundred and five and still be calling it normal. I'm all right. You couldn't kill me now with a baseball bat. I've got too much to live for!"

The End.



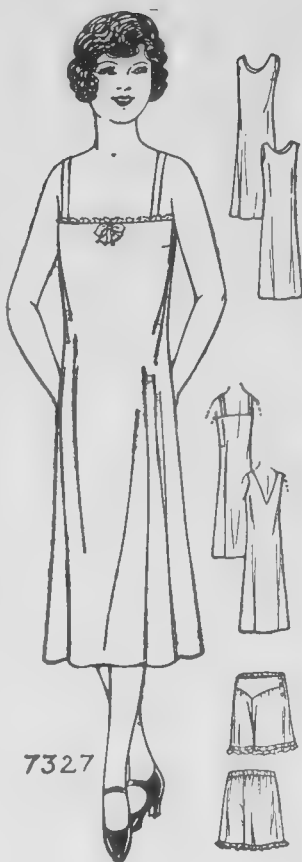
## Practical Styles



7326 — Percale in a pretty pattern of red and blue on a white background is here portrayed. Roomy pockets trim the front, and a protecting flounce finishes the lower edge of the apron. A yoke band holds the garment over the shoulders and back, with soft gathers below the tabs.

Designed in 4 sizes: small, medium, large, and extra large. A medium size will require 17½ yards of 35-inch material. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 10 yards 1½-inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



7327

7271—Designed in sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material if made with long sleeves and feet. With short sleeves and without feet 2¾ yards. Price 15c.



7327 — Designed in sizes: 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch material for Slip and Step in Shorts if Slip is made with Camisole top. If Slip is made with round or V neck 3½ yards will be required. Shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard. Price 15c.



7331 — Designed in sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8 year size if made with long sleeves requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material. If made with sleeves in short length, 2¾ yards. Price 15c.

7278. — Designed in sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 1½ yard of printed or other material and ½ yard of contrasting 32 inches wide. Without contrast 2 yards. Price 15c.



7278

# \$5.75 for this New Bissell Sweeper

Only 25 cents more in Western provinces.

## ... the most useful gift you can buy!



- 3 Things the new Bissell does:
- 1 Gets more dirt! Brush forms perfect contact with any surface.
  - 2 Usefulness doubled! Sweeps linoleums as well as all rugs and carpets.
  - 3 No more hard bearing down on handle. Just easy, one-hand movement.

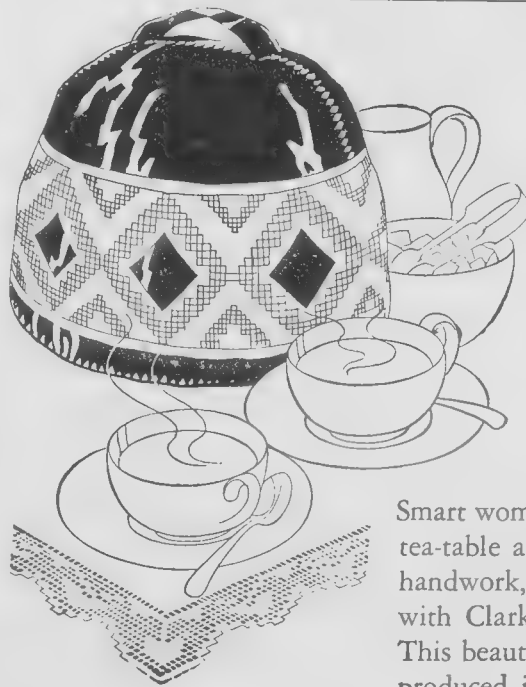
NOTE: There are play-size Bissells—real sweepers—for the little folks. Ask your dealer.

HERE is a real thrift suggestion for Christmas: This new "Apartment" Hi-Lo (ball-bearing) Bissell. Its "Hi-Lo" brush gets more dirt—in one-fourth less time. It sweeps bare floors and linoleums, as well as rugs and carpets of all kinds. It moves with magic ease . . . no more hard bearing down.

It's time your old, half-worn sweeper that has given years of service is replaced. This

new Bissell sweeps so much better—runs so much easier.

Bissell's "Hi-Lo" models start at \$5.75 (the one shown here). Only 25c more in West. Other models at various prices. Leading hardware, furniture or department stores will gladly show you. The Bissell Booklet mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited. Factory: Niagara Falls, Ontario.



Even your tea cosy must be "right"

Smart women who intend bringing their tea-table appointments up-to-date with handwork, are recommended to work with Clark's "Anchor" Pearl Cotton. This beautiful lustrous thread has been produced in Canada by the makers of Coats' & Clark's spool cotton. For all kinds of knitting, crochet and embroidery, Clark's "Anchor" Pearl Cotton is absolutely reliable both for color and wear. 40 fast shades, including all the loveliest and most artistic colors.

Work with

# CLARK'S ANCHOR PEARL COTTON

In balls

cc13

MADE IN CANADA BY

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO. MONTREAL

MAKERS OF COATS' AND CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON



## CHRISTMAS

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,  
A road full twelve months long,  
And every mile is as warm as a smile,  
And every hour is a song.  
Flower and flake and cloud and sun,  
And the winds that riot and sigh,  
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true,  
And Christmas glows in the sky.

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,  
The home that is safe and sweet,  
With its door ajar for the beam of the star,  
And its corner for love's retreat.  
There the mark on the wall for the golden head  
Is higher a bit, we know;  
Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped  
There's time for the bairn to grow.

'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes  
All up the street and down,  
For hearts alight make faces bright  
When Christmas comes to town.  
Neighbour and friend in gladness meet,  
And all are neighbours dear,  
When the Christmas peace bids evil cease  
In the holiest day of the year.

The fair white fields in silence lie;  
Invisible angels go  
Over the floor that sparkles hoar  
With the glitter of frost and snow.  
They scatter the sweetest balm of Heaven  
Wherever on earth they stay,  
And Heaven's own store of bliss they pour  
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings  
For old and young to share,  
With jingle of bells, and silvery swells  
Of music in the air.  
To make the sad world merry awhile,  
And to frighten sin away,  
And to bless us all, whatever befall,  
Is the task of Christmas Day.

—Margaret E. Sangster

A gold button goes to Elsie Beglaw of Buffalo, Alta., for sending the Cosy Corner this lovely poem.

While another button goes to Ruth Beglaw of Atlee, Alta., for the poem "A Christmas Carol" by Josiah Gilbert Holland.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

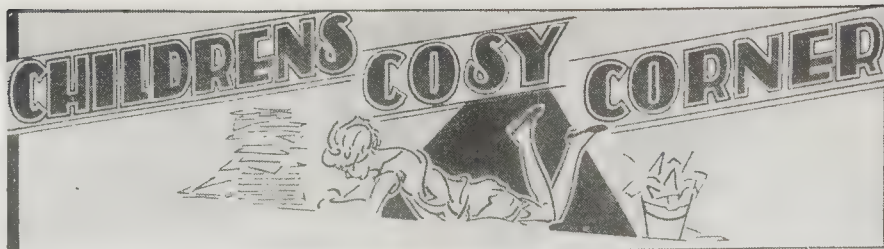
There's a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer  
And a baby's low cry!  
And the star rains its fire  
While the Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem  
Cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth,  
For the virgin's sweet boy  
Is the Lord of the earth.  
Ay! the star rains its fire and  
The Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem  
Cradles a King.

In the light of that star  
Lie the ages impearled;  
And that song from afar  
Has swept over the world.  
Every hearth is aflame, and  
The Beautiful sing  
In the homes of the nations  
That Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,  
And we echo the song  
That comes down through the night  
From the heavenly throng.  
Ay! we shout to the lovely  
Evangel they bring,  
And we greet in His cradle  
Our Saviour and King.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland



## By Bobby Burke

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM BOBBY BURKE

Dear Cosy Cornerites:

Here we are—stockings all ready, Christmas trees waiting to be cut, spicey smells in the kitchen; secret cupboards and bureau drawers all over the house, secrets everywhere, whispers, rustles of paper, lists, excitement, inky fingers, needle-pricked fingers, hammered fingers, burned fingers, here we are in fact, getting all ready for that busy, happy, lovely time—Christmas. Somehow getting ready for it is as much fun as Christmas itself—it's so interesting trying to get just the right thing for everyone, to hide it successfully, and then to bring it out joyfully at just the right moment. When we were very young we were very poor, and there were lots of hard-time Christmases, and one year we all put our money together to buy mother a skirt. We sent to Toronto for it, and was she pleased and surprised? And one year we bought all our Christmas presents with seventy-five cents. We can remember the funny little dark store with a stove glowing in the back part of it, where we spent a whole morning with that great fortune, and everyone got a present too! How thick the white frost was on the store windows then, when no electric fans were used to keep the glass clear! It wasn't nearly so pretty at Christmas when Bobby Burke was young, but it was just as much fun. We didn't have oranges then—they cost too much, and candies came in paper bags, and not many of them, but there was always a candy cane, hanging over the stocking top, and a rosy apple in the toe, and the Sunday School had a Christmas tree, even if we didn't, and Santa Claus was always there, and there were carols, and red candy bags and fun. We're sure you are going to have a Christmas play aren't you? And you are going to be sure that some poor boy or girl gets a little gift from you even if it is one of your treasured books or dolls or hair ribbons or jig saws. This is a Christmas for little gifts that carry a great message of good cheer, and Bobby Burke sends you all the very biggest possible jolly wish for a Very Merry Christmas.

## JOLLY LETTERS

Come to us from Doreen Anderson, who has a puppy called "Ruggles" which she loves very much. From Marie Zabiaka, of Fork River, suggestions for games, for Christmas parties (this letter merits a gold button we think). From her brother John who seems to have an insatiable appetite for songs, and would like to exchange with some of the other Cornerites. John, we understand has one hundred songs, but wants more.

From Ruth L. Scouler of Vancouver, who found the Summer Contest pretty hard. We'll have to have an easier one next year. Ruth has won many prizes and feels shy about them, but she works hard, and does such neat work, it is no wonder.

From Wally J. Patrick of Powell River, B.C., who is eighteen, and would like to hear from some of the older Cornerites.

## SOMETHING RECEIVED

And what a something! Poor Bobby Burke, snowed under before the snow has even begun with stories, stories of Christmas, and all such good stories that truly we'd like to get out a Christmas book and put them all in it. It's been the hardest thing in the world to decide about the best, and I may tell you (confidentially) that some of them will be put away to print next Christmas, so don't feel quite discouraged if your story doesn't come out this time.

In one or two cases there has been a little misunderstanding evidently. We asked for original stories, that is stories composed and written by yourselves. Two of our Cornerites sent us in the greatest Christmas story of all, the story of the Birth of Christ; several others sent us their own versions of famous Christmas stories that other people have written, and

good as these are, they cannot be entered in competition with the stories composed (made up) and written by the Cornerites themselves. We wish we could steal about four pages from the W.H.M. and print a lot of these stories, but you must just be content in many cases to see your names under Special or Honorable Mention, and then of course there are the gold button people and the prize winners themselves, who carried off their honors often by a very narrow margin.

The first prize is won by Maxine Grubb, Sanatorium, Saskatoon, Sask., with "A Merry Christmas in Tumbledown Town."

The second prize is won by Helen Saunders, 10825-69th Ave., Edmonton, Alta., with "The Preston's Christmas."

Gold buttons go to Gwendoline Groner, Lougheed, Alta. and Ida Shaver, Brocket, Alta. A star will be placed on the gold button of Jessie H. Jackman, Irma, Alta.

Special Mention to Moore Campbell, Box 357, Arnprior, Ont.; Rae Graham, Fox River, N.S.; John Sologuk, Fork River, Man.; Esther Gylling, Galt, Ont.; Eunice Porter, Killarney, Man.; Wm Hryuk, Farrington; Helen and Charlie Pilling, Lindsay, Ont.; Alma S. Craig, Wayne, Alta.

Honorable Mention to Betty Sleeman, High River, Alta.; Violet McAvena, Free-mont, Sask.; Lola Wilson, Tofield, Alta.; Eleanor Hislop, Moose Jaw, Sask.; Elva Keyes, Manola, Alta.; Frances Gervais, Purple Springs, Alta.; Mary Hudson, Chicoutimi, P.Q.; Teddy O'Grady, Calgary, Alta.; Joyce Irving, Acott's Bay, N.S.; Cora Joan Farrar, Verdun, P.Q.; Stanley E. Crinklaw, Wilton Grove, Ont.; Helen Harker, Greenwoodville, Ont.; Lillian R. E. Robb, Qu'Appelle, Sask.; Peggy Scrimmes, Saskatoon, Sask.; Louise Ferlin, Bradshaw, Alta.; Verna Carlson, Kwikoski, Ont.; Elsie Button, Vanguard, Sask.; Annie Carey, Boissevain, Man.; Inez Richnolski, Grosmont, Alta.; Evelyn May Palmer, Brooksby, Sask.; Doreen Anderson, Sturgeon Creek, Man.; Evelyn Thrall, Kamsask, Sask.; Alice Aivriess, Togo, Sask.; Luella Tausendfrende, Neville, Sask.; Elsie L. Woudling, Revenue, Sask.; Marion Waddell, Humboldt, Sask.; Frances Mulcohy, Duhamel, Alta.; Raymond E. Davis, Okotoks, Alta.; Margaret Allan, Farrington; Agnes W. Swanson, Ross Spur, B.C.; Isabella Anderson, Burnside; Kathleen Culligan, Culligan, N.B.; Freda Pearl Higgins, Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.; George A. Hickerson, Farrington, Ont.; Myra Shinder, Inglis; Barbara Spark, Gem, Alta.; Velma Quinton, Leavitt; Kay Murray, Strome.

The following Cornerites sent in such good stories that we want to mention them, but as we feel they misunderstood the competition, and used stories that they had heard, we cannot enter these: D. Irene Lardner, Saskatoon, Sask., "The Jolly Toy Shop Tale," Ernest Stoby, Lake Majean, Alta., "Lighting Santa," Anna D. Holuboski, Gelside, Sask., "The Christmas Tree," George Murray, Strome, Alta., "The Golden Cobwebs," Helen Holuboski, Glenside, Sask., "A Christmas Story," Daphne Wallace, Westboro, Ont., "All's Well That Ends Well."

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN TUMBLEDOWN TOWN

The little children of Tumbledown Town were waiting eagerly, if not anxiously, for Christmas Eve.

These boys and girls had never had a real Christmas, for they were all poor, but an old lady in their poor village had promised them a Christmas treat if they would fill a small shed behind her cottage with wood.

That summer they had all set to work with a will, and so the shed was soon filled. This old woman, who, by the way, they called Mother Parker, was thought to be poor like the rest, so you see the children were anxious about how she would supply the treat. But at last Christmas Eve arrived and they all

struggled through the snow to her three-roomed cottage.

She let them into her bedroom, and the children gazed quickly around, but everything was as spick and span as usual. The bed was made without a wrinkle in its gay patchwork quilt, the rugs and chairs were just so, and there was nothing out of the ordinary about the room. Mother Parker saw their crestfallen faces and her eyes danced with merriment. At last when everyone was there she opened the door into her living-room . . . And oh what a fairyland they were shown into! A bright fire was burning in the fireplace, and casting rosy, flickering lights all over the room. There was no other light, and a semi-circle of chairs was placed around the fire. In one corner stood a tree, silvery rose, just as if the sunset were shining on it and its covering of snow. At the foot of the tree, odd-shaped packages were clustered. In still another corner stood a lovely old piano, and a table took up most of the rest of the room. Covered with a snowy cloth and fairly running over with good things, the table was really a treat.

Mother Parker taught them carols, gave them a lovely supper, and then a present to everyone.

They they all sat around the fire and Mother Parker told them the story of the Babe who was born so many years ago in a manger in Bethlehem . . . "And that my dears is the story of the first Christmas, and every year since we have kept Christmas, and remember it as the birthday of our Lord Jesus," she ended.

You, my little readers, will wonder, as the children of Tumbledown Town did, how, if Mother Parker was poor, she could give such a wonderful party? But children, you are wrong in believing her poor. She had plenty of money, but was so tired of being reminded of it all the time by her surroundings, that she went to live in Tumbledown Town where she could use it for those that needed it.

So Mother Parker became the god-mother of the little village of Tumbledown.

—Maxine Grubb

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

Once upon a time there was a poor little girl who lived with her mother. Her father was dead. One night on Christmas Eve she put her shoes beside the fireplace and went to bed. Through the night a little bird who had a wounded wing fell down the chimney and into her shoe. The next morning she got up. She looked at her shoes and saw the bird and she took it up to her mother. They kept it very well. The wing was soon better and after that Christmas Eve the little girl and the bird were happy playmates.

—Moore Campbell

## A LITTLE GHOST



All day I hear his eager feet  
Come pattering after me,  
And feel a small round head that seeks  
Caresses at my knee,  
And bright dark eyes are looking out  
When doors are standing wide,  
I'm haunted by a tiny ghost,  
The little dog that died.

I've put away his bowl and plate,  
His sleeping-basket, too,  
His collar with its shining studs,  
His blanket red and blue;  
But still his loyal, loving ghost  
Is ever at my side,  
I'm haunted by a little ghost,  
The Boston bull that died.

By Minna Irving in "Our Dumb Animals"





## Give a KODAK

FOR Christmas Day — and forever after.

A Kodak is a congenial companion . . . at home, on vacations, on travels. Easy to take around . . . ready, always, to answer your moment's whim.

Give a Kodak . . . As modest or as handsome as you wish.

Brownies as low as \$2.25. Kodaks as low as \$5. In black or colors. See them at your Kodak dealer's. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



No. 1 POCKET KODAK JUNIOR, one of the simplest, most efficient folding cameras you can buy. In blue, green, or brown, with case to match, \$11.75. Picture size,  $2\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$ . No. 1A size, for pictures  $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{1}{4}''$ , in blue, green, brown, or black, with case to match, \$13.25. . . . A special silver box for holiday giving.

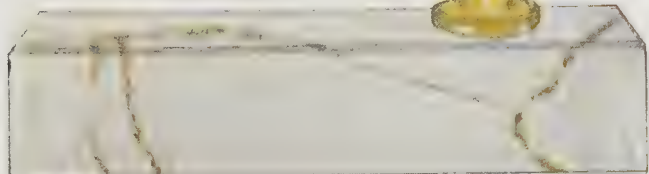


# Christmas Gifts of Rare Quality



**Pens for women to give** • Women give so fastidiously and well at Christmas time—and these gift pens and desk sets are the choice, beautiful things that they instinctively select.

ONYX DESK SET • \$7.50



**Where men find gift values** • Men require the same high standards in pens that they do in motor cars—performance, good looks, and the latest modern improvement. Naturally, they choose Waterman's Pens as the perfect gifts to receive—and to give.

**Pens children may select** • The thrill of a child's life is his first real fountain pen—and often parents let them select these gift pens for themselves. It's nice to know that every Waterman's pen, regardless of price—and there's a wide range—may be selected with exactly the point that suits the child's hand.

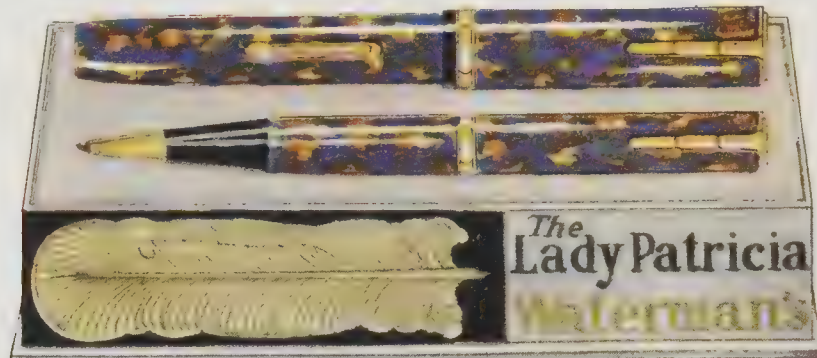
Waterman's Pens, Pencils and Inks are sold by dealers everywhere, and are guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee, and for servicing as required.

L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY LIMITED  
263 ST. JAMES STREET WEST, MONTREAL  
191 BROADWAY, NEW YORK - 129 SOUTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO - 609 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - 40 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON

## Waterman's

*Illustrations about 4/5 actual size.*

LADY PATRICIA • TURQUOISE • PEN \$5 • PENCIL \$3





# Famous Farewells and Porous Plasters

By J. M. Gilmour

A FEW days ago I saw a dear old lady rushing along the side of a train which was due to depart in a few minutes. She stopped opposite the tourist car and finally obtained the attention of a charming young lady of some twenty summers—and a few sleigh rides—and then exclaimed breathlessly and with the evident joy of triumph that she had arrived in time to say good bye and brought the porous plaster which the lassie had left behind. That plaster seemed to make quite an impression on the young lady and I could tell that while she was pleased to see the elder woman, she did not like the publicity which suggested that next to herself, she liked her porous plaster.

The old lady's farewell and the young lady's plaster left with me the thought that the pages of history and the classics fairly teemed with famous farewells but that few of the great writers or poets had touched on plasters, nor the effect they might have produced in many a dramatic circumstance.

For instance, everyone has heard of Tosti's "Good Bye" but no one has heard of Tosti's plaster, although he might have been associated with every kind shown on the druggist's menu card. He was content to rest his fame on his "Good Bye" and not on a plaster.

You remember the time M. Antony, Esq. was saying farewell to Mrs. Cleopatra. They were standing on the back porch in the moonlight. Probably Mark had been a little off on his golf that day and was anxious to get away before Mr. Horatio, the time-keeper at the bridge, got home. Says Mark: "Farewell Cleo; I'm kinda busy at the office these days so had better start the old bus and hit the hay. Hope to see more of you next week." With that he places his arm gently around her internationally famous waist. Now supposing the lady had about forty per cent of her back covered over by a Belladonna plaster, you can imagine how embarrassed she would feel. You don't have to be very far up on the seniority list to realize how Mr. Antony would be feeling about that time either. It is all very well to talk about those two getting along like bread and butter, but you simply cannot mix romance with plasters.

The important place that farewells played in the life and literature of the old timers was emphasized by Macaulay when he wrote Bill Nye's "Romeo and Juliet" at Lincoln, Nebraska. You will recall that Juliet's old man had just painted the front steps and so when Juliet's boy friend Romeo called to say farewell that night, she could not come out to the car but had to spill a lot of silly chatter from the billiard-room window. It is my belief that the old gentleman with the trick moustache was not as foolish as he looked. He was not taking any chances on the little one getting tied up with a guy that could not hold a steady caboose and would be bucking the spare board all winter. As a matter of fact, he seemed to think a good deal more of that other fellow—Meritmarkus, or some such name—and would have preferred him for a son-in-law. That lad was smart and aggressive. He got sore at Romeo one day

for handing Juliet some all-day suckers and according to the book this is the way he balled him out:

"I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh," etc.

You can see at once that he had a dreadful temper besides being a real go-getter, and seemed to have at least a speaking acquaintanceship with some of the nicest young ladies in the village. Hence, it was only natural that Juliet's papa should have liked him better than Romeo who at best was a sort of a love-sick loon.

Well anyway, when Romeo came over that evening he peddled quite a line of gossip. I have just been reading the play over as I like to keep in touch with the classics. That's what they called the movies before the heavy steel was laid through the mountains. There was one remark Romeo made that rather puzzles me: "None but fools do wear it: cast it off." It is just possible that he may have observed the top half of a porous plaster on Juliet's back. I am not going to say that such was the case because the lines are rather vague in their meaning. The author did not come right out like the measles and make it plain. Probably that is the reason for the continued interest in the play. The public likes to draw its own conclusions, and take different views. That is what keeps up the attendance at the women's literary clubs. Leave out a little and the reader figures that his power of discernment is recognized and right off the bat he clamors for more bunk by the same author. You will have noticed this in all the writings of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Bon Voyage and myself. A friend of mine in commenting on my modest style recently remarked that the sale of this magazine would be greatly increased if I were to leave out another eighty or ninety per cent.

IN Grecian mythology, Aphrodite was a popular girl who was always in the swim, so to speak, but there was considerable doubt among the neighbors as to her home-town. Many

scholars gave her an Asiatic origin and connected her with Phenician Astarte, but there is no record of any of them connecting her with a porous plaster. Probably some enterprising modern writer will take the tip and sail into fame by doing so, but I think it is too late to make it stick.

Turn back the pages of history to the year 776 B.C. when the Olympic games were started by the sports committee to while away the Wednesday half holiday. It now appears we were misled in thinking that some of the Ford cars we see around here were used in the races then. As a matter of fact, they used little wagons called "chariots" which were drawn by four-legged animals known as "horses"—the sporting editors called them "fiery steeds" for short. The boys and girls would crowd the bleachers from sunrise to sunset, eating peanuts and hot dogs and generally having a good time. When the winners of the races were announced, we read that the head of the victor was encircled with a fillet to which the judges attached a wreath of olive branches. The by-laws called for these wreaths to be made by the best boy in Grade VIII and he had to produce a certificate from a quack and the school board stating that he had never run a mile for a camel nor read cowboy love stories. Then a wonderful farewell party would be staged and the young maidens would throw American Beauty Roses from California into the free-wheeling car of the departing hero as he left for the farm. And here again no mention is made of porous plasters in any shape or form.

You may search all through the writings of such outstanding benchers as J. Caesar, R. V. Winkle, Major Hoople, King Cole and Andrew Brown and you cannot find that any one of them has placed his confidence in a porous plaster. When Longfellow wrote "The Pirates of Penn's Aunts" he could have obtained great backing and many golden opportunities to immortalize plasters had he deemed it advisable, but apparently attached no significance to them.

It may be that porous plasters will yet play an important part in art and history, but I incline to the popular belief that they are back numbers now and with the present V-shaped style of frocks, are not calculated to improve the "tout ensemble" of any young lady.

## Taking Thought for Christmas

Continued from page 24

not give, so why not be very personal and give a Forsythe shirt, smart, certainly useful, and a luxury any man would appreciate. Or if you make it a Ronson lighter you just know what satisfaction he will get. If he keeps bachelor hall in the pleasant way many men do now, a Hound folding table set that provides not only a table with washable top but four well-set-up chairs would doubtless prove a very welcome addition to the household.

And so may December be kind to you and your friends, and bring you gifts behind which lie the long kind thoughts of those who love you and wish you truly a Very Merry Christmas.



Salesman in country hotel catching sight of farmer who has just come in to get warm: "Good heavens! man, I thought my room was cold. Which one have you got?"

## Canada's Leading Hair Specialist

has perfected this new way to restore

## Grey Hair

based on scientific facts—the result of years of experience by Canada's leading hair specialist, W. T. Pember—the new INECTO-Rapid restores grey hair to its natural color, easily and surely, INECTO-Rapid overcomes greyness by penetrating the hair shaft and replacing the lacking pigment. It also nourishes the papilla which is the real life of the hair.

INECTO-Rapid can be applied safely and easily. Get it at your hair goods store, drug store or department store or write direct to the Pember Stores.



Ask your hairdresser about our new eyelash and eyebrow dye.

W. T. PEMBER STORES LTD.  
Sole Canadian Distributor  
129 YONGE ST., TORONTO

MAKE SURE OF  
enjoyment—  
SERVE

HP SAUCE  
with  
all meat, fish  
and egg dishes



Purity Iodized Salt

The addition of Iodine is so minute it makes no difference in taste or seasoning qualities. Use it as regularly and freely as you would ordinary salt, and thus supply your system with the iodine it needs. 22

PURITY  
SALT

HAIRLESS  
SKIN  
with  
GYPSIA

destroys Hair and Root. We pay postage and duty. Gypsia Products Company (T) 55 W. 42nd Street, New York

FREE Pamphlet FREE

Marvelous imported Parisian discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy, for good! No irritation. Harmless, liquid, clean. Just apply and wash off! Satisfaction or money returned. Send this ad and your address to get FREE explanation how "GYPSIA" destroys Hair and Root. We pay postage and duty.

EARN MONEY  
AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.  
378 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.





### Christmas

THE idea of Christmas is undying. The return of the Christmas season brings renewal of all that is best in our minds and emotions. "I have always thought of Christmas time as a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely," wrote Charles Dickens, whose Christmas Carol is alive with the spirit of the great annual festival of the home and that spirit is the greatest single influence in history, speaking to all hearts and minds the message of the ideal that all men are brothers and that each one of us should do unto others as he would have others do unto him. Of course, it has never been true that all men have dealt with their brethren in brotherly love, or even in cold, bare justice. Not many do so unfaithfully. In the time when men and women were cave-dwellers the stronger man often clubbed the weaker out of the way or pushed him over the cliff. He was taking no chances. There might be scarcity of food soon. As the myriads of years rolled on, the strong survived and the weak went under. But slowly, as prehistoric man climbed upwards in his struggle to attain the heights, "the purer light to mark the road" has shone before him more and more compellingly, like the star that drew the wise men as they journeyed through the night and found that the manger in a stable was the cradle of a wisdom greater than the world's.

### The Right to Santa Claus

IN TURNING over his desk diary for 1931, The Philosopher found among the January pages a clipping from the London Times about a father in France who, on behalf of his small son, had begun a lawsuit against the child's teacher for having inflicted damage on the child by destroying his belief in Santa Claus. It would be interesting to know how the lawsuit turned out. Is not the deliberate destruction of a happy childish belief the taking away of part of the natural heritage of childhood, and thus a wrong done to the child? Childhood has its own happiness and outlook on the world, and disillusionment comes of itself soon enough, in the passing of the years.

### Cheerfulness, Faith, Hope

THE words "Merry Christmas!" have in them a power to communicate warmth of heart, a magic to rekindle old and happy memories of childhood, a simple, happy spell which can reunite friends sundered far by space. They speak the best of all good wishes, including the best of all exhortations, namely, "Be cheerful!" What better wish could anybody give you than that you should be at Christmas, and always, one of those blessed human beings who do not pity themselves and unload their troubles on others, but who, whatever their private sorrows and anxieties, radiate kindness and good will? What better wish can you give a friend than that his genuineness may be known by his smile and his cheerfulness? Truly happy are those who realize the fellowship of humanity and by their radiation of that feeling promote cheerfulness in others. The Christmas season of this year is one that brings home to every heart and

mind the need of cheerfulness and charity, which are the greater sisters of faith and hope.

### As to Natural Resources

MOST of us have had occasion to feel the need of doing our best, but how many of us have kept up doing our best at anything? The average person does as well as others are doing, or well enough to get by, and is content with that. He doesn't develop the full power that is in him. He may have what an electrician might call a "potential of ninety horse power," but he develops only thirty or forty horse power and avoids the hard pulls that require more. The truth about many a man who has achieved greatness is that he rose to burdens and responsibilities thrust upon him and developed his full "potential." He utilized his natural resources.

### Childhood's Magic

CHILDREN, thank Heaven, are not philosophers. If, instead of being happily simple-minded beings, they were capable of philosophizing about life and its problems, what wisdom might not we grown-ups learn from childish lips about the happiness that can be got out of "make believe" and imagined toys, and what food for thought in regard to some of the things about which we are so greatly concerned, but which cannot truly be said to be more real than toys or more substantial than shadows! Children can play happily with imagination-made toys, creating for themselves their own "pretending" world, into which we who have left our childhood far behind us cannot enter, because we have lost the magic of childish imagination.

### The Monthly in the Home

"TWAS Christmas told the merriest tale," sang Scott in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, in describing with gusto "the Yuletide gambols and good cheer." Tales were told and listened to intently by lord and lady, master and man, mistress and maid, and by the children, too, in the great banqueting halls lighted by the flames of Yule logs blazing in the wide fireplace. And not only in the Christmas season but at many other times throughout the year the tellers of tales and singers of songs were welcome guests. They were welcome because of their gift of holding their hearers' attention, of bringing laughter and tears and strengthening the sense of human brotherhood by those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. The wandering story-tellers and singers, the pilgrim sages have vanished with that old time. No such figures now come into our homes and sit by our firesides. But a guest of different form finds a welcome, a guest bringing sympathy and living interest in the lives of men and women. As welcome a guest, with tales of absorbing interest, as ever sat by a blazing hearth in the olden time and wove his spells of narrative or strummed his harp and sang. It is pleasant to feel that the Monthly is such a household visitor, welcome because its pages speak to hearts and minds in many thousands of homes across all Canada from Nanaimo and Victoria on the Pacific coast to Halifax and Glace Bay on the Atlantic.

## CONTENTS

### Editorial

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| EDITORIAL.....                | 3  |
| THE PHILOSOPHER.....          | 74 |
| WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING..... | 76 |

### Fiction

|                                                                            |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| SNOW IN THE PASS—Georgia Wood Pangborn.....                                | 7  |
| GOODWILL TO WIVES—Helen Topping Miller.....                                | 10 |
| THE SIREN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT—William H. Osborne.....                         | 14 |
| LITTLE PIG PORK—William Merriam Rouse.....                                 | 16 |
| THE KITTEN THAT WANTED TO BE A CHRISTMAS<br>PRESENT—Marion Wathen Fox..... | 17 |
| THE BLACK BOX OF SILENCE (Conclusion)—<br>Francis Lynde.....               | 20 |
| SANTA'S BEDQUILT—Emily Winslow.....                                        | 57 |
| FAMOUS FAREWELLS AND POROUS PLASTERS—<br>J. M. Gilmour.....                | 73 |

### Articles

|                                                             |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| WAR, THE GREAT DESTROYER—Ralph Connor.....                  | 4  |
| FIXED FOR THE OLYMPIC FACE-OFF—Stephen Ford.....            | 12 |
| COME—LET US GO A-CHRISTMASING—<br>Leeta McCully Cherry..... | 18 |
| SANTA CLAUS STILL LIVES—Michael O'Mayo.....                 | 19 |
| TAKING THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS—Hilda Hesson.....              | 24 |
| SOME CANADIAN CHRISTMAS FEASTS—E. A. Taylor.....            | 34 |

### Regular Departments

|                                                     |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----|
| YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I..... | 43 |
| DOLLARS AND CENTS.....                              | 44 |
| LEGAL INFORMATION.....                              | 45 |
| CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....             | 70 |

### Shadowland Section

|                                                             |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| OUR CANADIAN ALBUM—MR. DAVID MANNERS.....                   | 35         |
| SHADOWLAND ODDMENTS.....                                    | 36, 37, 41 |
| RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH E. G. BAYNE.....                  | 38         |
| CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE AND OTHERWISE—<br>Jerome Carver..... | 40         |

### Women and the Home

|                                               |        |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------|
| HOME FURNISHING—Katherine M. Caldwell.....    | 23     |
| NATIONAL EMBROIDERY—Margaret S. McDonald..... | 26     |
| FASHIONS.....                                 | 60, 69 |
| BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....           | 64     |

### Verse

|                                                           |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|----|
| THE LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS—H. Reginald Hardy.....             | 4  |
| HIS BIRTHDAY—Vera V. Robertson.....                       | 21 |
| CHRISTMAS GIVING—Isa Grindley Jackson.....                | 57 |
| WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CHRISTMAS?—<br>Jessica E. Money..... | 67 |

## THE Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG      Bannatyne and Dagmar      MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR      \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS  
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR





Can you fill in the blank spaces above with the numbers 1 to 9, so that the total will always be 15 when added in every direction—up and down, crossways and diagonally. No number may be used more than once.

# Santa Helps Those Who Help Themselves!

## **SOLVE** **THIS PUZZLE**

HERE'S a Wonderful opportunity to help yourself to a FORTUNE IN CASH. The Western Home Monthly will distribute One Hundred Cash Prizes, totaling \$8,900.00 among its readers and friends in celebration of the Magazine's New National Policy. The first prize will be \$2,500.00, and there is an additional \$1,000.00 cash extra to be added to the first prize for promptness. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants standings when the final count is made. Can you solve the "Figure Puzzle?"

Pictured at the left is Santa Claus holding in his hand a figure puzzle which you are asked to solve. Don't give up too easily, if at first you find it a little hard. It looks easy doesn't it? Well, give it a trial. You've got to be smart to do it correctly.

You'll have a smile like Santa himself when you have solved this puzzle. No one will have any trouble adding the figures 1 to 9. But take those figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and arrange them so that they will total 15. Ah! That's different. Try your hand at it. Remember the total of the figures in three spaces in any direction, upward, downward or diagonally must always be 15.

No number may be used more than once and the figure must be in the centre as printed above.

There you are; that's all there is to it. You are going to have a

lot of fun trying it. At first the figures don't seem to have to line up in all directions. Well, that's what makes it a puzzle. Just try again and keep at it. Send your answer and be PROMPT.

Use the Answer Coupon below. Fill in your answer in the puzzle squares in the Coupon. Write your name and complete address, and mail it today. If your answer is correct, it will qualify you with 2,500 Prize Points toward the first prize of \$2,500.00 Cash as well as \$1,000.00 Cash extra for promptness—a total of \$3,500.00 to be given, along with NINETY-NINE OTHER BIG CASH PRIZES.

## Now is Your Chance to Win a Fortune in Cash!

Have wealth, luxury, social position! Buy a home, extend your business, become independent. Be somebody! Send your daughter to college; give your son a start in business, make your family happy, comfortable, prosperous! Have a Happy and Prosperous New Year! You can do it—others have done it—and you are their equal if you would show it. You just need a chance, and here is your chance to help yourself.

We will give away nearly \$9,000.00 in cash prizes; huge fortunes have been built on smaller foundations. Go ahead! Win a Fortune! Make a start—it costs nothing! The road to wealth lies ahead, and Santa Claus is beckoning you on with this Figure Puzzle. There will be 100 Winners, and the first prize as much as \$3,500.00—a fortune all in cash. Don't delay. You must act QUICKLY!

### BIG PRIZE LIST

\$8,900.00 IN CASH PRIZES TO BE GIVEN!

|                                             |            |                             |         |
|---------------------------------------------|------------|-----------------------------|---------|
| 1ST GRAND PRIZE.....                        | \$2,500.00 | 10th GRAND PRIZE.....       | \$50.00 |
| EXTRA PRIZE FOR PROMPTNESS.....             | 1,000.00   | 11th to 25th GRAND PRIZES,  |         |
| TOTAL AMOUNT OF FIRST PRIZE, if prompt..... | \$3,500.00 | Each.....                   | 25.00   |
| 2nd GRAND PRIZE.....                        | \$1,500.00 | 26th to 50th GRAND PRIZES,  |         |
| 3rd GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 1,000.00   | Each.....                   | 20.00   |
| 4th GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 500.00     | 51st to 75th GRAND PRIZES,  |         |
| 5th GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 300.00     | Each.....                   | 15.00   |
| 6th GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 225.00     | 76th to 100th GRAND PRIZES, |         |
| 7th GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 150.00     | Each.....                   | 10.00   |
| 8th GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 100.00     |                             |         |
| 9th GRAND PRIZE.....                        | 75.00      |                             |         |
| TOTAL AMOUNT OF FREE PRIZES.....            | \$8,900.00 |                             |         |

### ANSWER COUPON

Puzzle Manager,  
The Western Home Monthly,  
Winnipeg, Man.

At the right is my answer to your "Figure Puzzle." If correct, please give me 2,500 Prize Points and tell me how I can win a First Prize of \$3,500.00.



Name.....  
Complete Address .....

Address  
Puzzle Manager

# The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg,  
Manitoba



# What the World is Saying



"No, the dog himself can't do tricks—but he's the meal ticket for a flea circus!"

## Round, Rotund and Jolly, As Usual

Santa Claus will be round, as usual.—Quebec Telegraph.

## Even If He Hasn't A Hearth To Land On

Santa Claus can be relied on to have a heart.—Vancouver Province.

## And There's No Change In The Flavor

More Christmas stickers are being licked this year than ever. They are in reds and greens, as usual.—Ottawa Journal.

## But That Doesn't Frighten Us At All

A dietitian, we note, has been speaking of a mince pie as "a polysachrid carbohydrate of high caloric efficiency."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

## Retaliatory

The exchange of Christmas presents should be reciprocal, in order to be in tune with the spirit of the festival.—London Daily Express.

## A Wise Precaution

About this time of the year the cautious man who likes to select his own cigars announces that he is going to swear off smoking on New Year's Day.—Kitchener Record.

## An Ancient Problem In Seasonable Form

We'd like to know what the policy of the Recording Angel is about telling a youngster that Santa Claus won't come if he catches him telling a lie.—Toronto Globe.

## A Thing To Be Kept In Mind

Another advantage of doing Christmas shopping early is that fathers who wear out the electric toys have time to replace them before Christmas.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

## Let's All Help Make It A Rosy Christmas!

In some parts they are wondering whether it will be a green or a white Christmas. But it's the color of the Christmas in the home, not outdoors, that matters.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

## Ye Ed Makes A Sage Remark

In helping Friend Wife to tie up Christmas packages, a man finds that sometimes he cuts the ribbon too short or too long. A lot of people go through life doing that.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

## What A Vote-getter He'd Be!

Santa Claus will soon be on the job. He's one man with a scheme for making a very large and important section of the population happy who doesn't want to be elected to office.—Edmonton Journal.

## There Were No Windshields in Eugenie's Time

Another objection to Eugenie hats is that they protect the ears very little when going through a windshield.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

## Cigarette Ash Is Different, Of Course

A box of choice cigars is a favorite Christmas present for Cuban husband to give his wife. But you cannot imagine a Canadian husband doing so. He likes to regard his wife as a little better than an angel, and cigar ash flicked over the sheen of an angel's wings is unthinkable.—Quebec Evenement.

## Only Uncle Juan Diego Dressed Up

The Ministry of Education in Mexico has suggested that Santa Claus be superseded by the spectacular figure of Quetzalcoatl, with feathered headgear, of the ancient Aztec era. But the little Mexicans may be frightened by a figure so unlike the good-natured Santa, and may have to be reassured by telling them that there's nothing to be frightened about.—Toronto Star.

## Life Doesn't Vary So Very Much

Every man can remember being caught in the jam when he was a boy. And now he's often caught in a jam.—Halifax Mail.

## We've Often Heard One Murdered

Of modern popular songs there are few that are of long life.—Ottawa Citizen.



"Ho-hum-Chicago! Well, I guess we're going for a ride!"

## Provided Their Points Aren't Up

What a lot of us need most is to get down to brass tacks.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

## When, Rather, It Should Be Screened

Many a young woman indulges in the illusion that she has a film face.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## No Question There Of A Living Age

In certain parts of the interior of Africa animals are used as money.—Medicine Hat News.

## And How Seldom He Gets Over It!

It remains true that almost any woman can make a fool of almost any man.—Niagara Falls Review.

## The Loose Tongue Causes Many Of Them

The appendix, the tonsils and other removable parts of the human anatomy are not responsible for all human ills.—British Medical Journal.

## Not If Rubbed The Wrong Way

Physicians say that often a person with a bad temper can be cured of it by massage.—Hamilton Spectator.

## It's Still Standard For Cloud Linings

With all the talk about gold, silver still has its uses, its value and its beauty.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

## But The Keeping Up Is Very Different

The most up-to-date make of light airplane, we read, costs no more than the average motor car.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

## Except Himself, Of Course

When a young man is in love, he thinks that nothing is good enough for her.—Charlottetown Guardian.

## He May Turn Out To Be A Sport Model

Not every wife who undertakes to make her husband a model man realizes what a job she is undertaking.—Victoria Colonist.

## There's Nowhere Else For It To Come

Rumor still has it that the bustle is coming back.—Portage la Prairie Graphic.

## Ye Ed Contributes a Fashion Note

Another way to shine here and there in society is to wear an old serge suit.—Kamloops Sentinel.

## Often You Can Hardly Notice It At All

Films are easier on the eyes than books, says Dr. Parke Grier, of Buffalo. And as for the strain on the mind!—Toronto Telegram.

## Railways That Will Need Ministering

A problem that will crop up towards the end of this month in many a household will be the one of getting the toy railway to work, after too enthusiastic use has been made of it.—Calgary Herald.

## Remark By The Author Of Ninety-odd Books

"For the first time in history, production has run far beyond the possibility of consumption," says H. G. Wells.—London Observer.

## With A Lawyer Who Had Lost A Suit For Him

Mahatma Gandhi used to be a lawyer. The way he dresses makes him look like a man who has just had dealings with a lawyer.—Prince Albert Herald.

## Making Assurance Doubly Sure

Prudent people will do their Christmas shopping early to avoid the crush of those who will be shopping early to avoid the crush.—Montreal Gazette.

## Some Beverages Have Led To Worse Words

Those who are fond of the last word may like to know that the dictionary ends with "zythum," meaning "an ancient malt drink."—Windsor Border Cities Star.

## Fashion Note

The newest style of woman's hat, we gather, has the effect of making many of them look ten years older than they really aren't.—Glasgow Herald.



"Oops! Excuse it Mr. Mole. Junior's just throwing Daddy a kiss."



# ADORATION

is the tribute men pay to *Femininity*

*Says*  
DOROTHY  
DIX



"I HAVE never known a man yet who didn't adore that most endearing, appealing quality we call femininity.

"It makes a woman seem precious and mysterious to men—yet it's not mysterious, really. If you yourself *feel* feminine and charming, men find you so.

"A clever woman knows that one of the surest ways of feeling feminine is to wear feminine underthings. The charming colours, the soft touch of the fragile silks and laces, all give you a sense of femininity that is instantly contagious!

"I often repeat these 2 simple rules which have such a magical effect on you:

1. Wear colourful, lacy lingerie
2. Keep it exquisitely new with Lux

"I say Lux because it's made especially to preserve colour and charm. Ordinary soaps too often dim colours, spoil lustre and finish. But with Lux lovely things stay new, retain their enchantment, for months and even years!

"Remember, too, that your *surroundings* can cast a glamorous spell about your personality. Cherish the daintiness of draperies, slip covers, cushions, table linens—keep them colour-fresh and new with Lux."

*Dorothy Dix*



THE SECRET  
OF DAINTY  
FEMININITY



Peach-satin lingerie washed 12 times in Lux—its exquisite beauty of colour and texture retained. Colourful and charming as new!



Duplicate lingerie after washing 12 times in ordinary soap—colour faded, lustre gone, lace and satin damaged. Unattractive!

TRUST THIS MAGICAL PROMISE . . If it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX





## This Charming Writing Ensemble

HAS AN EXTRA VALUE  
AND USEFULNESS THAT  
PARKER ALONE CAN  
OFFER.

This Christmas add an extra thrill to the pleasure your gifts will bring . . . and without extra cost.

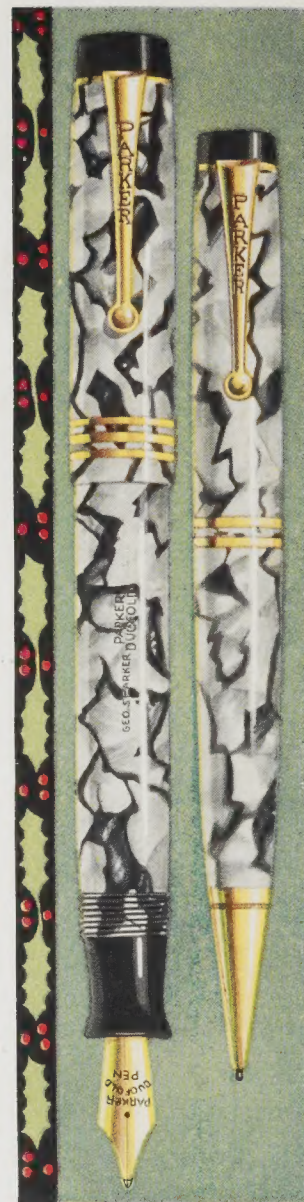
With this exquisite Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil, in their joyously patterned red and silver gift box, goes an attachable taper.

Remove the pocket cap, screw on the taper and, hey presto!—the pocket pen immediately becomes a slender, tapered desk pen.

Allow to your loved ones this added convenience and value. They will appreciate your thoughtfulness when they know the urge to write that a Parker Duofold converted Desk Pen brings—and they will still have their pocket pen at will.

Moreover, you make it possible for them later on, if they wish, to have a complete modern Desk Set, without the cost of a special Desk Pen. Any Parker Duofold Desk Base they choose can be converted to hold the pen you give them.

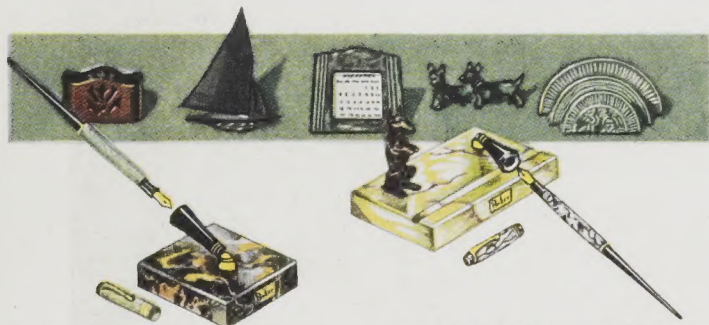
One caution—look for the name, "Geo. S. Parker — DUOFOLD — Made in Canada," because that's the first thing your friends and loved ones will look for at Christmas, and it guarantees the Duofold Pen for Life!



# Christmas Creations

BY PARKER

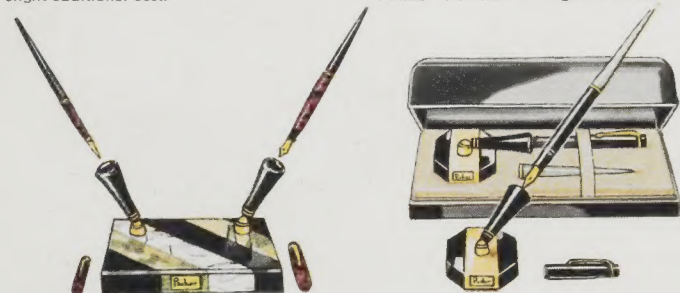
Lead the Gift-World in *Style* and in *Value*



\$10.50—Model KM. Italian Marble Base, with convertible Pocket-Desk Junior or Lady Duofold Pen.  
Mounted with Scotty Dog, Ash Tray, etc. at slight additional cost.

\$19.75—Model AG. Argentine Green Onyx Base, with Junior or Lady Duofold Pen. With Black and Pearl Duofold \$23.25.

May be mounted with Calendar Holder or Animal Statuette at slight additional cost.



\$23.75—Model RRE. Modernistic Ensemble Base of Onyx and Glass stripes, complete with Pocket-Desk Duofold Pen and Matched Pencil. Mounted with Letter Rack, Calendar Holder, or Ship, etc., slightly higher.

\$10.25—Model S. Travel Set in Permanent Bakelite Case—Octagonal Ebony Base with golden bands, equipped with Parker Pocket-Desk Pen.  
With Junior or Lady Duofold Pen, \$12.50.

*Style* in the gift, and *value* in the purchase—Parker's new creations for Christmas smartly combine the spirit of Gift-time with the rare value that shoppers will look for this year.

How hearts will leap, how eyes will sparkle when first they glimpse these handsome Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil Ensembles, and Fountain Pen Desk Sets.

For Parker combed the world to fill your Christmas list. From Italy and Argentine, beautifully figured marble and colorful onyx for Pen Desk Sets—from the world's exclusive studios, came inlaid enameled Pen Bases and interesting Desk Accessories to be mounted on them—Calendar Holders, Clocks, Lamps, Ash Receivers, Letter Racks and Statuettes—together with Parker Pens and Pencils.

Anyone sending a Parker Set may be sure his gift will be the one thing "different." For our designers fashioned these daily necessities into works of art—*original, handsome, stylish*. They are finer than equal money has ever obtained in the past, or can obtain elsewhere now.

More than this—with every Parker Desk Pen this Christmas goes a "Pocket Cap" with clip, so the tapered pen-end can be removed and the pen changed over for pocket use in a twinkling. Fresh arrays at all good dealers—make selections before supplies become low.

The Parker Fountain Pen Co. Limited  
Toronto Canada

# Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE \$5 - \$7 - \$10